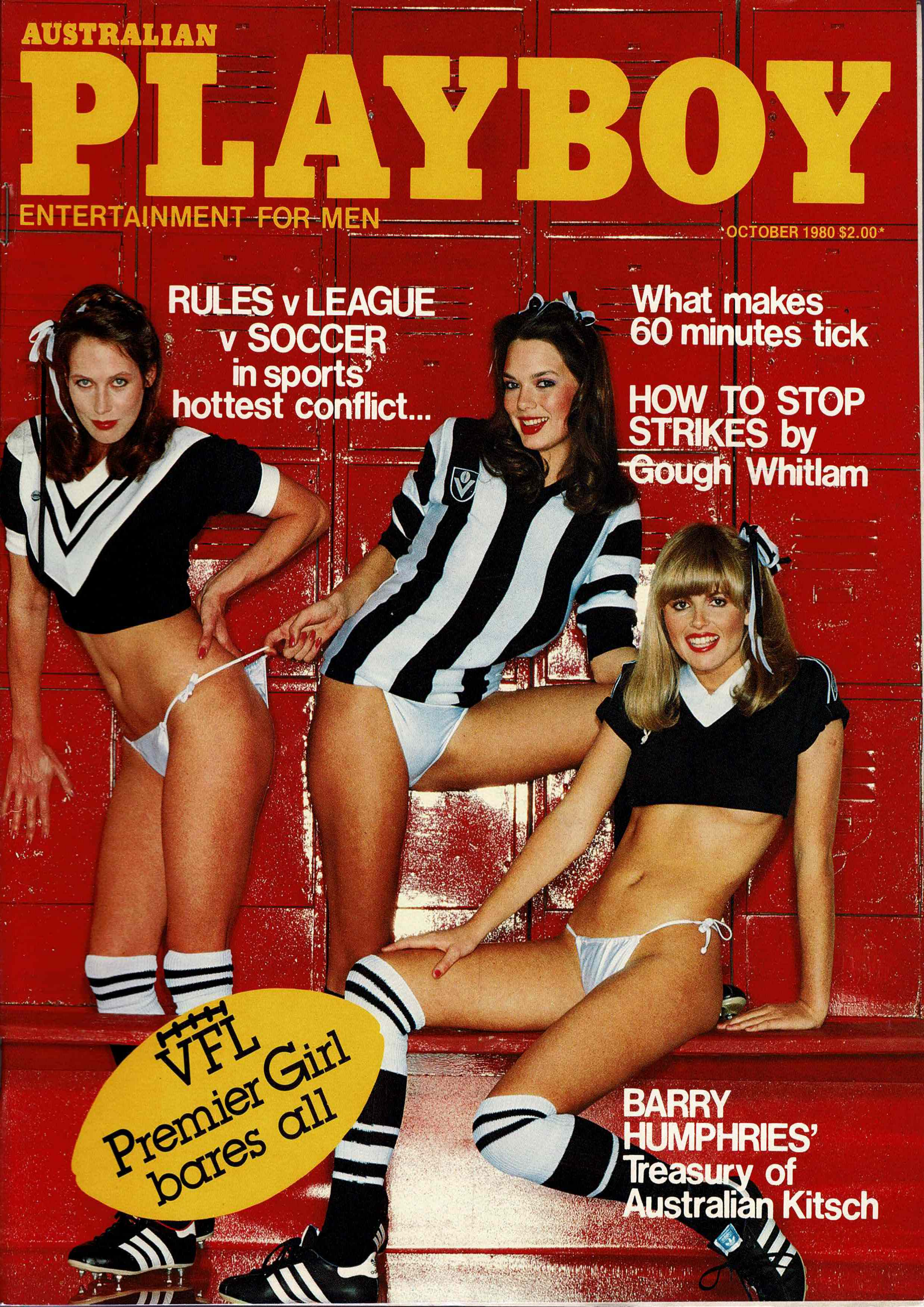

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
OCTOBER 1980 $2.00*
RULES v LEAGUE v SOCCER in sports' hottest conflict...
What makes 60 minutes tick
HOW TO STOP STRIKES by Gough Whitlam
VFL Premier Girl bares all
BARRY HUMPHRIES' Treasury of Australian Kitsch

Somewhere on this 3 hour cassette a brilliant goal was scored.

Find it in seconds with Sony 'Picture Search'.

Sony Betamax C7 with Picture Search.
The second generation of home video is here. Sony Betamax C7 solves one of home video's more frustrating problems with 'Picture Search'. Now it's simple to locate programme material in the playback mode.
Picture Search plays in forward or reverse at 11 times normal speed with all the action on the screen. That means 3 hours of recorded programme can be reviewed in just 16 minutes. Now you can find that last minute goal without playing extra time, find that last lap without driving yourself crazy with endless stopping and starting.
But then, Picture Search is just part of the magic Betamax C7.

A choice of viewing speeds.
From 3 x normal speed to single frame advance, that's the viewing versatility of Betamax C7. Analyse the action in variable slow motion, study the golf pro's swing, frame by frame – Sony's superior U-loading system and bigger head drum ensure optimum quality in every viewing mode.

14 day, 4 programme timer.
Sony Betamax C7 features a sophisticated 14 day timer which allows you to pre-set recording times for up to four different programmes on the same or different channels up to two weeks in advance.
It also features a cordless infra-red remote control unit which puts all major functions including 'Picture Search' in the palm of your hand.

Sony leads in home video.
There is no doubt about Sony's superiority in home video. Over 1 million Betamax recorders and 20 million tapes have already been sold. With Sony Betamax C7, you enjoy all the benefits of Sony research and leadership.

Sony Betamax C7

SONY

There are two different Betamax units available, the C7E and the C7EC. For areas which require channels 3/4/5/5A, please specify C7EC. Your television should also have a UHF tuner.

AP3457

It tastes the way an elegant Rhine Riesling should. Dry, Crisp, Refreshing with an extraordinary depth of flavour.

There never was an extraordinary wine made from ordinary grapes. Or by ordinary men.

So every precious drop of Leasingham Bin 5 is gently crushed from Rhine Riesling grapes. Grown in South Australia's famous Clare Valley. Then vintaged by men blessed with tradition.

And the winemakers skill.

Or as our head wine maker, observed with some pride: "It is everything an elegant Rhine Riesling should be.

Don't let your guests drink it all."

Leasingham Bin 5.

One of the Leasingham Whites.

LEA 9143

PLAYBILL

One way or another Australia goes football-mad this month. There are Australian Rules finals in Melbourne, Hobart, Perth, Adelaide, and even Brisbane and Sydney! Rugby League fixtures go into overdrive at the same time. With the VFL playing matches in Sydney, and making aggressive noises about locating a VFL club in that home of Rugby League, Australian PLAYBOY thought it timely to do a couple of things.

First, we had staffer **Neil Jameson** investigate a theme — football at the crossroads. Jameson reports on the basic health of Aussie Rules, Rugby League, and the code that makes the brows of rival football administrators break out in beads of sweat: soccer. Jameson's piece is a definitive statement about football in Australia. Its message includes bad news for Rugby League, both the game and its administration, with Aussie Rules and soccer posing a real threat to the status of Rugby League in NSW.

The second thing we did was even more interesting, especially for those who prefer viewing to reading — we present a unique pictorial. Miss Siv Richards is the very beautiful VFL Premier Girl. She won her title last year — it means that, in the opinion of the VFL, she is the most attractive supporter of Aussie Rules in Melbourne — and she still holds the title. Siv is a mad supporter of the legendary Collingwood Football Club, so it was natural that we chose the black and white Magpie colors for that graceful picture on the cover. Sadly, Collingwood and the VFL were not too happy about Siv appearing in Australian PLAYBOY, and Collingwood refused our request to include one of its stars in the pictorial. Anyway, Siv doesn't really need assistance. She gives the world of sport a new erotic dimension with her gym, shower room and solarium antics in our pictorial, photographed by **Rico Mettbach.**

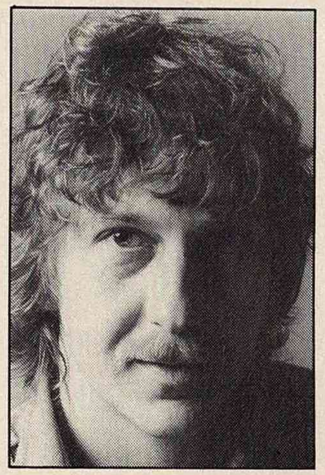
What makes *60 Minutes* tick? **Paul Mann** answers the question with his probing analysis of this top-rating current affairs show in Australian TV. Mann talked at length with *60 Minutes* reporters George Negus, Ray Martin and Ian Leslie, and the mind behind the program, Gerald Stone. *60 Minutes* is stress, pressure and sweat, an explosive combination aptly illustrated by **Alan Ewart.**

And what's **Gough Whitlam** doing in Australian PLAYBOY? He's writing for us, that's what. Australia's last Labor Prime Minister writes about the union movement and pinpoints why Australia has a bad industrial record. Whitlam doesn't just blame the conservatives — he says that Labor politicians and certain union figures as well have all combined to prevent union amalgamations. He argues for laws that encourage amalgamation rather than the present laws which, by discouraging the process, are merely a blueprint for costly disaster. The evocative illustration is by **Neil Curtis.**

Country music is Now. And if you want to know the whole scene, don't go further than **Denis Whitburn**'s piece about Willie Nelson, Johnny Paycheck, Kenny Rogers, Waylon Jennings and Co. These are the singers who have launched country music from the rural backblocks to the streets of the big cities. Illustration by **Geoff Kelly.**

And for laughs . . . what about **Barry Humphries'** Treasury of Australian Kitsch? Yes, our Barry (the straight half of Dame Edna) has spent years compiling an extraordinary collection of, um, stuff, the best of which we are proud to publish with the author's own zany words. Author Barry writes: "A new dawn has broken. Here, in this compendium of images, is the first cultural encephalograph of the Australoid Race — a sign of permanence in this epoch of cosmic transience."

Thanks Bazza, the same applies to October PLAYBOY.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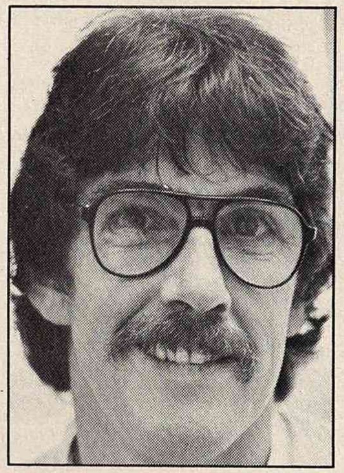
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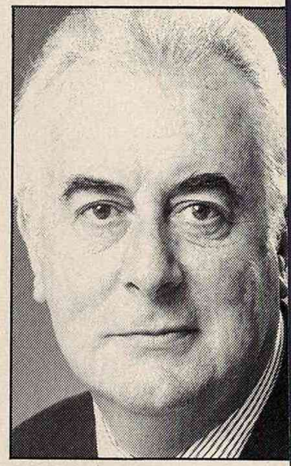
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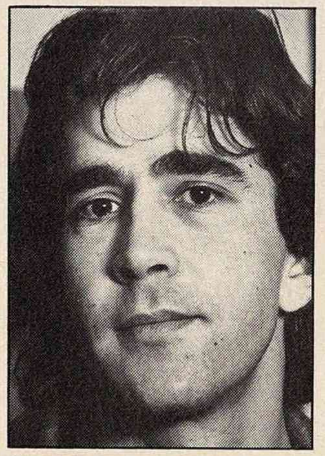
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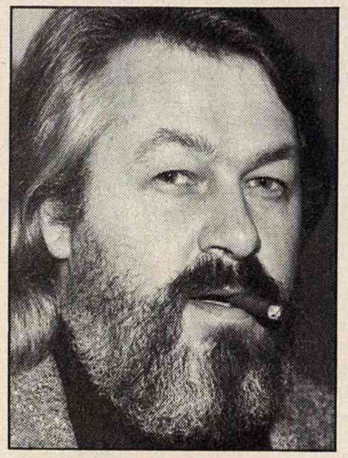
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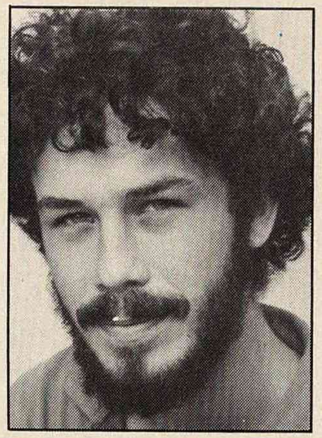
KELLY

HUMPHRIES

Sanyo G Series Systems. One great feature on top of another.

At the top of the Sanyo range of G Series music systems is the G-4, pictured here.

At the bottom of the picture, a cassette deck with wow and flutter of just 0.08%, timer standby and Dolby noise reduction.

Above that, a 40 watt per channel amplifier with all the controls you could ask for, and LED power output meters.

Then, a sensitive AM/FM tuner, with filters, and LED signal strength and timing meters.

On top, a fully automatic turntable with DC servo motor and stroboscope.

Housing it all, a matching rack with room for your records and with glass doors on the front. Beside it, 3 way speaker systems with 25 cm bass drivers.

Other systems in the Series are the less expensive G-3 and G-2 systems.

Each of them is a neat idea in the way of hi-fi.

G SERIES MUSIC SYSTEMS

SANYO

PHG 3794

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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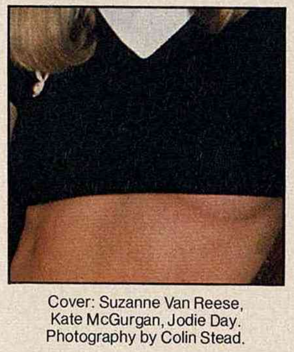

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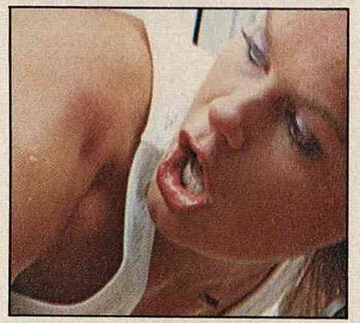

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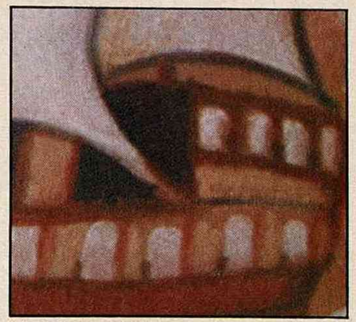

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

PLAYPLOY

PLAYBOY is to be congratulated. Kim Wran likewise. You are both, in your own way, implementing the most tantalising seduction of the Australian male.

Your cover and cover-up exposé of this beautiful and classy lady in the July edition has left us gasping and pleading for more, more, more. But how can we expect to see the ultimate? Could it be that we need to vote Kim's father, Nifty Neville, out of office before we can be witness to one of Australia's gorgeous female forms in its entirety? Will she be preserved in her present tantalisingly covered form as long as he remains NSW Premier?

When the time finally does come and the centre page unfolds to reveal all of Miss Wran, the lid will lift off your circulation and it will be goodbye to all the other 11 playmates' hopes of becoming Playmate of the Year, or the decade for that matter. You can then call that edition PLOYBOY, as your carefully executed strategy reaches its climax.

Our motto must be, "Nifty Must Go" so that Kim may be revealed. Politics must never enter the pleasure domain.

W. R. Lloyd
Freshwater, Cairns

YES, BUT

Although Miss Kim Wran has a beautiful face and long, brown hair, I fail to see the reason why you included her in your July issue. I thought your magazine was concerned with showing nude ladies. Miss Wran appears in nearly every picture fully clothed.

Maybe her father, Neville, would spank her if she appeared nude?

Ronald Bird
Park Ridge, Queensland

CLASSY

PLAYBOY'S class really shone through with those pictures of Kim Wran. It revealed to us a truly beautiful and determined young woman in settings that portrayed her character.

John Gillingwater
Ferny Hills, Queensland

FEMALE FAN

Who is Pete of Chinchilla in Queensland to object to a female buying PLAYBOY (*Dear Playboy*, August)? I and my female companions buy it for the same reason guys do. The centrefolds.

Judy (Joe) O'Rourke
Box Hill, Victoria

PS: Bet you don't print this letter.

DEAD RINGER

In reply to Adam Koenig (*Dear Playboy*, July), I agree that April centrefold Julie Price is gorgeous, fantastic, beautiful, a real spunk. But how can you say Dave the Rave is a waste of five pages? That's one of the reasons I buy PLAYBOY. If you had been to Newcastle you would understand the story. It's a dead ringer.

P. J. Rogers
Edgewater, WA

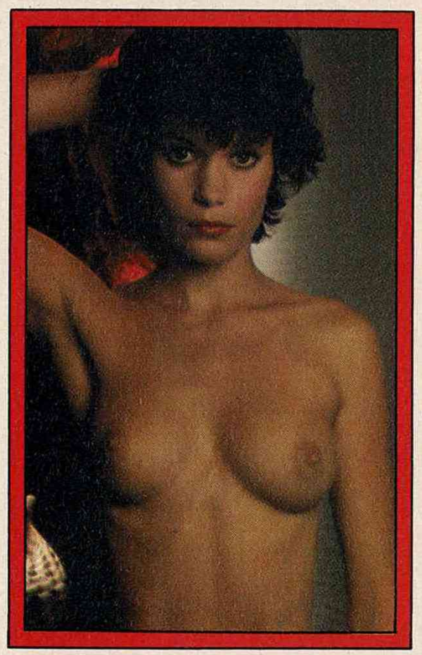
ON THE BALL

My mates and I have been reading your mag ever since the first issue came off the press, and we think it is really great! There is only one more thing we would like to see — a sporty centrefold.

Australia is very sports-conscious, so how about a sexy chick getting her gear off in a locker room or lounging around centre court?

J. Tribe
Cannon Hill, Queensland

Turn to page 59 of this issue, Mr Tribe, and your fantasy will be realised!



HIGH FLYER

Susie Stark, your luscious August playmate, says her secret dream is to make love on top of the Eiffel Tower. But Susie doesn't tell us with whom. I would like to volunteer my services for this extraordinary caper. One can only hope that stunning Susie will soon realise her secret dream atop the greatest erection in Paris.

Phil T. O'Toole
Mascot, NSW

Here is another photo to fuel your dreams, Mr O'Toole.

SEX SECRETS

I am writing to inquire about a book called *Sexual Secrets* by Nick Douglas, which Ross Farquhar reviewed in your August issue. Where can I buy it?

The book, by the review, sounds just like what I'm looking for to brighten up my otherwise drab sex life. My partner and I have a rather full sexual relationship, but it has come to a stage where we are becoming bored.

I feel that this book may show us some new ways to enjoy our relationship.

Harold R. Hammond
Granville West, NSW

The book is available from most large bookstores for around $24.

HARRY'S FANTASY

As a keen PLAYBOY reader who enjoys most PLAYBOY fantasies, I have to correct a recent fantasy by Harry Butler (*Playboy Interview*, June). The fact is, Aborigines do not own 11 percent of Western Australia. Aboriginal reserves cover 7½ percent of the State, but are owned by the State Government. Aborigines do have leasehold title to 11 much smaller (.7 percent) pastoral properties.

By white law, they have little security, and no control of mining on either the reserves or the pastoral leases. By Aboriginal law they have held this land for at least 40,000 years.

Readers can get the facts in S. Harris' *It's Coming Yet*, distributed by Angus and Robertson.

Paul Kauffman
Canberra

LASSETER'S CAVE

In answer to Mr J. Penny of Port Pirie (*The Playboy Forum*, July), I would like to say that the best book I have read on Lasseter's Reef is *Dream Millions* by Fred Blakeley, a member of Lasseter's last expedition.

I have actually visited the cave where Lasseter died and it was a fantastic trip, even though I didn't find gold. Anyone planning to go into the area should remember to get permission from the Government to travel through the Aboriginal reserves and to carry a radio and plenty of water.

L. Collins
North Queensland

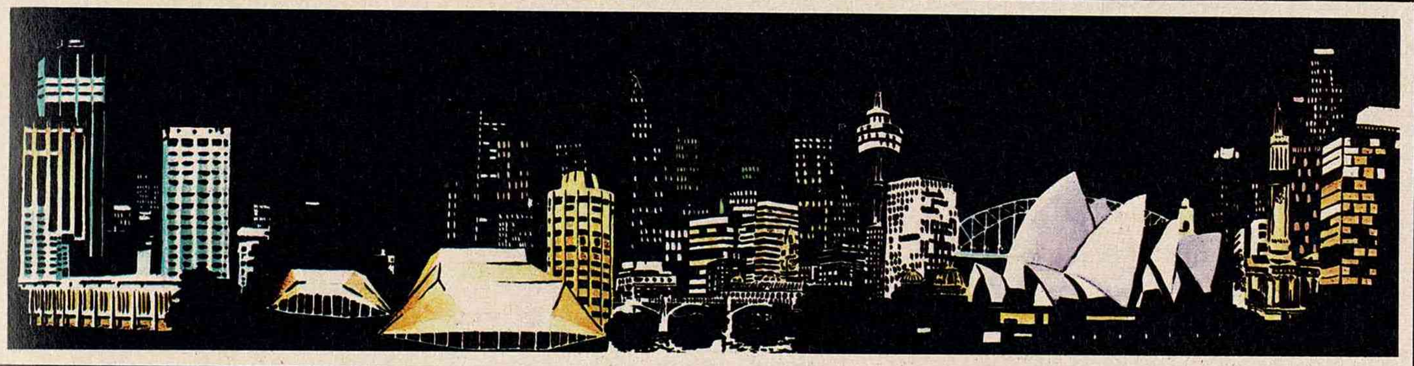
FLYTRAP HUNT

I've looked everywhere in Melbourne for a venus flytrap, as featured in Potpourri (PLAYBOY, June). Nobody seems to have any in stock. Where can I get one?

I.R.
Melbourne

Like most Potpourri items, they sell out. But native plant nurseries say to try in a couple of months.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



INNOCENT ABROAD

An innocent Australian abroad was no match for a smooth rip-off operation in Rome the other day. He told us how he was enjoying a stroll around the ancient city when approached by a man claiming to be a German airline pilot.

The German pulled a piece of paper from his pocket with the name of a bar on it. "I hear this is a really good place," he said. The gullible Aussie, who has felt quite at home drinking with complete strangers in his home town of Perth, agreed to go along. Before he knew it, he was sitting on a bar stool, being caressed by a lovely Italian lady who wanted to drink champagne.

After only two rounds of drinks, the German suggested they settle their respective bills. The Aussie, at the beginning of his budget holiday, was stunned by what he saw — a $280 check!

Two burly barmen escorted him back to his hotel for travellers' cheques and even the hotel staff advised him to pay. The innocent Aussie did not understand much Italian, but he knew what the word Mafia meant . . .

SEXUAL OGRES

More than a few Australian employers are turning into sexual ogres, putting the hard word on their pretty employees in return for job security. This news comes from Mrs Fay Marles, Victoria's Equal Opportunity Commissioner, who says the unemployment situation has provoked a plethora of randy bosses. Some simply were suggestive, in the hope that the employee would take the hint; others got to the fondling stage. And then there were the blunt ones who made explicit demands for sex. Complaints suggested that the practice was widespread.

FANNY TREAT

Fanny's, a coffee house in Sandy Bay Road, Hobart, seems to have hit upon the right sort of slogan to advertise their delicacies. On their serviettes is the catchy advertisement, Snatch a Bite at Fanny's.

SCREWED

A colleague who was with a group of people at Keaton's, a trendy drinking trough in Newcastle, was somewhat taken aback by the proposition: "Would you like a slow, comfortable screw?" The offer left him speechless, particularly as it was from a bloke!

But as it turned out he was able to accept — because he was actually being offered nothing more than a drink . . . a very powerful cocktail made up of five white spirits and orange juice.

Intrigued, PLAYBOY checked around to see if it was well known. Peter Vogler, head barman at Sydney's Hilton Hotel, told us he'd been asked for a Slow Comfortable Screw only twice in his five years there. "It is not one I would classify as a standard cocktail," he said. It was not listed in the Trader Vic, the cocktail barman's bible, and "I would say it is a cocktail not worth knowing. A cocktail with a name like that wouldn't make the grade."

BY ANY OTHER NAME

You can say goodbye to the dirty weekend. The Hilton Hotel people — with the help of a bright young group of students at Sydney Technical College — have found a new name for one of our great institutions. Now you can take a *Hideaway Weekend* with your wife (or somebody else's wife) for around $70 per couple per night, including breakfast. Hilton International Sydney decided on the budget weekends to overcome low weekend occupancy, particularly in winter — a problem affecting all six prestige hotels in the city. What made it unusual is that the Hilton commissioned the college students to solve the problem. And they came up with this great new idea . . .

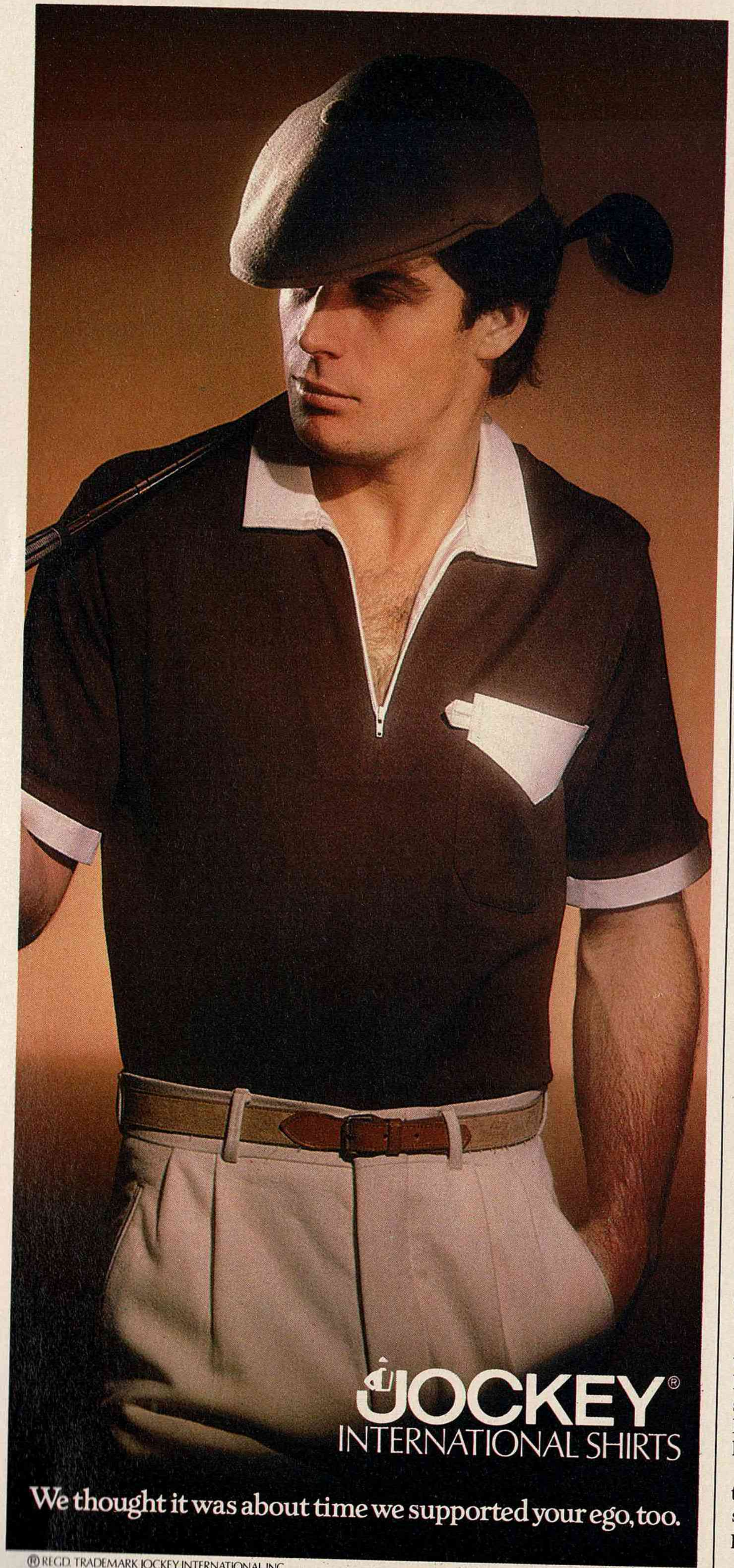
STIFFENED RESOLVE

The following is one of the many scientific breakthroughs which gives us faith in the basic simplicity of all great human discoveries. It involves the search for an easy way to determine if male impotence is physical or psychological in origin.

During sleep, men normally experience erections. The problem was that the only way to measure nocturnal penile tumescence (NPT) was on a machine called a mercury strain gauge which was expensive and also required the patient to go to hospital.

Enter Dr Bruce Blank, an American urologist with a pioneering spirit. After much trial and error he finally hit on the perfect solution — a string of postage stamps stuck to the penis.

With his two partners, Drs John Barry and Michael Boileau, Blank worked out the following procedure for all anxious impotents. The patient is required to put on a pair of jockey shorts before going to bed and pull his penis through the slot (this prevents pubic hair from getting in the way). Then comes the strip of carefully moistened stamps, stuck around the base of the shaft so they overlap to a distance of about one stamp. Then, in



® REGD. TRADEMARK JOCKEY INTERNATIONAL INC.
Dailey/SP51

the morning, if the stamps have been broken, the patient has achieved a night-time erection.

If you have any worries in the potency area you can try it yourself, but be warned — a completely accurate diagnosis of organic impotency requires an expert analysis.

As for using stamps — we're sure the Post Office won't object.

"X" RATED NETBALL?

Ever wondered just what goes on inside the women's changing rooms at a netball club? More than we imagine, it seems! From a newsletter of the Hornsby Heights Sports Club in Sydney we gleaned the following:

'Team Reports: C4's. Having one broken arm, one badly twisted ankle, one pregnancy and one resignation, also no wine, the ladies are in keen spirits and enjoying their games."

More news in nine months!

NEVER-NEVER LAND

Members of a delegation examining the Australian role in the commissioning of a new hospital in Saudi Arabia have returned from Jedda marvelling at the Saudis' talent for temporisation. During one specially frustrating session, with the Saudis continually leading the discussions into a maze of mish-mash, a Mexican representative on the working committee broke into a chant of "Manana, manana . . ." "Manana?" repeated one of the Saudis, "What does this word mean?" The Mexican explained it was used by his countrymen to describe a situation whereby one kept putting off a task until tomorrow. "Ah," said the Saudi. "We have a similar word in Arabic, but it does not have the same sense of immediacy."

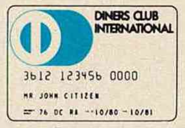
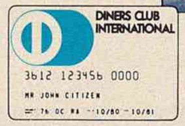
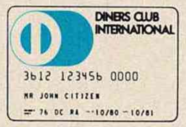
SPIRITED CONVERSATION

A Broken Hill barmaid is credited with increasing the takings in the hotel where she works by up to $1000 a week, because of her talent for bad language.

"Swearing's my only vice," says Mrs Judy Caldwell — nicknamed "Annie Oakley" because she once stopped a brawl with a loaded shotgun. "I'm not a drinker or a smoker and I don't do anything else."

Word spread about Annie after a tourist complained about her bad language in a local radio talkback show. Since then business has boomed. Even husband Malcolm retreats when his ears start to burn.

But there's no way Annie is going to moderate her language. Asked if she would give up swearing she replied: "Pigs . . . . I'm going to stop."

Recently, this card  flew to for a convention. It stayed at dined aboard and bought souvenirs for everyone. It  went on to for a buying conference, then across to to discuss new markets. It stayed at took in a crab dinner at and hired a for an unforgettable sightseeing trip. Which goes to prove if you get around this is around the best card you can carry. Join  today.

For further information ring Melb. 329 8888 Syd. 2 0539 Ad. 51 6459 Bris. 221 6005 Hob. 34 6433 Perth 325 5777 Can. 48 0268

To Diners Club Ltd., 394 Latrobe Street, Melbourne 3000 (CONFIDENTIAL)

Full name of Applicant Mr Mrs Miss Ms | Surname | Other Names | Home Address | Postcode

Home Phone No. | Date of Birth | Home Rented ☐ Home Owned ☐ Home Being Purchased ☐ | Years at Address | Previous Address | How Long

Driver's Licence No. and State of Issue | Bank Name Branch | Name and address of nearest relative not living with applicant

Employer Company or Firm Name | Business Phone No. | Business Address | Postcode

Nature of Business | Position Held | How long with Co.

Annual Income $ | Other Income $ | If you are self employed or if other source(s) of Income (e.g. Investments) are indicated, please write the name and phone number of someone who will confirm details of the amount (e.g. Accountant).

Previous Employment | Position Held | How long with Co.

Company or Firm Bank Name (for Company Applicants) | Branch

References: Credit (1)........ A/c No. ....
Credit (2)........ A/c No. ....
Personal ....

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WORLD OF PLAYBOY

top beauties from playboy editions world-wide

SYDNE

"Love," says Sydne, "is everything." The Italian beauty pours love into her dancing, acting and singing. "Work," she adds, "is a part of my love." So is her husband, who took these photos.

ANNA

"I don't think I'm very sexy," says Anna Henkel, Germany's newest erotic film star. Fortunately, we have a better view . . .

JANICE

Janice (above), an American university student, went to Rio for a holiday — and stayed. Now she plans to keep up her studies in that sultry South American city — and tango a little, too.

Célia (right), a medical student in Santos, Brazil, is starting her career on the right footing. She takes time off from her studies at the Ramos Lopez medical school to keep fit jogging.

CÉLIA

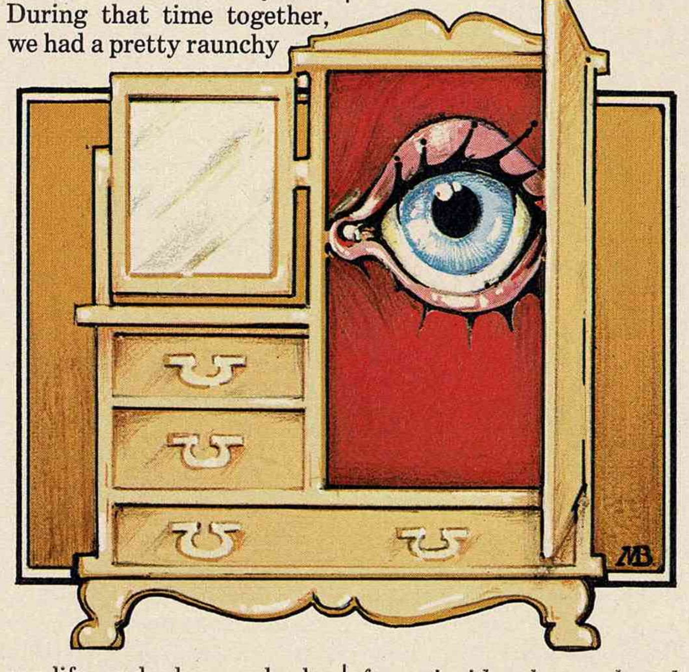
THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

Can you please tell me if any research has been done into the sexual side of ESP? By that, I mean the possibility of sexual stimulation occurring over great distances. I ask this because my girlfriend and I have recently been experimenting and think we have found something. Because of my job, I'm out of town a lot. My girlfriend and I have a fantastic sex life, and it's a real strain being separated so often. When we're apart we both fantasise about each other and usually finish up by masturbating. Sometimes after this, we phone each other to compare notes. It's amazing how often our two fantasies correspond, even down to the things we say to each other in foreplay, the color of underwear she is wearing, the shape of the bed, various positions, etc. We always have our fantasies at precisely the same time, even though we don't plan it. Recently when I was fantasising about screwing her, I noticed that the time was exactly 2.14 in the afternoon. Later, she told me that the same afternoon, at exactly 2.14, she had had to leave the classroom (she's a teacher) because she was having an orgasm — even without masturbating. She could actually feel me in her. I'm sure there must be some sort of supernatural element to all this, and would like to know what you think about it. — D.L., Tasmania.

Sounds more like a form of extrasensory penetration. *However, while we wouldn't wish to dismiss the idea of psychic sex out of hand, a great deal more evidence would have to come forward before it could be taken seriously. Two people who have a good sexual relationship will inevitably share similar sexual fantasies about each other. And if they indulge in such masturbation fantasies often enough, a few of them are bound to coincide. To verify your theory, someone would have to study a large number of sexually active couples, get them to masturbate in isolation and record every detail of their fantasies. This would all have to be repeated over a long period of time, and a statistical average taken — but it seems a shame to keep all those lusty couples away from the real thing just for the sake of trying to verify some far-out theory.*

About a year ago, I broke up with the woman I'd been living with for two years. During that time together, we had a pretty raunchy sex life, and when we broke up it was basically because of incompatible lifestyles. We still lusted after each other a great deal. We kept in touch, as friends, and lately a strange thing has been happening. Whenever we see each other, we seem to end up discussing our current sex lives, going into every last detail, and we both get very excited. Recently she hid in a cupboard when my current girlfriend dropped around, and when I made love to that girl, I knew I was being watched. It was fantastic. I felt like I was performing, and I think I'd like it to happen again. She would too, on a regular basis, with lots of different people coming and going. We've talked about living together again, and it could make for some new thrills, but I just wonder if I may be getting into something really weird instead of something wonderful. I'm not quite sure what to do. — D.V., South Australia.

It sounds like great fun, if you can stand the pace — and *the space! Living with such a situation full time might prove a very different matter to your occasional evening of voyeurism. You might also find it a little less magical when* you're *supposed to be the one watching from inside the cupboard. You say you split up once before due to your "incompatible lifestyles", but you didn't go into detail. If that means that you like stability and she doesn't, you're certainly drawing up a great blueprint for disaster.*



Recently my wife and I were in our bedroom having sex. We were both turned on with one another — so much so that neither of us noticed that our 13-year-old daughter was watching us through the doorway. Certainly we would not have carried on with our lovemaking if we had not been oblivious to her presence. It was only after we had reached a mutual state of abandonment as we climaxed simultaneously that either my wife or I sensed something, looked up and saw her there — unfortunately. Meanwhile, she just stood there in bewilderment. Since that day, she has hardly spoken to me or my wife, and she keeps glancing at my penis. Do you think I should tell her that I saw her watching, and explain to her how sex sometimes terminates that way? She's at a funny age, and I'm not quite sure how to handle the situation — J.S., WA.

Your daughter has seen what she's seen, and there's no way she's going to forget about it just because nobody says anything. At the age of 13, her curiosity about sex is accelerating rapidly, and the sight of you and your wife's frolicking will have given her another question which needs an answer. If you and your wife gently sound her out, you may find that just by showing interest you have diminished some of the tension. If she has questions, answer them. You may also be surprised to find out just how much she already knows, as 13 year olds have much greater access to information on sex than they did a generation ago.

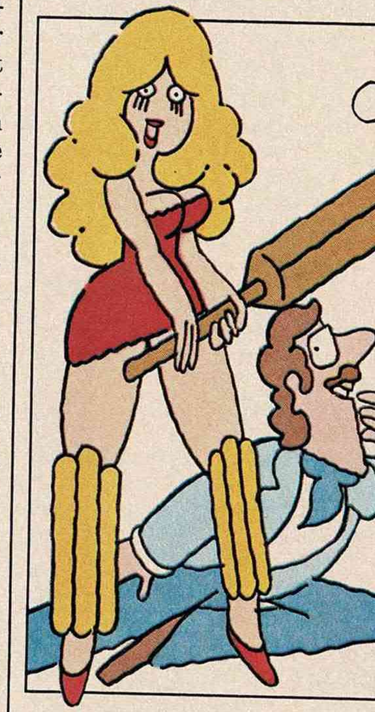
I've got a problem which concerns a woman who lives in the same block of flats as I do, and it's really driving me crazy. I'd like your advice on what to do, because I feel rotten all the time and don't see how I can stand it much longer. This particular woman lives with a man, at least some of the time, but they always seem to be splitting up. They have huge rows, and one or other of them moves out for a while. During one of these rows, the woman came around to my place for help. I think he'd beaten her up (not for the first time, apparently), and she was in a terrible state. I comforted her, we talked and drank for a while and eventually ended up in bed. We had a magnificent weekend in bed together; I suppose the best weekend of my life. She told me she loved me, and was going to

make a final break with the man she'd been living with. But then, a couple of days later, I saw them walking on the street with their arms around each other. When I caught up with her later on, she at first tried to ignore me, then said it had all been a mistake and told me not to try to see her again. I keep bumping into her, but she always looks away and tries to avoid me. It's agonising feeling the way I do about her and knowing that she is just down the hallway with someone who treats her like an animal. Do you think there is any way I could get her back? — J.S., Victoria.

The chances of you getting back together with her seem fairly remote, certainly at the moment. Your description sounds as though she is living in one of those fraught domestic situations where wild arguments and angry walk-outs are part of what keeps the couple together. Your weekend of love may have come at a time when she was prepared to go to just about any length to show her partner she was free to do as she wished. Her declaration of love may have been sincere at the time but, coming from someone in such an extreme emotional state, should have been regarded with a certain scepticism. That may be difficult for you to accept and it may take you some time to forget her, but you should ask yourself whether you really desire a relationship with someone so unpredictable and destructive. Look for some action elsewhere.

Whenever I watch women playing cricket, I get curious about what they wear under their cricket gear. I was discussing it with some mates recently, and one of them claimed that they wear the same sort of boxes that male cricketers wear. This sounds strange, as it would give them a bulge at the groin and I've never noticed one. I was going to ask a woman cricketer about it, but could not find the courage. Can you help? — K.F., NSW.

Don't anybody answer: "manhole covers". While there may be some exceptions, most lady cricketers don't bother with the kind of heavy groin protection used by their male counterparts, and they certainly don't use the standard protective box. As you very astutely point out, they don't have anything to put in them. Without those parts dangling down, women are not nearly as vulnerable. Some use a little extra padding shoved down into the front of their knickers, but that's about it.



My husband and a couple of his friends were watching television at our place a while ago, and a repeat of one Monty Python episode came on. In the show, there was a reference to something they called "smegma". Everybody cracked up, as though it was really dirty, but when I asked what it meant, they wouldn't tell me. My husband said it wasn't for my ears. Since then I've become very curious and have tried to find out what smegma is, but so far have met with no success. Can you please put my mind at ease? — I.L., WA.

Those Python people used to get away with just about everything. Though smegma is an old Greek word for detergent, it now commonly refers to a substance found beneath the foreskin. A mixture of dead skin cells and skin grease, it does indeed look a little like soap, but it usually indicates a poor standard of personal hygiene and can contribute to the spreading of disease.

I am interested in a career in photography, with a preference for wedding and portraiture work. How does one break into this profession, and what qualifications are needed? Any advice on this profession would be greatly appreciated. — J.M., Queensland.

Before you can consider any kind of photography as a career, you need a thorough grasp of its technical aspects. Apart from knowing how to use the camera itself, you'll need to know your way around a darkroom and be familiar with the various techniques by which a photograph can be improved during processing. Some colleges of advanced education run full- or part-time photography courses, and one of these may be of interest to you. Once you've acquired some sort of technical competence, you'll then need some fairly expensive equipment before you can work as a professional. If you want to do portrait work, you'll need a large format camera as well as a 35mm. For weddings and other functions, you'll need a strobe-type flash. You'll also need your own darkroom facilities, or access to a studio. And before you attempt to make a living at it, you will need to make sure that there is enough work in your area to make it worthwhile.

I go for tall women — really willowy, leggy women of 180cm or even taller. Ever since I started being interested in women, it's been the long, lean ones who excite me. The trouble is, at 165cm, I'm not exactly a giant, and when I'm speaking with a woman who stands 12 centimetres taller than me, I can't help feeling intimidated, and never seem to get beyond small talk. I get the feeling that tall women don't take me seriously. None of my girlfriends have been more than 160 centimetres tall and, although I've had a great time with them, I still lust after taller women. Are all short men inevitably doomed to make it only with short women, or can I keep hoping that I might eventually make it with the tall woman I dream about? And if I do manage to get into bed with her, is there likely to be any difficulty while making love because of the height difference between me and my dream lady? — P.W. Victoria.

In a horizontal position, a few centimetres one way or another isn't going to matter at all. But we can see that the initial approach could be difficult, especially if you have become so obsessed by tall women that you almost worship them. It isn't surprising that you don't get far beyond introductions. Few women want to be regarded as freaks, even beautiful freaks. You're more likely to succeed if you try to regard tall women in the same way you do their shorter sisters. And try not to refer to their height or make jokes about step-ladders. Certainly there is no reason why a short man shouldn't make it with a tall woman, if he's got other things going for him. Napoleon Bonaparte is said to have done quite well for a little chap and many jockeys are seen with women nearly twice their size.

I am a 31-year-old male. My problem is that I have a very sparse growth of facial hair. I understand that there is treatment available by the administration of hormones which can accelerate the growth of both body and facial hair. Could you please tell me how this treatment is performed and, if it is available in Australia, where? — F.N., NSW.

Unless you're so obsessed with facial hair that you feel you can't live without a beard or moustache, we suggest that you find a clean shaven style that suits you and be happy with that. The hormone treatment that you

A bull story from El Toro.

Thees ees the story of El Toro, the greatest stud bool in all of Mexico.

Unteel, one fateful afternoon, after a particularly torrid engagement, he peek the wrong place to seet down to a siesta.

Poor Toro...he seet on a cactus.

"Aiiiiiiiiieeeeeeeeeey!" cry Toro.

An' who can blame heem?

'Cause when eet come to the business of stud booling...a prickly pair don't help wan leetle beet!

Soon, there were no more "ole's" coming from the cows in the pastures at night.

But just when it looked like El Finito for El Toro, a cute leetle cow blow in his ear an' said..."Hey Toro, how 'bout you an' me 'ave a leetle dreenk and fool aroun' eh?".

Weeth that she produce a shaker of salt, a lemon, an' a bottle of El Toro Tequila.

An' she leek. An' he leek.

An' she seep. An' he seep.

An' she suck. An' he suck.

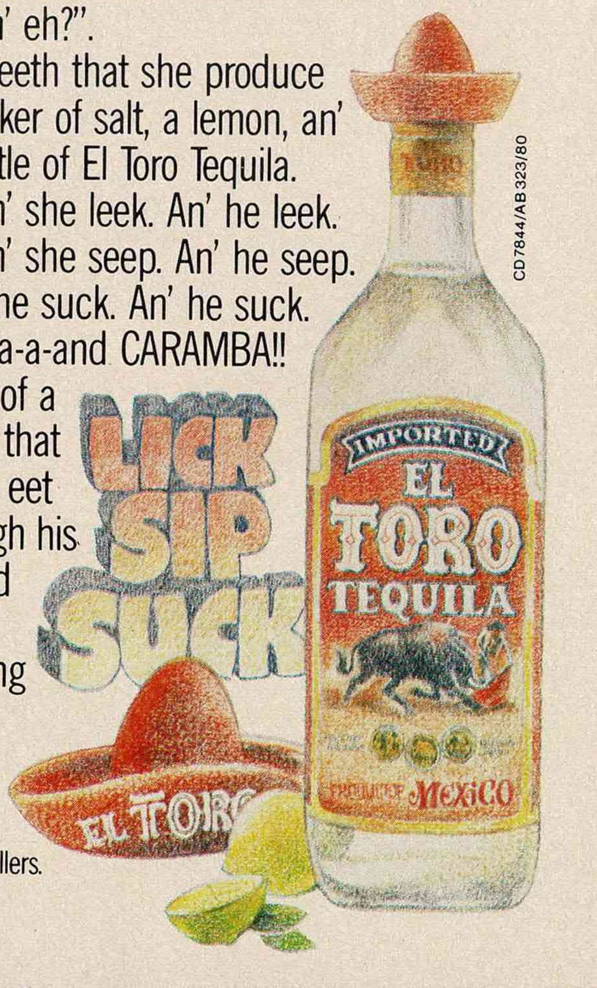
A-a-a-a-a-and CARAMBA!!

All of a sudden that ol' feeling eet creep through his veins. His blood she begin to boil.

An' before you know eet, that ol' El Toro is back to proving the point that one and one make three!

Which brings us to the moral of this story. When your spirit she is down...get it up with El Toro.

An' that's no bull!



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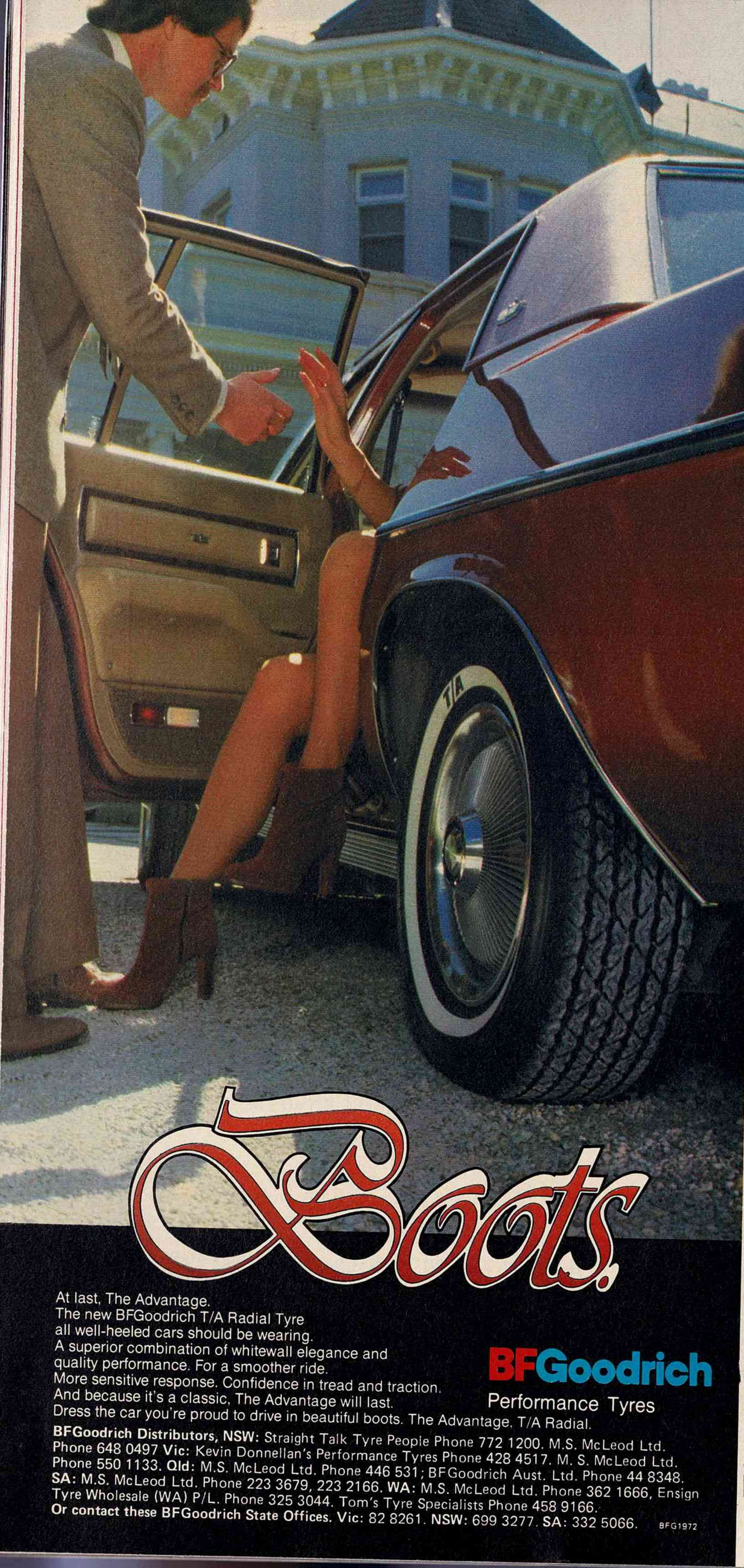
Imported from Mexico by Continental Distillers.



refer to is used in the treatment of problems of sexual potency, and the increased growth of facial hair is merely a side effect. It is a complex medical procedure, and it seems a great deal of trouble to go to over a matter of appearance. If you're really worried about the way you look, it would be much easier to try a change of hairstyle, or even your wardrobe.

I have a problem which has me scratching for ideas on fixing it. A few months ago, when I was playing the game of one-night stands, one of the young ladies left me with a few small reminders of our night together. While most of the memories are pleasant, one legacy of the night is driving me crazy. As a first-time host of body lice, I am convinced that the only good crabs are dead ones served on a platter in a restaurant. I've tried on a number of occasions using an emulsion especially for getting rid of crab lice — with limited success. When I think that I've got rid of them, they reappear again, particularly after sexual activity. A mate told me that a sure way to get rid of them is to shave off my pubic hair and wash with a DDT emulsion. This would be all right at the moment, as I have cut back on my sexual activities, but my steady girlfriend is going to move into my flat soon and may start asking questions when she notices the area below my navel is bare of any timbers. I don't want to go to a doctor, as it is such an embarrassing problem. Can you tell me if these little critters can do any permanent damage, or are they just a nuisance? — R.P., Victoria.

You don't say what kind of emulsion it is that you've been using, but if it's one made specifically for the treatment of crab lice it should be effective if you use it correctly. Repeat the treatment even after the lice have disappeared, because the eggs can sometimes be missed in the initial applications. Shaving off your pubic hair and applying DDT powder will work, but that's a pretty drastic measure. However, your girlfriend is likely to be less disturbed by your lack of pubic hair than by the subsequent discovery of her own little tribe of crabs. She could move out again quite quickly. Embarrassing though it may be, if you haven't got rid of them by the time she moves in, you'd better let her know. Crab lice are attracted to pubic hair because it provides them with warmth and shelter while they suck their host's blood. Sometimes their bites may become septic and cause inflammation of the skin or dermatitis, but permanent damage is unlikely.

Before discovering Australia the Dutch had already developed the art of making fine cigars.

Long before Abel Tasman discovered Australia in 1642, the Dutch were practising the art of producing and enjoying fine cigars.

Holland's seafaring explorers and traders–most of whom were employed by the Dutch East and West India Companies–had brought back fine tobacco leaf from their voyages to Cuba, Peru and Brazil.

The subsequent colonisation of the Dutch East Indies (known today as Indonesia) led to the introduction of Sumatra Sand, an exceptionally fine tobacco highly prized for the outer wrapping of a cigar; and which can only be harvested once every four years.

On maturity, each leaf is separated into two halves and rolled into either a 'left hand' or 'right hand' cigar.

Today, the House of Ritmeester still blends Sumatra Sand leaves with others from Cuba, Brazil and Java to produce their fine cigars. The pleasure of such quality is a discovery you can share with the Dutch the next time you enjoy a Ritmeester cigar.

Ritmeester–a discovery the Dutch would like to share with you.

PMC/117

RITMEESTER

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

UNMENTIONABLE

I am writing not only to you, but also to your readers and anybody else who "just reads the articles", to forward my complaint which concerns words expressing the female genitalia.

The use of slang to describe this "region" is not all that common in colloquial conversation, let alone the medical language. On this strange phenomenon I based my research and then my complaint. First, I found that many times *prick* has been used in non-obscene media, but the slang for the female organs is almost never used. This prompted me to steer my investigation in that direction.

The word stems from the Latin *cuneus* meaning a wedge. (Ah! Yes! I see the resemblance.) Since the 15th century, it has been avoided in polite spoken English. Eric Partridge in his *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* calls it "perhaps the most notable of all vulgarisms". From around 1700 it has, except in the reprinting of old classics, been held to be obscene: that is, it is illegal to print it in full.

Writes Partridge: "Had the late Sir James Murray courageously included the word and spelt it in full in the great *Oxford English Dictionary*, the situation would be different."

As it is, neither the *Universal Dictionary of English* (1932) nor the *Shorter Oxford Dictionary* (1933) had the courage to include it. Yet the OED gave the word *prick* recognition.

Why this injustice and discrimination to the female gender of this species?

R. A. Lovelady
NSW

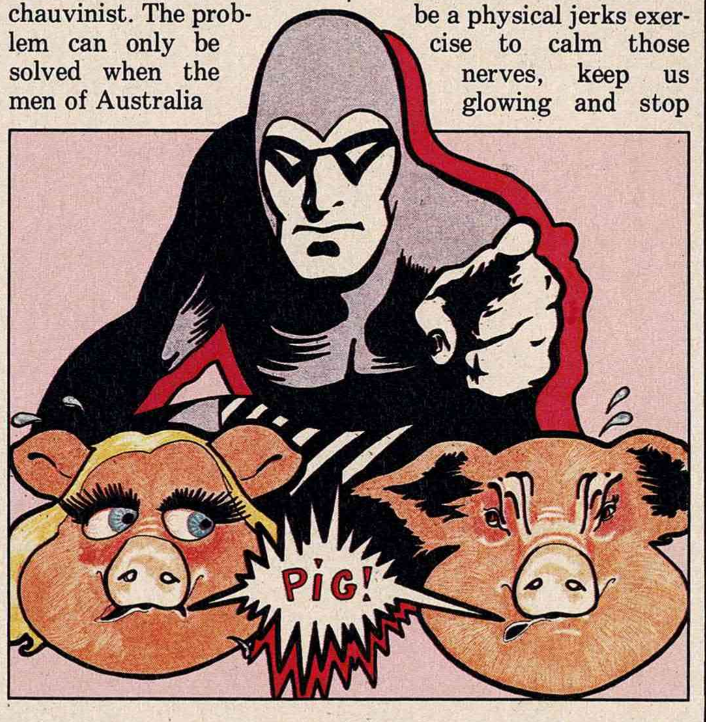
PHANTOM'S ANSWER

The following is my answer to A Male Chauvinist Lashes Out and its complementary article, And Ms Piggy Snaps Back: Why the hell can't we live in harmony? After all, we were put here to love and enjoy one another's company.

At the age of 25 and unmarried I find women to be either out to knock you or to get as much as possible from you. I believe women should be equal with men, but why do it in this manner? The reason, I believe, is as Ms Piggy claims, your ocker chauvinist. The problem can only be solved when the men of Australia show our women that we are seeking more than the Pleasure of the Pouch.

Only when we come to treat each other as equals shall we understand love and enjoy life to the full.

The Phantom
North Ipswich, Queensland



DEAD ART?

Is the art of wooing a lady as dead as crinolines or corsets? Maybe, or maybe it has just taken on a different form. There is little mystery left regarding sex these days — it's everywhere, blatantly staring you in the face from magazine and newspaper pages and the TV screen. The magic, one might say, has now been replaced by sexual honesty.

So let's be honest, bare our boobs and show our buttocks, but what pleasure does that give to the sensitive, if there are such people left. Even the word "screw" has become a common term, so adequately describing the modern sexual act.

The communion of soul and body, to me the perfect sexual act we are seeking, is rarely achieved and the rare moments it happens are very transitory.

Maybe sex was meant to be a physical jerks exercise to calm those nerves, keep us glowing and stop us becoming bitchy and bad tempered. Is sex a prerequisite for health and beauty rather than the lasting, exquisite, experience of magic that we imagine?

Mary Cliffe
Bronte, NSW

MALE DILEMMA

Being aware that troglodytes such as John Regan (PLAYBOY, July) still exist, my only surprise on reading his article, A Male Chauvinist Lashes Out, was that he still has sufficient spunk to admit to his inadequacy to cope with the real world in general and with real women in particular.

Speaking as a male often frustrated in his attempts to come to terms with a world in which women will be able to explore and develop their capacities, I can sympathise with Mr Regan. I, too, still occasionally worry about the size of my penis. But compared to Mr Regan's problems my predicament of rarely being able to find a woman of real character (ie a true feminist) fades away into insignificance.

I hope you will pass on my comments to this man who considers Jane Austen to be the epitome of feminist literature. If his feelings of inadequacy really bother him perhaps he might start with *The Hite Report*, work his way through Shulamith Firestone's *The Dialectic of Sex*, open his eyes to a few realities with Susan Brownmiller's *Against Our Will* and then even he might be ready to scream about *The Manipulated Man* (if he's read Esther Vilar).

I expect he will rip the top off a tinnie instead and return to his infantile fantasies, not to mention infinite re-runs of his romantic interlude in an FJ Holden.

Please inform Ms Johnston (the author of And Ms Piggy Snaps Back) that a free meal will be waiting for her in Melbourne, and the only string attached is that, if she enjoys herself, she pays next time.

William R. Barden
Melbourne

SMOG SOLUTION

After reading Rob Luck's article on air pollution from all sources in general and from the motor vehicle in particular (For a Clear Day You'll Pay Forever, PLAYBOY, July) my comment is — do it with a condensator.

The short-term, and possibly the long-term low-cost answer to most of our motor vehicle pollution problems seems to have already been accomplished by a talented American chemical engineer named Elmer Bush who, in his quest to design a device to prevent carbon build-up on valve stems, hit pay dirt — in a non-pollutive sense — in a big way with a device

called a Condensator Supplementary Carburettor, for want of a more succinct name. This taps the PVC (positive crankcase ventilation) line of your engine, and by dropping out the heavy hydrocarbons (into a glass jar for easy dumping) allows your engine to burn only clean fuel/air mixture as it was designed to.

A condensator retails for $99.50 (including installation). And even if the vehicle has no other anti-pollution equipment, the condensator will bring emissions well below Stage Three requirements, unless your engine happens to be badly worn.

Let me quote test results of the United States Navy, using 32 test vehicles over 10 months:
(1) Overall reduction in carbon monoxide (the "baddie", as Luck puts it) — 67.62 percent. (2) Average reduction in hydrocarbons (half of the ingredients necessary to create photochemical smog) — 63.01 percent.

A test performed by the California State Automobile Association shows the condensator reduced oxides of nitrogen (the other half of the photochemical smog equation) by 12 percent at 53km/h and 13.15 percent at speeds of 75km/h.

Now for the punchline. The US Navy tests found: "Fleet average fuel savings due to the condensator was measured at 13.20 percent, with potential for improvement." To the average motorist spending $25 per week on petrol this means, besides doing his bit environmentally, saving around $170 per year. It also extends the life of an engine.

And yes, the unit does work on LPG conversions.

The unit can be transferred from car to car in about 30 minutes.

James Mair
Marketing Manager
Dunlop/IBC, Brisbane

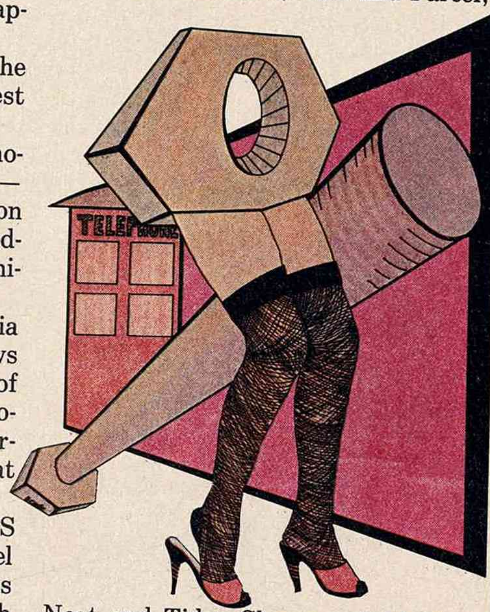
We handed Mr Mair's letter over to writer Rob Luck who gave the following reply:

"The big problem with any anti-pollution device is that it can't be satisfactorily justified in a simple document such as your letter. During the research for the article, we received many such claims for bolt-on devices. The advantage of your unit seems to be — as you claim — that it can be transferred from car to car within 30 minutes. If your company is prepared to supply a unit, we're prepared to test it. And report the results. But be warned — we'll be looking at all aspects, including economy, effect on performance, wear, engine durability etc. in conjunction with pollution control. Some of the claims listed in your letter can be obtained on an ordinary unmodified engine subjected to simple tuning adjustment for a particular requirement."

STRANGE ENCOUNTERS?

In the White Pages of the Sydney Telephone Directory I found the following people who I would like to introduce to each other. These names are all in their authentic spelling:

Slap and Tickle; Hard and Fast; Down and Out; Rough and Tumbel; Rough and Ready; Bright and Early; Love and Kindness; Part and Parcel;



Neat and Tidy; Cheese and Pickles; Chalk and Cheese; Wind and Raine; Crown and Anchor; Ginn and Lime; Storm and Tempest; War and Peace; Cock and Bull; Brandy and Soda; Lock and Key; Nutt and Bolt; Beck and Call; Blood and Bone; Fish and Chipps; Rock and Roll; Wine and Dine; Sage and Onions; Rank and File; Cloak and Dagger; Kiss and Tell; Hide and Seeck; Tooth and Nail; Tar and Feather; Louden Clear; Ready, Willing and Able; Bell, Book and Candle. Some get-together!

M. Wilson
Summer Hill, NSW

DULL FELLOW

Are there still people attempting to classify men and women into separate categories? (Yawn)! I refer to the puerile and somewhat arrogant comments of Mr Phred Ross (*The Playboy Forum*, August). What a dull little fellow! I cannot for the life of me imagine any woman contemplating any lifetime contract with him.

As he obviously doesn't like women, I suggest that he seek out some other means of achieving the obvious goal (there are excellent rubber dolls available, I believe).

Ms Sharon Hillis
Bardon, Queensland

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Audiocom	Birkenhead
Auto Acoustics Graham Audio)	Kings Cross
Chatswood Car Radio	Chatswood
Howard Car Radio	Chatswood
Roxy Car Radio	Parramatta
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United Car Radio	Prahran
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United Car Radio	Mitcham
QUEENSLAND	
Action Radio	Paddington
Geoff Bradfords	Toowoomba
DJL Electronics	Caloundra
Custora Sound Centre	Nambour
Gold Coast Hi Fi	Southport
Hooper Sound Centre	Gympie
Ipswich Hi Fi	Ipswich
Bob Wilsons	Bundaberg
Premier Sound	Rockhampton
Mackay Stereo Sales	Mackay
Russ Adams	Townsville
Stereo Supplies	Brisbane
Targa Electronics	Cairns
A.C.T.	
Instrol Hi Fi	Canberra
Polymedia	Phillip
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Alberts Hi Fi	Balga
Alberts Hi Fi	Perth
Alberts Hi Fi	Victoria Park
Leslie Leonards	Perth
Alberts Hi Fi	Fremantle
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Hi Fi Acoustics P/L	Adelaide
Instrol Hi Fi	Adelaide
Motoquipe	Adelaide
TASMANIA	
Tasmania Auto Sound	Hobart

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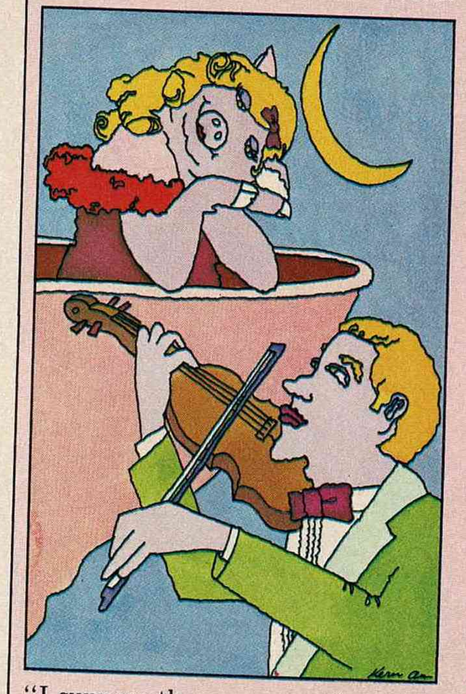
NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

(FORE)SKIN TRADE

REHOVOT, ISRAEL — Scientists here have set up a plant to produce the rare drug interferon—using infants' foreskins as a raw material. The drug — being hailed as a possible cure for cancer — can only be grown in human cell tissue and presently costs $15,000 for enough to treat one patient. On opening the $1 million pilot plant, a spokesperson for the Weizman Institute of Science noted:



"I suppose there are more foreskins around here." He must have known that every Jewish male gets circumcised at the age of eight days.

SALAD DAYS

CONNECTICUT — A Yale University study has found that eliminating meat from your diet can increase endurance and enhance your sex life. An article in *The Vegetarian Times* quotes the US study as saying numerous winners in long-distance events are now vegetarians, who proved they had twice the endurance of meat-eaters. So what does this have to do with your sex life? "It's a matter of preference really," says the *Times*. "It depends on whether you want your lovemaking to resemble a 50-metre dash or a 5000-metre Olympic run."

SEXERCISE MYTH

MELBOURNE — The popular belief that having sex is just as beneficial as an eight to 15 kilometre run is nonsense, says the chairman of the Department of Human Movement Studies at Melbourne University, Dr A. W. Willee. "For people aiming to reach a peak of fitness through sexual activity, it is bad news," he says. "It cannot be done by even the most voracious lover."

PIGS NEED LOVE

MELBOURNE — When the Beatles were singing All You Need Is Love, little did we know that it would become the catch-cry of pig breeders everywhere. But it looks like this will be the case following findings by Dr Paul Hemsworth, a Victorian Agricultural Department scientist. Hemsworth has recently been to look at a Dutch project which discovered pigs became more prolific breeders when farmers struck up a more loving attitude toward them. Apparently a friendly pat on the snout each day is good enough to ensure higher production.

DEFILED BEAUTY

LONDON — Spectators watching the Miss Vauxhall beauty contest at a Luton car factory were stunned when one of the losers lunged at the new beauty queen and pushed her off the low stage, leaving her sprawled on the grass. "I have nothing against her, but there were far better girls there," Michele Urbanowicz said in explanation for her attack. "I thought it was a fix." The victim, Christine Pearson, clambered sobbing back on to the stage with a grazed knee and muddy dress to collect a $300 holiday and $200 dress. She took over from her identical twin who won the Miss Vauxhall contest last year.

STRIKE ME GREEN

LOS ANGELES — University of Southern California campus police are in a quandary over what to do about a young man suspected of crawling under library tables and painting the toenails of co-eds. The cops picked up the man with a bag containing 15 bottles of nail polish, but he was released when it was discovered that the unauthorised painting of toenails is a misdemeanor only when witnessed by the arresting officer.

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EXPERIENCE

our novice philanderer found it a little too hot for his liking in the tropics

THEY RECKON that if infants can enjoy their infancy, adults can enjoy their adultery, a point I didn't take until I'd just hit 30. And when I took it, I was worse than any randy young teenager – the world and virgin fields to conquer.

It happened in Papua-New Guinea, where everything hots up a bit – the pace of life, the temperature and, understandably, the human beings. A cocktail party was guaranteed to stir you. The women seemed too lethargic to put much on, and the men weren't much better. In fact, the thing most consistently put on was the hard word.

Swept up in it, I decided one night to have a crack at a delectable dark-haired female in her late 20s whose husband seemed engrossed in getting it off with a lightly-dressed blonde.

The approach was easy. She worked with the Administration, I told her what I did, and in no time at all we were yacking away like life-long friends. It was so easy to slip into a relationship, largely, she said one night, because her husband was such a philanderer that he didn't have time for her.

I reserved my opinion because, by dropping a word or two around town, I had found out that she had quite a reputation. She certainly wasn't neglected, even if her husband played around. Most likely, he just took off for a rest. Well, it was great – no pretence, open meetings in cocktail bars, on the beach, that sort of thing. That lady had more tricks in her repertoire than Masters and Johnston ever dreamed possible, and after a session with her, my back would ache, my hips would be sore. But the moment I saw her, my toes would curl.

One of her favorites was the lunch-break. I would pick her up at her office and we'd race off to her house for a matinee, followed by a beer and an afternoon sitting at

my desk, complacent and thoroughly sated. I wasn't much good to anybody, but I was happy. As the months passed, we went on trips, on picnics, to the movies, to the club. Discretion? The lady had kamikaze tendencies.

One thing I learned was that her husband was insanely jealous. He was a typical ocker – loved his beer, his gambling and his playing around. But woe betide anybody who played around with *his* wife.

It was a typical bored-whites-in-the-tropicssituation, one with which I went along, but more and more wearily. For, believe it or not, I was finding it hard to keep up the pace. But the end, when it came, was sudden, and not without a certain amount of pain.

The lady had pressed me for another lunchtime session, sandwiched, as it were, between work. Naturally, I complied, because we hadn't been at it for two whole days.

So into my little Datsun, round to her office, then off to her house.

Suddenly, there was the sound of a car in the drive.

"Christ-all-bloody-mighty, it's my husband!" she yelped. "Do something! Quick!"

Visions of *The Decameron* unfolded before my eyes. Under the bed, into another room, and round in circles. Sheer bloody panic. When the crunch comes, I crumble. Fortunately, the lady had much more presence of mind. She swooped into a towelling shower jacket, half closed the door and strolled into the hallway.

"Hello!" I heard a deep voice exclaim. "What are you doing home at lunchtime?"

"It was so hot I thought I'd come home for a shower." That was a slip up. How did she manage to get home?

"Jean up the road dropped me on the way home for lunch. She'll pick me up on the way back." We breathe again.

"Well I've come home to listen to the Cup. Got a hundred on it and it was too noisy at the club to hear properly."

What a fool I was. It was Melbourne Cup Day – the one day Australians the world over stop as one to hear the race. Then I heard a shuffle down the passageway, coming closer. I grabbed my clothes and shot into the built-in wardrobe, burying my face in shirts, crouched over shoes and sandals.

The shuffle receded. Inside the wardrobe, I could hear the murmur of conversation, the squawk of a radio being tuned, then the nasal voice of the racecaller in his preliminary.

I settled back, sweat pouring from me. I was cramped, hot, nervous, and terrified. How could I keep my cool? The bloody wardrobe had one of those de-humidifiers they use in the tropics so fungus doesn't form on your clothes. It must have been 50 degrees in there.

I just melted. I mopped my head with *his* shirt, I wiped my chest with *his* socks. I dropped a puddle of sweat in one of *his* shoes. I was slowly disappearing. If that lady didn't come back soon, all she'd find would be a saline solution.

But she did come back. She poked her head cautiously round the door and whispered that she had to say she was going back to work to keep up the pretence, but would wait round the corner for me.

Through the wall I heard the race run, then the radio blare into music. I hung on in there, dizzy, dopey. Half an hour, an hour.

Still I heard walking, talking. This is it, I thought. The guy's settled down. He's here for the afternoon. There was nothing I could do but walk out. Just get up, hold my clothes as discreetly as possible in front of me, and just walk out – gambling on his being so stunned that he couldn't react before I had made a getaway.

So I picked up my clothes, pushed open the wardrobe door and ran like hell, out of the bedroom, down the passage, into the lounge – and straight into the most startled houseboy I'd ever seen.

His mouth was agape, his eyes rolling white at the sight of a naked white man. He squeaked, dropped his broom and fled. I was alone.

I put on my dank clothes and returned to the office, much lighter, much wetter and – much reformed. Later, I rang the lady.

"Oooh, sorry," she said. "I forget all about you. Dick and I came back to town in his car. Didn't you hear it start? By the way, you didn't run into the houseboy, did you? He was going to clean up after lunch. Anyway, don't worry about him. He's leaving us today."

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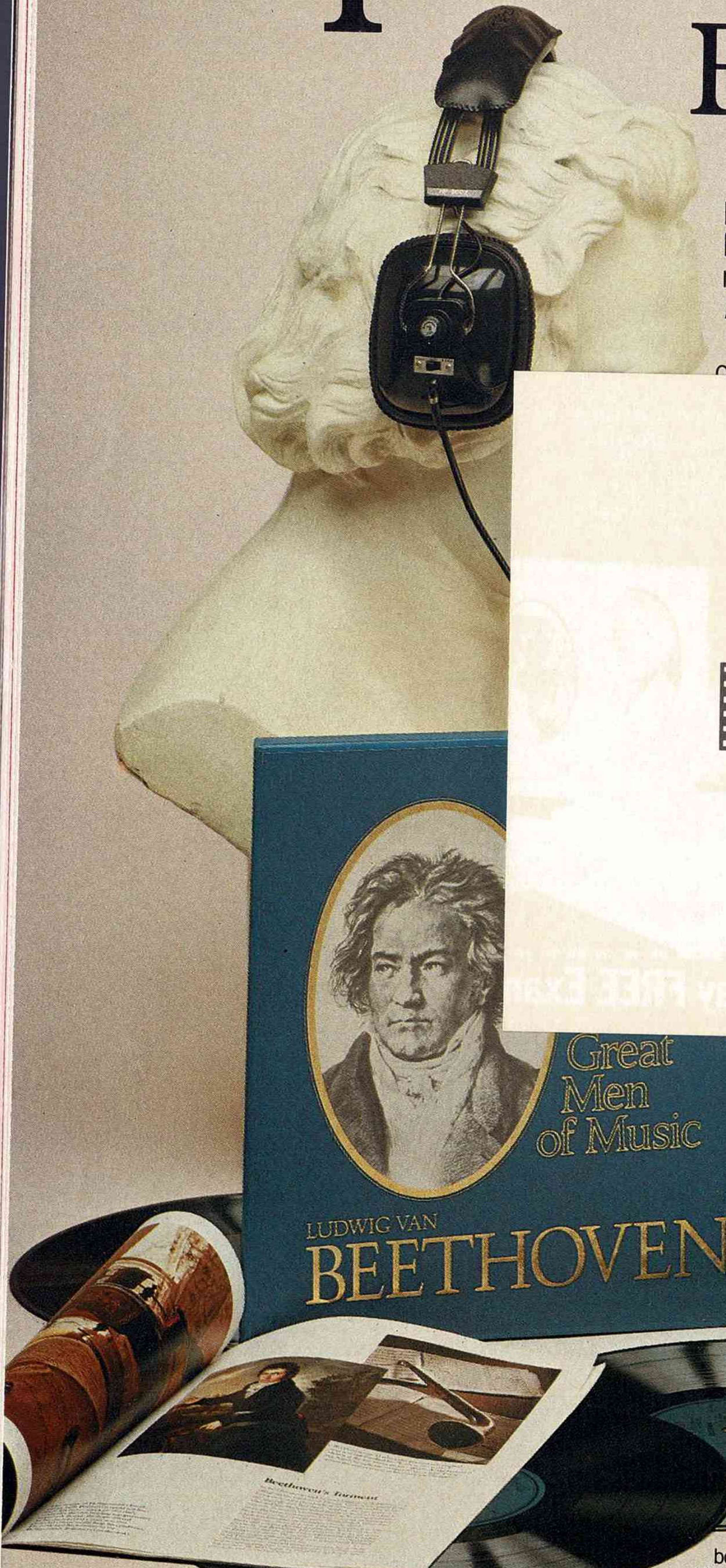

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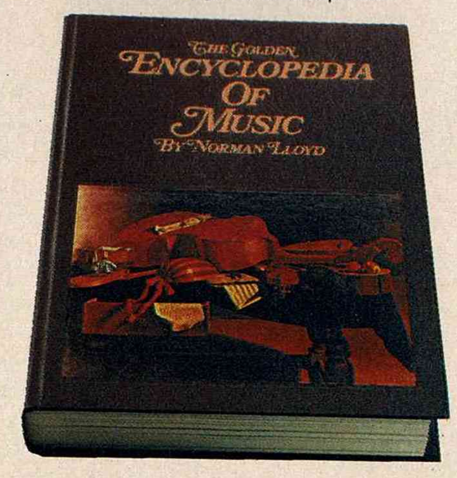

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Playboy Interview PETER WHERRETT

australia's vocal motoring expert looks down the road at the automotive future

"OVERNIGHT SUCCESS" is a cliche that might have been coined especially for television — a win in the ratings game played in evening prime viewing time-slots can turn today's TV hopeful into tomorrow's star. So it was on Monday, March 4, 1974, when Peter Wherrett, a little-known journalist, self-appointed motoring expert, and TV rookie, hit the visual airwaves on the less-than-ideal ABC with a less-than-likely pure motoring program, entitled, somewhat predictably, Torque.

Wherrett and Aunty ABC woke next morning to perhaps the greatest ratings shock of their lives — the show polled an audience effectively doubling the ABC program average, and commanded an eventual national audience of around two million. From relative obscurity, Peter Wherrett had become Australia's foremost public motoring expert.

Seven years and some nine series later, Wherrett is still carving TV ratings out of automotive programs based on anything from nostalgia to consumerism. In 1978 he took a year's leave from on-camera work to tour the world tracing the origin and history of the motor vehicle for a change-of-pace series titled Marque.

In front of the camera, Wherrett, although previously untrained in the electronic media, is a talented operator who earns the respect of both his crew and his programmers. A TV "natural," he confidently walks on camera and ad-libs the entire show. In fact, he claims he has never scripted a line in any program.

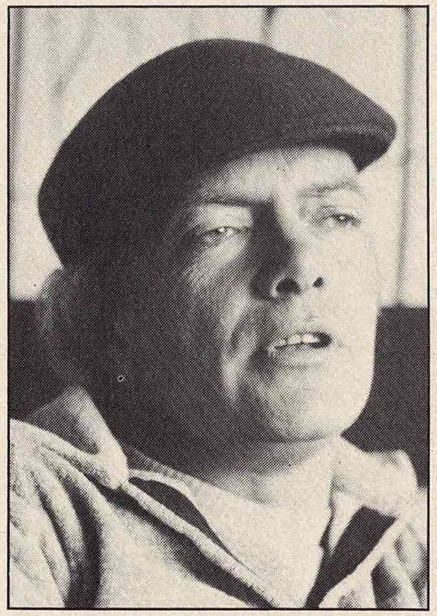
The archetype of the western suburbs citizen, Wherrett was born and bred in Sydney's west, and is still proud to live there. Even the fame and escalated fortune of his television career and its associated benefits couldn't persuade him to move from the house that has served his family's requisites for the past 12 years — although Wherrett has extended it upward and outward and has sunk a pool in the backyard.

Sandwiched between his childhood and a career on national television, Wherrett has packed in a variety of careers and activities, all of which are motoring-oriented. He started by selling cars and automotive service equipment, then worked as an area rep for an oil company.

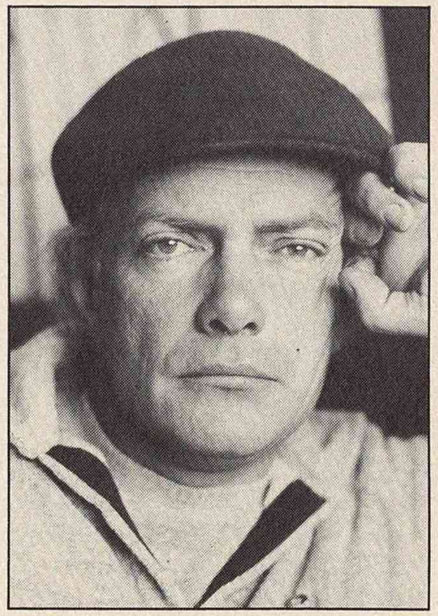
In 1957, he felt obliged to point out to the management of The Sydney Morning Herald *that motoring enthusiasts were getting a raw deal from the media. They replied by challenging him to write an interesting motor racing column. He did and it stuck. It also developed his interest in racing and he hounded around the circuits for four years mixing what he immodestly asserts to be a good driving talent with mediocre machinery for a mid-field performance result. The turning point in his motoring career came when he formed a motor racing school for racing driver, car dealer and sometime-entrepreneur Brian Foley. This floated up with a fanfare, came down like a lead balloon, and threatened to sink into oblivion, dragging Wherrett along with it. But Wherrett could see another way out, took it over, and reformed and re-directed the school at advanced driver training for the average motorist.*

Wherrett's hard grind in this theatre started to reap solid benefits within a couple of years. He then expanded the Peter Wherrett School of Advanced Driving so it included special driver training programs for companies employing large on-road fleets — a sort of group motoring therapy technique. It worked brilliantly, and companies later volunteered statistics from their insurance files that showed 10 to 20 percent reductions in accidents and incidents among drivers taking the course.

These days Wherrett, now 44, applies about one-third of his energies to Torque, *an input that nets him approximately one half of his income — the level of which is a jealously guarded secret. He has written a number of books, become an expert consultant on fleet purchase for large companies, expanded the activities of his Advanced Driver Training school to New Zealand, and involved himself in*

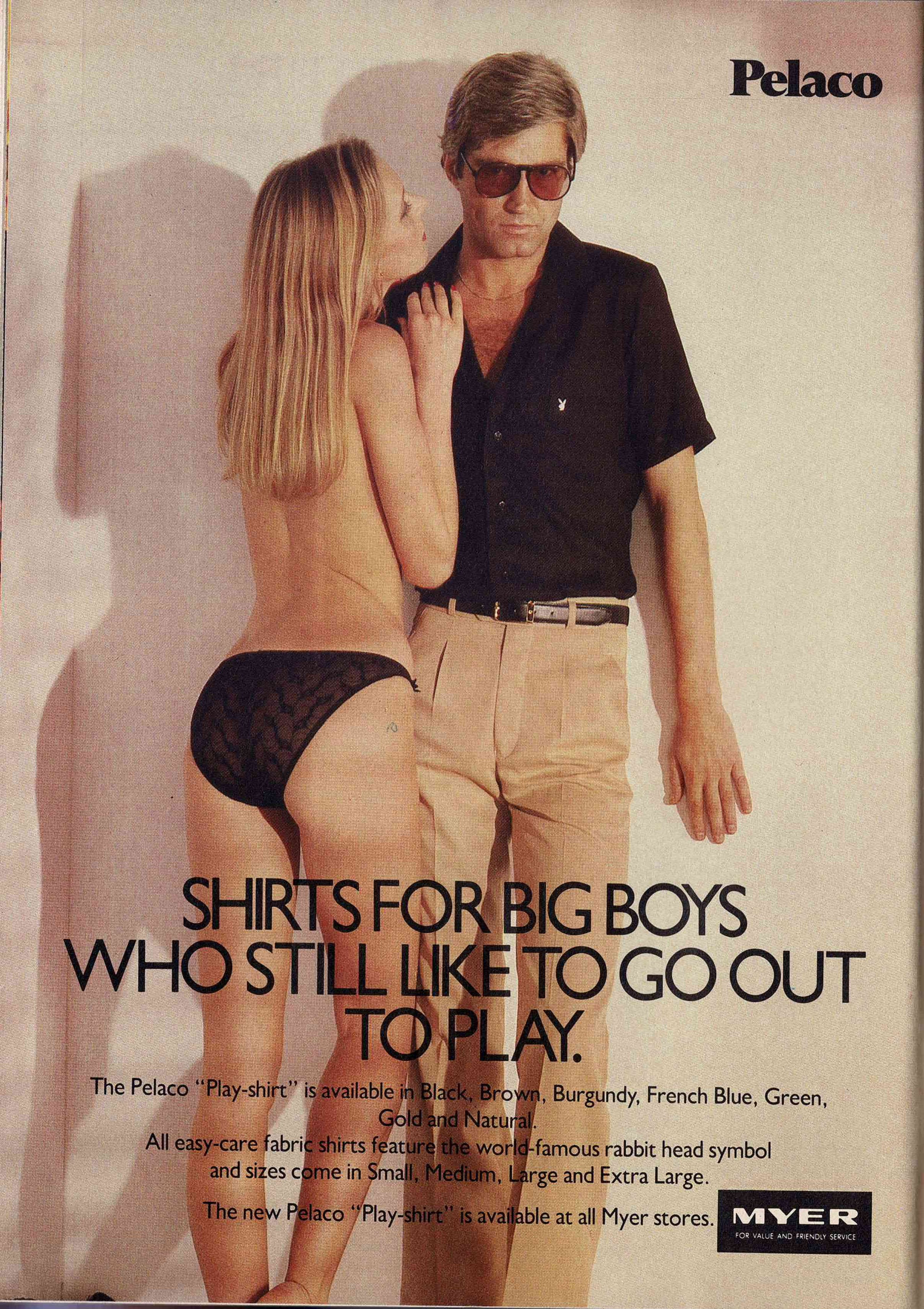


"The motor vehicle is becoming impossible for cities. There are too many people trying to use them, too many people killing themselves with shit from exhaust systems."



"The car is a means of transport, not a flagship, no longer a thing by which you proclaim your status in the community. A $60,000 painting is a much better investment."

"We are all endowed with this marvellous 20th century sense of false urgency — everything must be done immediately. We must change that. The urgency must diminish."



a number of commercials. Almost an anti-hero in a celebrity sense, Wherrett avoids the high-life, social round and personality circuit, preferring a rather unspectacular family life.

When we sent fellow motoring journalist ***Rob Luck*** *out to interview Wherrett, we were not to know that it would end in a 10-hour session which ultimately left both men mentally and emotionally drained, and resulted in enough material to fill two magazines.*

"Wherrett is articulate, but very challenging to interview," says Luck, "and it is impossible to have a discussion with him without a great deal of repartee, gamesmanship, and cross-examination — all of which is very stimulating for the interviewer.

"The private Wherrett is a forthright, sometimes slightly aggressive personality that is a front for a more sensitive individual when you scratch the surface — naturally friendly and gregarious, quite committed to a routine personal life, and even human enough to be self-conscious about something like his balding 'big-end', which he has thoughtfully trademarked with the inevitable flat-cap he always wears.

"The other Wherrett is the one who is conscious of his public image and position, obliged to take a stance on every motoring issue. This is extremely difficult in the field of motoring which is the widest possible subject in which an individual could be asked to be an expert. I was impressed at Wherrett's ability to sift through the maze, and present a substantially clear, logical point of view on most subjects."

PLAYBOY: You seemed to be at your most outrageous recently when you aggressively predicted the death of the car in the year 2050.

WHERRETT: The death of the private car, not the car — we need to make that distinction. By 2050 there will no longer be a car privately owned and parked in your own garage and ready for instant use. Cars will exist as transport systems. You won't own them. You probably won't want to own them by then.

PLAYBOY: But what's going to stop us owning them?

WHERRETT: Nothing. You just won't need to. The only privately owned cars will belong to people who really need them because they live in remote outlying areas and don't have access to the computerised private transport systems I conceive will then be in operation. But city people simply won't need to own private cars.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about urban commuter systems?

WHERRETT: I'm talking about a combination—taxi fleets, organised if you like, along the lines of rent-a-car systems with computerised booking and billing. You'll punch up your vehicle requirements for the day on your home computer, and a few minutes later, it will arrive at your doorstep and you'll be driven away — not by a driver but by the car.

PLAYBOY: How does it make its way to your doorstep?

WHERRETT: We are talking 70 years in the future and a lot of things can happen in that period. The car will be controlled by one of those highly imaginative science fiction concepts that so many people are playing with at the moment, possibly by radar or laser. The directional and control system will be built into the vehicle itself.

PLAYBOY: You are talking about a big brother scheme of a central control system ferrying automobiles all over the countryside?

WHERRETT: Yes, but not from a central location. If you want a car in Parramatta, you won't want one that is in Sydney. It will come from a local base — at Parramatta. It will probably be owned by the Avis or the Budget of the day. All of the motor car companies in the world have got ideas about what is going to take place by 2050. Most of them seem to be wildly imaginative but, in reality, the possibilities are not all that remote, particularly when we consider the technological advancement in the past 50 years. The next 80 years are not likely to be any less progressive.

> *"Try driving around Los Angeles in peak hour — it's impossible even on the bloody expressways. There has to be an alternative."*

PLAYBOY: But the way I see it, we haven't changed our cars much at all in the past 50 years.

WHERRETT: Not in terms of cars, but we have changed a lot of other areas of technology. If you consider where we were in 1920 and 1930, we were not able to go to the Moon, we were not able to fly at speeds faster than the speed of sound (and today even passenger aircraft do that), we were not able to land aircraft in dense fog and black of night. None of this technology had yet been applied yet to the motor vehicle, but it will be. The motor vehicle is becoming impossible for cities. There are too many of them. Too many people trying to use them, jamming themselves up, killing themselves with shit from exhaust systems. Things must change. We are not afflicted to the same extent in Australia as other countries where natural growth rates of populations simply make it impossible to go anywhere by car. Try driving around Los Angeles in peak hour — it's impossible even on the bloody expressways. There has to be an alternative. The alternative, of course, for the mass of people will be public transport systems. The new rapid transit system in San Francisco is a good example of the immediate future and things will develop beyond that. I can't for the life of me imagine why anybody who lives in the inner western suburbs of Sydney ever wants to take a private motor car near a city the size of Sydney. I'm sure they would prefer not to if there was an alternative that was convenient, economical, comfortable and reliable. The public transport systems that we have at the moment are none of these things because we live in a society that is geared to the private car. Inevitably that must change over the next 50 or 60 years, when public transport will become more important than private transport. There will come a time when the private motorist realises it is not a worthwhile investment to have an expensive car sitting in his privately-owned garage for six days of the week.

PLAYBOY: At the moment you wouldn't convince one percent of the population of that. What's going to change to make the population accept your proposition without argument?

WHERRETT: The inconvenience and the cost of private car ownership.

PLAYBOY: And which do you think is more important, the inconvenience or the cost?

WHERRETT: The cost at this moment. Multiple factors 10 years from now.

PLAYBOY: History has shown us that most change is dramatic — in response to some revolutionary development. Will some catalyst spark a revolution in our present domestic travel habits?

WHERRETT: It probably will happen gradually and progressively. And, for a short term at least, almost imperceptibly. We will first see a change in the style of car that people are using. It's already happening. Cars of the size and scope of the 1975 Holden Kingswood and Ford Falcon are no longer accepted in this country. I think everybody still wants to own cars of the size of the Kingswood and Falcon but they are recognising that it is impracticable for them to do so and they are beginning to think smaller. Cost is the first influencing factor.

PLAYBOY: How do you see people in the

future doing the normal things like taking the kids to the football or ballet lessons or music lessons or all the hundreds of commuter trips that the average family makes every week?

WHERRETT: We are all endowed with this marvellous 20th century sense of false urgency. Everything must be done immediately. The car allows us to get up at 7.30am and leave home for the office at 7.35. We must and we will change that attitude — the degree of urgency must diminish. We will still get up at 7.30, call a cab, then leave at 7.50 instead of 7.35. And we can do the same with young Fred's football game. You call a cab to get you to the game on time. After the match, instead of leaping into your car and hurrying home to do something else, you resist the sense of false urgency and stay around to chat about the kids and their football. The lack of urgency which will apply to all our activities, whether it is Fred's football match, taking daughter to ballet lessons or shopping will be good for us physically and mentally. None of us is ever so pressed that we cannot take a few more minutes to do the things that we need to do.

PLAYBOY: It costs money to live in the city. Therefore, you need to keep going at a certain pace in order to cover that cost...

WHERRETT: It costs a damn sight more money because we own a private car. It would cost us less if we didn't. All of the things that contribute to the sense of false urgency are the things that we can but don't want to remove from our lives. But I realise I am making philosophic statements about our lifestyle which people will have fantastic difficulty accepting. I don't blame them — I have difficulty accepting them too.

PLAYBOY: All right, accepting that this is going to happen, what about the restrictions or potential restrictions on our freedom to do things that we normally do...even something as elementary as the Sunday afternoon trip into the country?

WHERRETT: There won't be any restrictions on that — you will be able to do it, but not in your own car. You ring the hire company and say: "I want a car for the afternoon."

PLAYBOY: What about this car? Do you see the shape of that car changing for the requirements of the future from what we are accustomed to now?

WHERRETT: Not greatly. The car is a convenient package in its existing form. The things that are likely to change the physical structure of the car are changes in the sort of power used in operating them. Assuming that we get small electric motors that drive each of the wheels, we won't require the existing three-package design of engine compartment, passenger cell and boot compartment but the package works functionally, so perhaps we will stick with it.

PLAYBOY: European manufacturers like Fiat have been building baby cars for many years. Do you see that we are going to make much improvement on the size of vehicles?

WHERRETT: No I don't, really. We don't need to talk about size of cars except in terms of the space they take up on the roads. We can come down to a certain size, but, beyond that, it becomes totally impractical. It also becomes potentially dangerous because once you get to a very mini size you have no protection if you hit something that is slightly larger. If there is a "right" size, I guess it's of the dimensions of today's Datsun Sunny or RS Renault. The modern mini car is about as small as it can realistically go.

PLAYBOY: How do you see the size of the Australian family car developing during the next few years?

"I've no doubt it means the end of the Rolls Royce. Frankly, I think they ought to piss off. They've been wanking round for 40 years."

WHERRETT: I think the size of the Commodore is probably as big as cars will be by the end of this decade. The Commodore would be about the size of your average family car and it may be slightly smaller, like a Sigma — simply because the average Australian family is around four. Now if you have a family which is bigger than four and, certainly, bigger than five, you need to conceive of something else as your method of transport. The Volkswagen microbus is a beautiful family package piece of equipment and so too, to a lesser extent, are vehicles such as the Volvo station wagon with the reverse seat in the back.

PLAYBOY: This is rationalisation on a practical basis. Do you see the same principle applying to other sections of the market? For example, does this mean the end of the Rolls Royce?

WHERRETT: Yes, I've no doubt it means the end of the Rolls Royce. Frankly, I think they ought to piss off. They've been wanking round for 40 bloody years.

PLAYBOY: And Mercedes-Benz?

WHERRETT: No, it doesn't mean the end of Mercedes-Benz. It means the end of cars such as the 450SEL. In fact, these days Mercedes is more inclined to concentrate its efforts on the 280 and even smaller cars.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Lamborghini and Ferrari?

WHERRETT: I don't feel anything about them at all. The sooner they are gone the better off we will be. I've always thought of Lamborghinis, Maseratis and Ferraris as toys, and there is no place for toys in the automobile industry of the future.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

WHERRETT: Why should there be? I've already expressed my personal philosophic view — the car is a means of transport, not a flagship, no longer a thing by which you proclaim your status in the community. If you really feel the need to proclaim your status, call people into your home and show them a $60,000 painting. Incidentally, that is a much better investment than a Lamborghini.

PLAYBOY: But you do maintain your belief in motor sport?

WHERRETT: Yes, but motor sport is racing cars on a racing track — racing cars which are built for a specific function and purpose and which do have some application to the cars we use on the road in terms of technological development. It's a different ball game altogether to wanking on the autobahn. What's more, I don't think much of any car which needs to spend two-thirds of its life being tinkered with in a workshop and tuned in order to keep it operating. I don't disagree with people enjoying their motoring and driving things that are good fun, but I believe you can do that equally as well with a package efficient car.

PLAYBOY: Do you also rule out a sports car, like the Fiat X19?

WHERRETT: I would argue with you about the definition of the term sports car. The X19 is a singularly functional means of transport.

PLAYBOY: Why do you discount a two-seater Ferrari with similar specifications but a better performance?

WHERRETT: Better performance in what area? That it goes faster and accelerates more quickly? I would seriously question that. I think the Ferrari handles better at 160 km/h, but it doesn't at 60. I don't believe there is any place in the world where motorists can any longer justify travelling at 160 km/h.

PLAYBOY: Why do you regard cars differently to extravagant houses when people can live in much cheaper, more efficient homes?

WHERRETT: I don't. There will also be a diminishing emphasis on status in home ownership. Ultimately the extravagant will be something which is

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principally energy efficient. People will spend their money and show off their status and wealth by having the latest developments in energy efficient houses rather than in show homes.

PLAYBOY: And this will lead to a compression in the range and scope of cars available to us?

WHERRETT: Yes, undeniably. Rationalisation is beautiful and I can't wait for it to happen. I think it economically inevitable for there to be only 10 manufacturers throughout the world in the automobile industry. This rationalisation has already begun and will gain momentum toward the end of this decade. There will be a world car concept. The car you drive in Sydney will be identical with the one you drive in Pretoria or Nashville. For the world car to be viable, the industry will need few manufacturing plants and a great number of assembly plants. The industry will not do a lot of manufacturing in countries where it is not economically feasible.

PLAYBOY: Do you see Australia as being a source of raw materials but not of assembly?

WHERRETT: Because we are a source of raw materials, I would prefer to see manufacturing done here. And I think we will manufacture cars in Australia. But we will have to have an urgent rationalisation of union and government attitudes. Australian cars are the most expensive to produce in the western world because of what is called the "British disease" — high-pressure unionism demanding very high wages and side benefits. I suppose the blue collar worker ought to have roughly the same standard of living as the white collar worker, but the demands have to be tempered if the industry is to manufacture cars which are competitive with the rest of the world. The Government, too, must rationalise its attitudes — particularly in its insistence on an unrealistic level of local content. Australian manufacturers are discovering increasingly that they are unable to maintain the level, and the local content program must be modified, if not scrapped, if we are to be involved in the world car concept.

PLAYBOY: Surely this will mean jobs must go, just as at Pagewood?

WHERRETT: That is not necessarily true. What I think will happen is that more places like Pagewood will be taken over by other world manufacturers who will need such plants as Australian assembly bases for their world car. It is possible, I suppose, for Australia to opt out of vehicle manufacturing altogether, but that is a ridiculous proposition. Australia needs to keep a heavy industry at a state of readiness for all sorts of reasons — including defence.

PLAYBOY: Do you see General Motors' decision to close down the Pagewood plant as the start of the rationalisation of the industry?

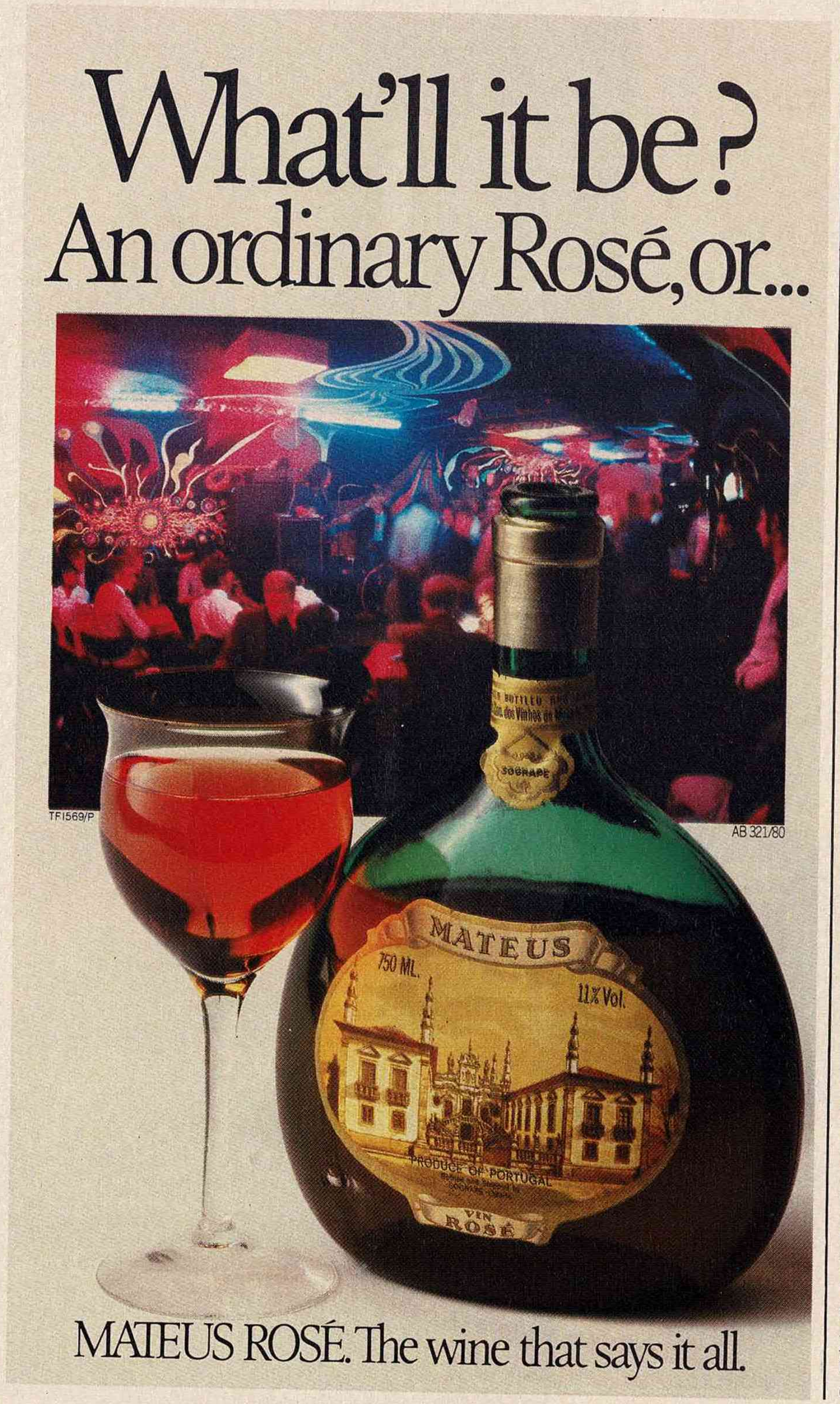
WHERRETT: Yes, but I don't see it as a GM withdrawal from Australia as a manufacturing base.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe the decision is a reasonable one?

WHERRETT: Yes, because I think we can take over that plant and do better things with it. It would be nice to see the co-operation of a number of existing manufacturers although I seriously doubt the possibility. But we could make a very good Australian hybrid car. We could build into the Commodore, which happens to be the right size, an engine, a transmission, ventilation and some other features to make a remarkable car.

PLAYBOY: Yet GMH are saying $100 million is needed to turn Pagewood into a viable plant.

WHERRETT: They are talking about an upgrading to achieve a faster rate of production. I'm talking about a car that doesn't need a faster rate of production. I'm talking about a car built



by the people for the people by an organisation owned 49 percent by the NSW Government and 51 percent by the people of Australia, or, if you like, the people of NSW. As I envision it, the company would be staffed by existing workers and managed by people from within the industry who are disillusioned by the way things are.

PLAYBOY: Don't the Japanese offer a simpler solution? Because their recent cars have won acceptance on the local market, why not encourage Japanese cars or the type they are building?

WHERRETT: This is precisely why I am concerned about blind continuance of the existing Australian content regulations. The number of its cylinders has only minor relevance to a car's performance, which is essentially allied to capacity, weight and gearing. The Australian automotive industry has sold the motorist for so many years on V8 and six-cylinder engines. And because of the tooling in the various plants, the manufacturers had no serious trouble conforming to the local content requirements — no trouble until people began to think in terms of four-cylinder cars and then of the Japanese.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't the four-cylinder Commodore changed this?

WHERRETT: The body is a bit lumpy for what is not a particularly good four-cylinder engine. It is only an adequate engine. As a package, the car would be more adequate with an engine like the Chrysler Mitsubishi Astron or the Toyota two-litre engine.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Japanese have peaked in terms of production and development?

WHERRETT: At the moment the Japanese are riding high. They're building the right cars for the right time in history. Maybe they'll go on doing so; maybe they won't. There is no reason to assume that Ford and General Motors will take all this opposition from Japan lying down. They must eventually attempt to get into the ball park, although I don't really know whether they have the capacity.

PLAYBOY: Is that because of their reluctance to break with tradition?

WHERRETT: Partly. Anything radically new causes fear in everybody but the Japanese. Take Mitsubishi. They sat down, looked at the possibilities and came up with the Astron engine for the Sigma. What you've got is a system which delivers everything from 1.6 litres to 2.6 litres from the same engine. That's fantastic. With the aid of a boring rod and the odd casting machine, they can just work wonders on the standard component. Beautiful. Mitsubishi have killed them — they've stone laid them in the aisles. Of course, it's an engine with problems and it's got a big question mark over its 100,000 mile capacity, but it's not a bad stand-up start.

PLAYBOY: But just how progressive is that in terms of the fuel crisis and our transport needs?

WHERRETT: Look, it's no good saying something is technologically viable unless it is economically viable. Take battery cars — they're not economically viable and the same goes for most of the alternative developments.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as being the outstanding small cars?

WHERRETT: I'm concerned about the trend to front-wheel drive. It doesn't impress me because it takes away a great deal of the operator's capacity to drive effectively. I think it is possible for us to build front engine, rear-wheel drive cars which are equally package efficient. The Mazda 323 is probably as good an example as I can give you. And yet they're going for front-wheel drive. Pity.

PLAYBOY: So what do you think about the small cars — the really small cars?

"One thing I believe is, at this point, our hybrid manufacturers — those Austro-American groups — are building the best cars in the world."

WHERRETT: Oh, I like the Daihatsu Charade. It's strong and economical.

PLAYBOY: In terms of value, what do you consider the most outstanding?

WHERRETT: The Mazda 626 and the Chrysler Sigma.

PLAYBOY: What about people who want a larger car than that?

WHERRETT: XD Falcon, Commodore, they're all outstanding. One thing that I believe is, that at this point, our hybrid manufacturers — those Austro-American groups who have the advantage of being able to draw on their European technology — are building the best cars in the world, of their type. There is no American equivalent of the XD Falcon.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that the 1964 EH Holden was a car suited to our needs and the times. Since then we've gone through the big car cycle and have come back to something as compact as the Commodore. Was the industry that much out of touch?

WHERRETT: At the time the Holden Sunbird was on the market, it just happened to be of almost identical specifications to the EH Holden. The point being that the options had opened up to recognise that a great many people were and still are insisting that the Australian family car should be of the size and configuration of the XD Falcon or Holden Kingswood, which in every respect were bigger, less fuel efficient and more expensive than the EH Holden was.

PLAYBOY: So, in other words, the makers can afford to come down a little to the Commodore and still produce a suitable vehicle, which is the direction in which GM is heading?

WHERRETT: Exactly. And that's why Ford is somewhat behind the eight-ball because the nearest they have to the EH is the Cortina, which is now apparently unacceptable to the Australian public.

PLAYBOY: Has that been because of the dreadful assembly reputation?

WHERRETT: Yeah. They had a bad assembly problem coupled with a hybrid problem which had them shoehorning six-cylinder engines into cars which did not have the necessary modifications to front suspension geometry and design. The current Cortina is not bad at all, but the damage has already been done.

PLAYBOY: What about the other manufacturers' latest?

WHERRETT: I'm amazed by the serious differences of opinion about the Datsun 200B. It is still a better car than the Toyota Corona and yet the Corona is selling like wildfire.

PLAYBOY: Yet in country areas the Corona seems to stand up well while the 200B comes apart at the seams.

WHERRETT: Right on. Toyota's reputation is principally based on reliability. People who buy a Toyota say: "You buy a Toyota, and you never go near a workshop for the rest of your life." Conversely, Ford's reputation for the Cortina is that you buy one and spend the rest of your life in the workshops. But both Corona and Cortina are going to come full circle before long. I believe that the Cortina, or its derivative, will change.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned a lot of cars. If you were producing the ideal car today, could it be a composite of what's around?

WHERRETT: Yeah, you bet. I'd take the Commodore — because it's the right size — I'd put in a Mitsubishi Chrysler 2.6 engine and a Borg-Warner, Australian-made five-speed manual transmission. And the Alfetta De Dion rear suspension system.

PLAYBOY: What would you do about the front end suspension?

WHERRETT: GM modified, I think. The Commodore's geometry's not bad, so I just might stick to it.

PLAYBOY: Interior packaging?

WHERRETT: I'd have a vertically adjustable steering column, like Sigma,

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and a seat that's vertically and laterally adjustable, like Mazda and Commodore. I'd also include other features like rear vision mirrors on both doors, adjustable from the driver's seat, not the passenger's.

PLAYBOY: Do you think those sorts of things are unreasonable to expect?

WHERRETT: What I've been saying for ages is that all those sorts of things should be provided as basic equipment. The people who are going to spend the money will buy the car anyway. The base model should be the best car available. You should be able to option down, not option up. The biggest load of nonsense I've ever heard is the manufacturer insisting that he is building what the consumer wants. In fact, he is building what he will tell the consumer he must have.

PLAYBOY: Do you think, then, that the manufacturers should be consulting the public more?

WHERRETT: I don't know whether it would make a lot of difference. You go to a press release of cars like the new Datsun 200B, and the Nissan organisation tell you they've made a whole lot of changes based on criticism which came from the motoring press. Now, obviously that is a load of crap. The reason they've made changes is because they were losing sales.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of engine capacity, do you think that we're too obsessed with the issue of economy?

WHERRETT: No. I don't think we can ever be too obsessed with the issue of economy. And it worries me that we talk about economy without taking efficiency into consideration. What I think that I would prefer to refer to when we talk about economy generally is efficiency, meaning the whole car, but the engine particularly, will give you the best possible combination of performance and efficiency as a mix. I figure that, for the average world family, we need somewhere between two and three litres of engine capacity in efficiency terms. The car should weigh not more than about 1.2 tonnes maximum, one tonne for preference. It should be geared to a five-speed manual or three-speed automatic with a manual select overdrive. It should give us 25 miles per gallon (11.5l/100km) minimum while not sacrificing performance in overtaking and hill climbing ability.

PLAYBOY: is 11.5l/100km adequate?

WHERRETT: No, but it's a good starting point, and it's a damned sight better than we are getting now.

PLAYBOY: Australia is quite independent at the moment from oil pressures in relation to fuel costs mainly because we produce the majority of our own fuel. Do you see that as being an unrealistic advantage or something we can rely on in the forseeable future?

WHERRETT: No, I don't see it as being anything we can rely on in the future. We can only feel secure when we find new oil reserves. Our existing crude oil reserves are not going to last indefinitely. We know that we are 67 percent self sufficient as of this moment but this obviously will diminish on an annual basis over the next 10 years until we are probably not more than 10 to 15 percent self sufficient. Then, clearly, we will be dependent on other countries to supply the majority of our crude oil.

PLAYBOY: That must mean significant extra costs?

WHERRETT: Yep. It will mean exactly that, which is why I agree with the concept of the Government's parity pricing scheme. I don't agree with the application, but I agree with the concept. Where are they putting the revenue, as a matter of interest? If you are going to raise money by taxation, I think it should be put back into research and into specific benefits for those who are paying the tax, mainly the motorists.

"It's crazy for drivers on public roads to be competitive, but that's what Australian drivers do. It's one of the worse things about our driving."

PLAYBOY: What sort of benefits?

WHERRETT: Improved facilities for motorists. Things that are going to benefit us in terms of fuel efficiency, things that in the long term will bring down the cost of operating cars. Better roads, better traffic situations, better flow of traffic, better design, traffic control schemes in cities.

PLAYBOY: Let's have a look at drivers. Many people say Australian drivers are most intolerant — intolerant to a dangerous degree.

WHERRETT: That's for sure. It's crazy for drivers on public roads to be competitive but we are: we want our car to get into the slot first, we like to get around that bloke in front. It's completely unrealistic and stupid, but that's what Australian drivers do. This need to compete — it's one of the worst things about our driving. People in the United States and England are good examples of non-competitive drivers.

PLAYBOY: What are the basic skills Australian drivers still lack?

WHERRETT: The emergency control skills: how to brake, how to stop a car fast and remain in control. It still astonishes me that so many people in a panic braking situation have absolutely no idea what they should do — and what the car will do.

PLAYBOY: A prime new technique we've learned in the past few years is anticipation. Do you think that anticipation is perhaps more important than actual driving skills?

WHERRETT: Yes, I do. You can divide driving a motor car into three quite distinct categories: attitude, skill and knowledge. They exist in approximately equal proportions in terms of the true talent. We can't directly teach attitude but we can teach skill and we should provide knowledge. There's no doubt that advanced driving school courses do increase ability in all three categories. When you're teaching students to drive you can see things going through their minds and at the end of the day they say: "Hey, there's a hell of a lot more in this than I thought there was. It's more complex, it requires more motor functions, and more attention than I had given it before. Maybe I had better back off a little!" So you have a change of attitude without ever mentioning the word.

PLAYBOY: That's a better way of getting sensible driving than using super police activity and penalisation?

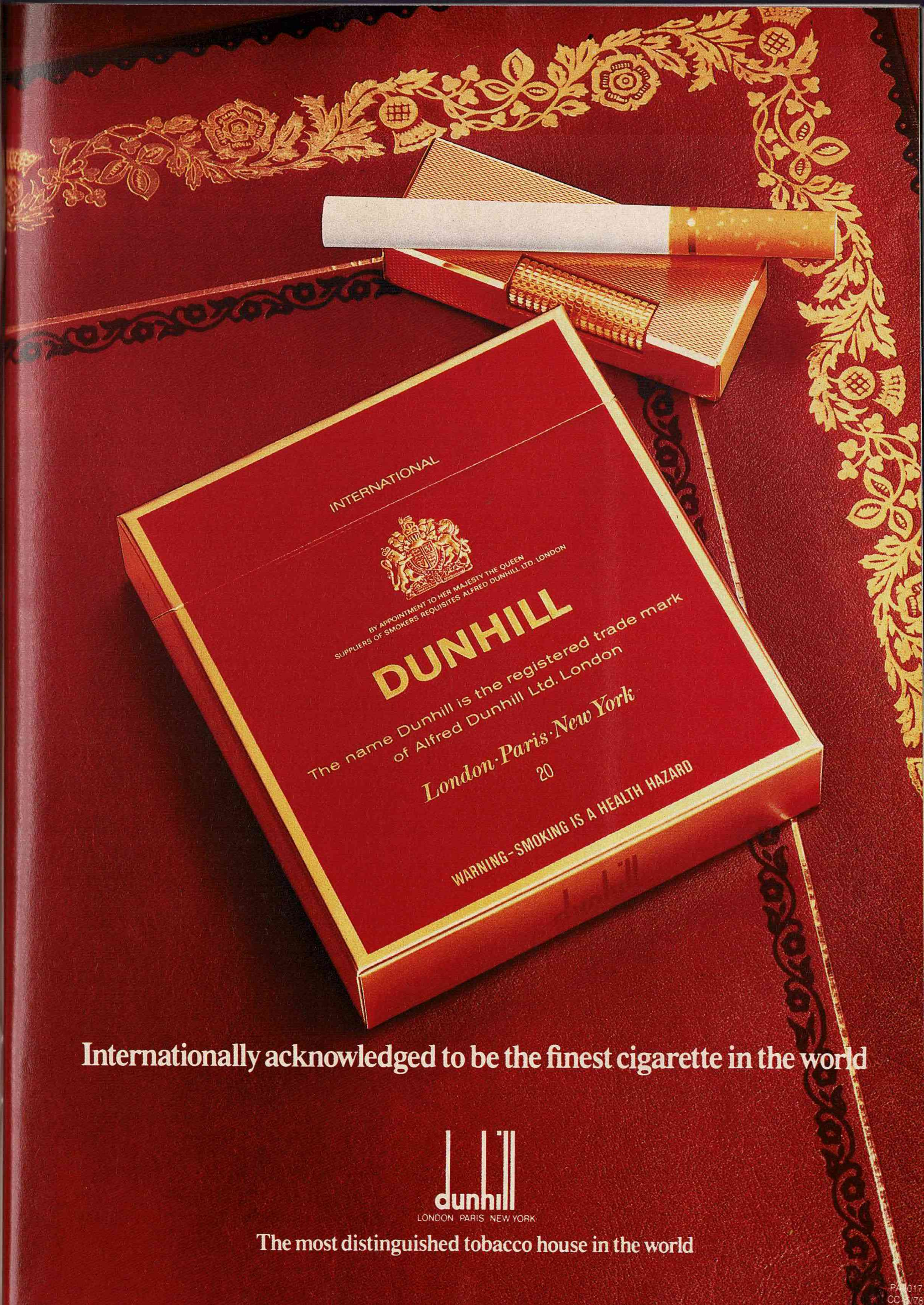
WHERRETT: Undeniably, and I don't think there's a single sensible person in the world who would ever suggest anything otherwise.

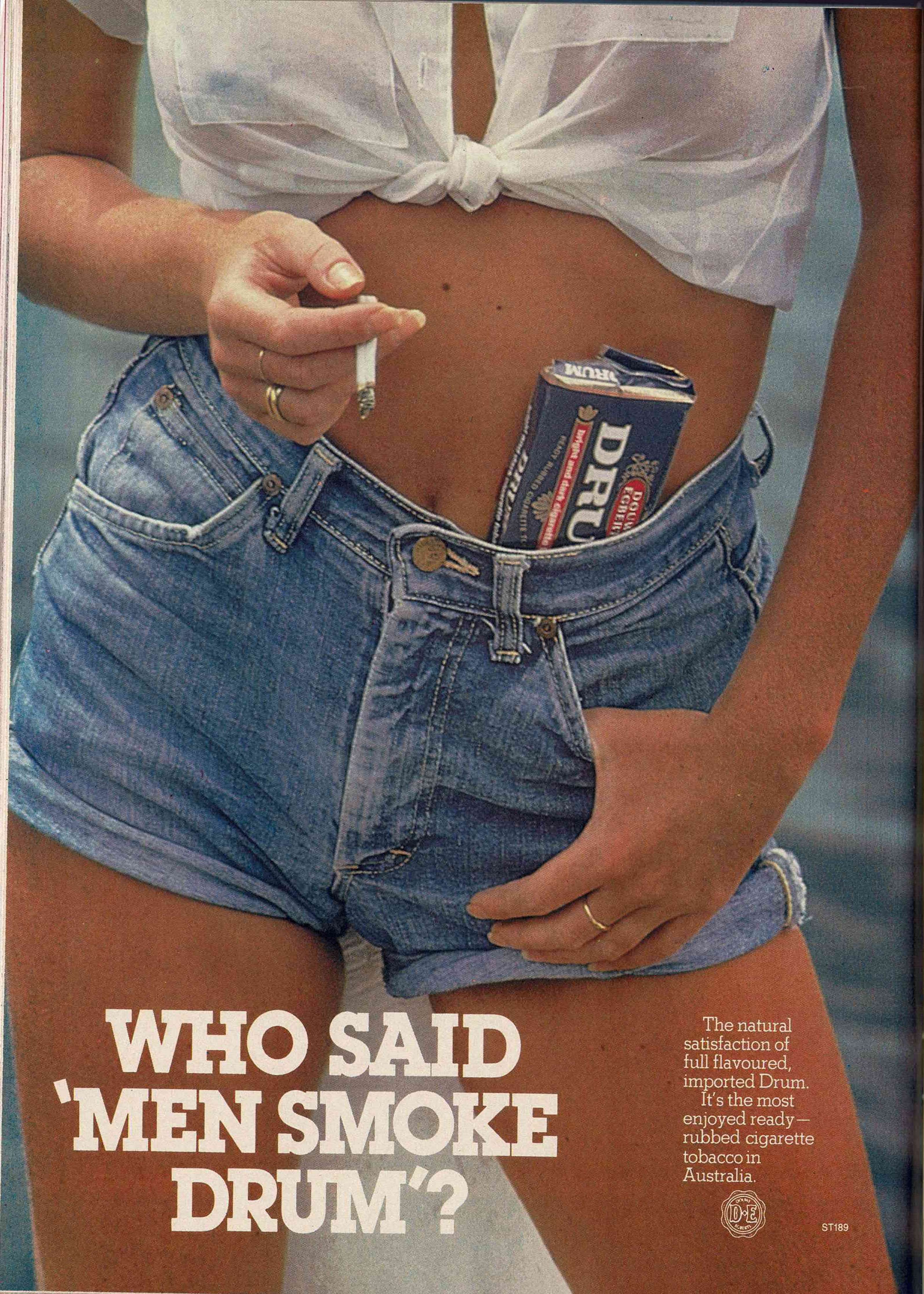
PLAYBOY: Could police have a more useful role for motorists?

WHERRETT: Yes, I do think the police could change their image in a matter of 12 months in this country and, as a result, have a fantastic influence on driving habits. All they have to do is stop booking people for relatively minor infringements. So instead of booking a bloke for exceeding the limit by 10 km/h, they should simply pull him up and say: "Well, listen, you're going a bit quick. You're not doing yourself any favors, and you're making our job difficult. Ease up, right?" Such an exercise is purely psychological, appealing to the better side of people. They'll become better citizens. I really don't think that we need written laws for most people to abide by.

PLAYBOY: Aren't we in a situation where the police are primarily just collecting revenue?

WHERRETT: Yes, and I'm not sure that it would be easy to change. Motor infringement fines raise a fantastic amount of money for the State Government. I doubt if these funds could be replaced without a great deal of trauma but I still think that the





situation should change. It's not fair to the police if people perceive them as nothing more than revenue hunters. But if the police were involved in attempting to apprehend someone driving up the Pacific Highway in Sydney at 140 ks they would be justified in booking them. That's not a minor infringement, that's major. But if someone is driving up the Pacific Highway at midnight at 75 to 80 ks, he is travelling at almost exactly the same speed as people drive at midday. But you won't get booked at midday because everybody's doing it. You only get booked at midnight when you're alone and observable. That's revenue hunting and it's not practical.

PLAYBOY: What do you think are the sorts of things the police should be concentrating on instead of scouring the highways for revenue?

WHERRETT: Driver talents. The sort of things that infuriate the average good driver is seeing a car going up the expressway at 60 ks in the right-hand lane and the police pass him on the left-hand side to chase someone who's doing two ks over the limit. They should be pulling over the first driver, and saying: "Excuse me, but it says keep left unless overtaking. Would you mind doing it?" These are the sort of areas where there can be a great deal of effective guidance given by police, but I don't believe that the police department is even vaguely close to it. It's not part of their mandate. They're not asked to be helpful, they're asked to be intimidating.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's working against road safety?

WHERRETT: Yes I do. There are other things, too. Take the police department getting involved in high-speed chases. I think that's devastating, frankly. I know that one of the functions of the police department is to attempt to apprehend people who do anything wrong, but when you see a guy driving over the Sydney Harbor bridge late at night at 160, and hot in pursuit of him is a police car doing the same speed, that's ridiculous. In the first place, the guy wouldn't have been doing 160 if he wasn't being chased. He accelerated to that speed because he saw the police. The police department have pushed him up into speeds where he has no control over the vehicle. We've proved that the police, too, are driving at speeds at which they have very few capabilities. In some instances, I would rather people escaped than be pushed into situations where someone is going to die as a result of the race — probably someone who is not involved in the situation at all.

PLAYBOY: This all brings us back to improved driver training. Do you think there's a need for much more stringent licensing — both of drivers and of instructors?

WHERRETT: No, I don't think you should have licensing tests at all. I think they're a waste of time. I've written so many bloody papers on it and they are hanging around so many Government offices, it's not even funny. To begin you have to lay down the pattern by which driver training will be tackled, and it's a long-term project. I mean three to five years, not three to five months. I suggest that we hold a national seminar, we bring together all those people in this country who are respected as being good driver trainers; people who really do know the difference.

PLAYBOY: Who's leading the list?

WHERRETT: Number one is Eric Montgomery who runs the Shepperton Goulburn Valley driver training complex at Shepperton. He's probably the best in the country. Number two is me. It just happens that Montgomery and I have had more experience than probably anybody else has. There are one or two guys who run learner driver training schools in NSW for whom I have a great deal of respect; people who have consistently been campaigning for better standards of driver training and who are limited in their

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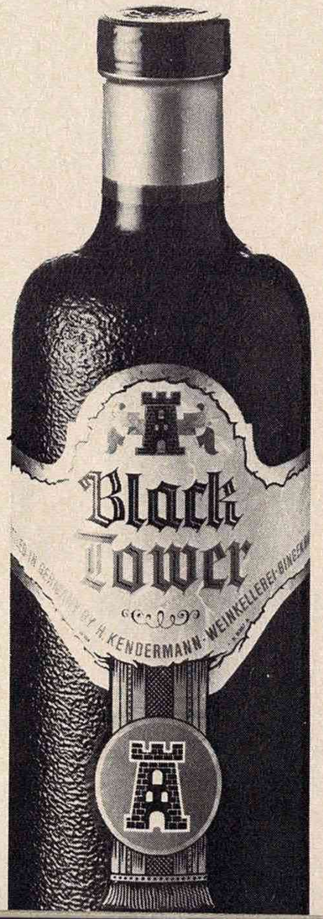

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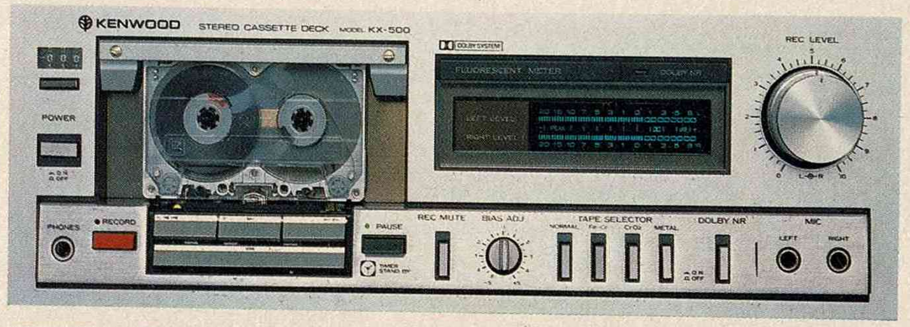

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capacity to teach by the current system and would like to see it changed. These are the sort of people that we would have at this seminar.

PLAYBOY: What about people from the departments of motor transport and police department?

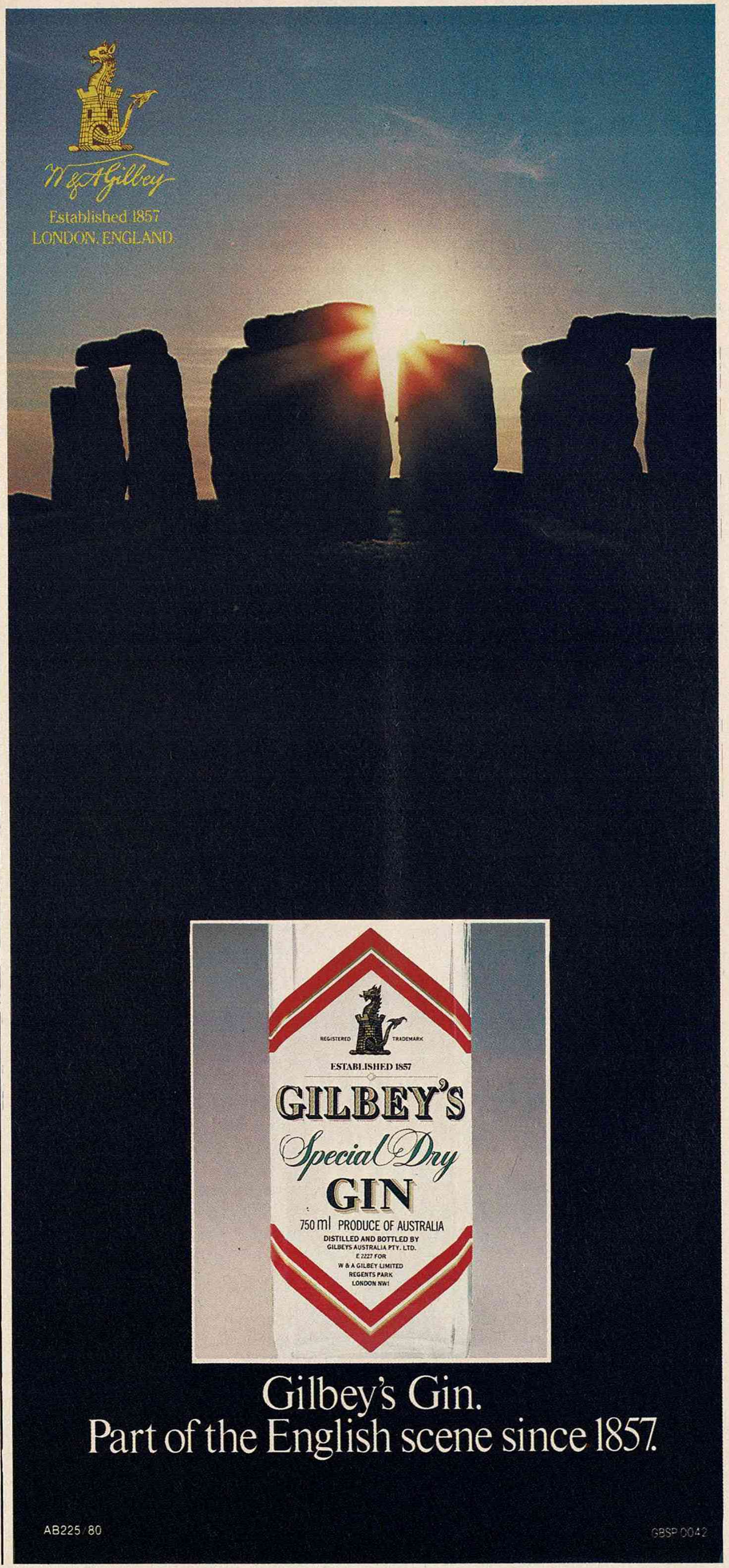
WHERRETT: Sure, they'd all have to be there too. I imagine this seminar would take not less than five days. What we would be trying to do is to draw up a curriculum of training just as you would do for schools or anything else. I mean a flexible but, nevertheless, properly devised system of training. The curriculum would cover two specific areas. First, the trainer, and, second, the pupil. Before you can start introducing a system in which you want to change teaching methods, you must have a nucleus of skilled instructors at hand available to do the job. The curriculum would require that the instructors do a one-year tertiary college course after which they would be awarded a diploma in driver education. At the moment we don't have any diploma whatsoever. Anybody who wants to teach driving in this country merely has to go to the Department of Motor Transport where he does a rudimentary test of his own skills as a driver and undergoes a character check, and that's absolutely all. People always thought driving was just so easy that you really didn't need to have too many skills to do it. But I don't under-rate it. I think driving is a very complex task. You can't go and teach someone to fly without a great deal more qualification than applies to those who teach driving. The flying comparison may seem exaggerated, but I don't think so. In flying, you have a different dimension but, by the same token, you are confronted with more problems on a more regular basis in a car. And the cost doesn't matter a damn. It should cost a great deal more than at present to learn to drive. As I've said, it is a complex task and deserves the best possible quality. And, incidentally, cost won't stop people from learning to drive. It wouldn't matter if it cost $500, people would find the money for it if they wanted to.

PLAYBOY: Can you see your new driver training kicking off in schools first?

WHERRETT: Yes, I can see a way in which schools could contribute. I don't think that they should be involved in the practical side, but I think schools have a responsibility to introduce the sort of philosophical conditioning that goes with the development of a team of good drivers.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an ideal age for kids to start practical driving?

WHERRETT: Between 16 and 17. I don't



see that kids have sufficient responsibility before they are 16.

PLAYBOY: Having upgraded the instruction so far, who then would test a driver for his licence?

WHERRETT: Licence testing should be done by the instructor. Bear in mind that he has substantially upgraded his status in the community. He is now a respected teacher with a diploma, and he has increased his earning capacity. He has a teaching curriculum laid out with a set of goals for the pupil to achieve. As they are achieved, they are ticked off. What you end up with is a sequence of ticked-off achievements until, at the bottom right-hand corner, the last tick indicates that the pupil has completed the course and has, in effect, passed a more rigorous — and valid — driving "test" than the one in existence today. He takes the sheet along to a motor registry and is handed a licence in exchange.

PLAYBOY: How much of your advanced driver training do you see being incorporated in this new program?

WHERRETT: I think it's imperative that some emergency control skills must be taught. People must learn how to brake! I would not teach skid control. I don't believe in it. I don't believe in skid pads. Skid control is a part of emergency braking procedure because, in your average skid, the instinctive reaction for most people is to try to stop the car. So teach them how to do it. Teach them how to stop the car while it's sliding.

PLAYBOY: The US Department of Transportation developed an eyesight test as a supplement to driving tests which is very much more advanced than the tests done in Australia now. Would your new driver training program include — among other things — more complex eye tests?

WHERRETT: Yes. All of the top eye specialists who have become involved with driver eye tests will tell you that the business of simply being asked to read a black and white card that's put up in front of you with certain letters on it is entirely inadequate. The test has no capacity to test peripheral vision for a start. Incidentally, the University of NSW and University of Sydney have done work on drinking and driving. They have perceived a definite deterioration in a driver's capacity to have full vision. He tends to get tunnel vision.

PLAYBOY: Hence comes the expression "blind" drunk.

WHERRETT: Yeah. You can see only things that are directly in front. The things at the sides or above or below which you would normally see are lost after you have drunk too much.

PLAYBOY: That brings us on to drink driving. Is the NSW .08 limit of blood alcohol too arbitrary, not taking into account different drivers' capacities?

WHERRETT: No. The limit is too high in NSW. It should be .05, not .08. I have seen more than sufficient evidence in tests performed by various different bodies — including tests on me.

PLAYBOY: You've been involved in drink driver tests?

WHERRETT: Yes. We've been holding tests which have proven to me beyond doubt that at .08, driving ability is impaired to the extent that the driver is potentially dangerous. Even at .05, there is some impairment. Yes, I'm convinced. We should try hard to eradicate the drink driving problem. And there are a number of ways we can go about that. In the first place we should have substantial penalties which vary in accordance with the seriousness of a conviction. And we should stop building car parks at hotels. Why do we go on building hotels with parking areas? We should be saying that, not only will you not build a parking area with that hotel, but there will be no parking within at least a kilometre of the hotel.

> *"We should try hard to eradicate the drink driving problem. If we build hotels without parking facilities, we won't have to worry."*

PLAYBOY: You don't think that would make people drink in other people's houses or anywhere?

WHERRETT: Of course it would, but I would rather they did that than drink in a pub.

PLAYBOY: We've also got a problem in New South Wales in that the police and other authorities have denied people the opportunity to test their blood alcohol level before leaving a pub and driving away. Do you think that should be changed?

WHERRETT: Yes, definitely. But if we build hotels without parking facilities, we won't have to worry about drink driving so much anyway.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the 100 km/h speed limit is unrealistic?

WHERRETT: No.

PLAYBOY: Leave it, would you?

WHERRETT: Yeah, I would.

PLAYBOY: But you'd enforce it in a different way?

WHERRETT: Yes. But we could have a licence system which acknowledges expertise. The best drivers could have an "expert licence". They might be allowed to drive at faster speeds under certain circumstances.

PLAYBOY: You're managing a team in the Hardie Ferodo 1000 at Bathurst this year. Do you have a chance of winning outright?

WHERRETT: Yes, otherwise I wouldn't be involved. This is the first year of a new formula, so nobody is at any disadvantage. Everybody is back to square one — particularly Ford and GM. The so-called Marlboro Dealer Team has disbanded and there is no Ford dealer team. If you want to put money into this sort of thing, you've got to put it up front where the talent and results occur. Therefore, you'd have to say that Peter Brock is hot favorite for this year's Hardie Ferodo. After that in terms of sponsorship, nobody has had a fantastic amount of success. Kevin Bartlett has been the next most successful operator with the Channel Nine Camaro. I would think he could start second favorite. There haven't been any quick XD Falcons but, in a long distance event, their reliability must be considered a big factor.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you've gone for an XD Falcon this year?

WHERRETT: Precisely. Everything on the car, except for the body itself, is a known quantity.

PLAYBOY: Excluding competitive sidelines and TV commitment, what is the extent of your business life?

WHERRETT: Well, the company originally formed as Peter Wherrett Advanced Driving Pty Ltd is now Peter Wherrett and Associates Pty Ltd — which removes the implication that we don't do anything but offer advanced driver training.

PLAYBOY: Who is involved with it?

WHERRETT: Me. Well, no. To qualify that — me and Denise, my wife.

PLAYBOY: What role does she play?

WHERRETT: She is secretary, manager and director. I come out here and do all the glamorous work and Denise stays at home and does all the hard stuff. It is a joint venture. She is the most capable lady I have met in 25 years. Who else could be so dedicated? What we earn is ours. We've been able to organise something in which my wife has been not only a part, not just a supporter, but an active, viable unit of that team. It's just fantastic.

PLAYBOY: What are your feelings about women as drivers?

WHERRETT: You get 10 students — six guys and four girls — on an advanced driving course, start them all at the same level and you can bet that, at the end of the day, three of the four girls at least will be better than the guys in their ability to handle a car.

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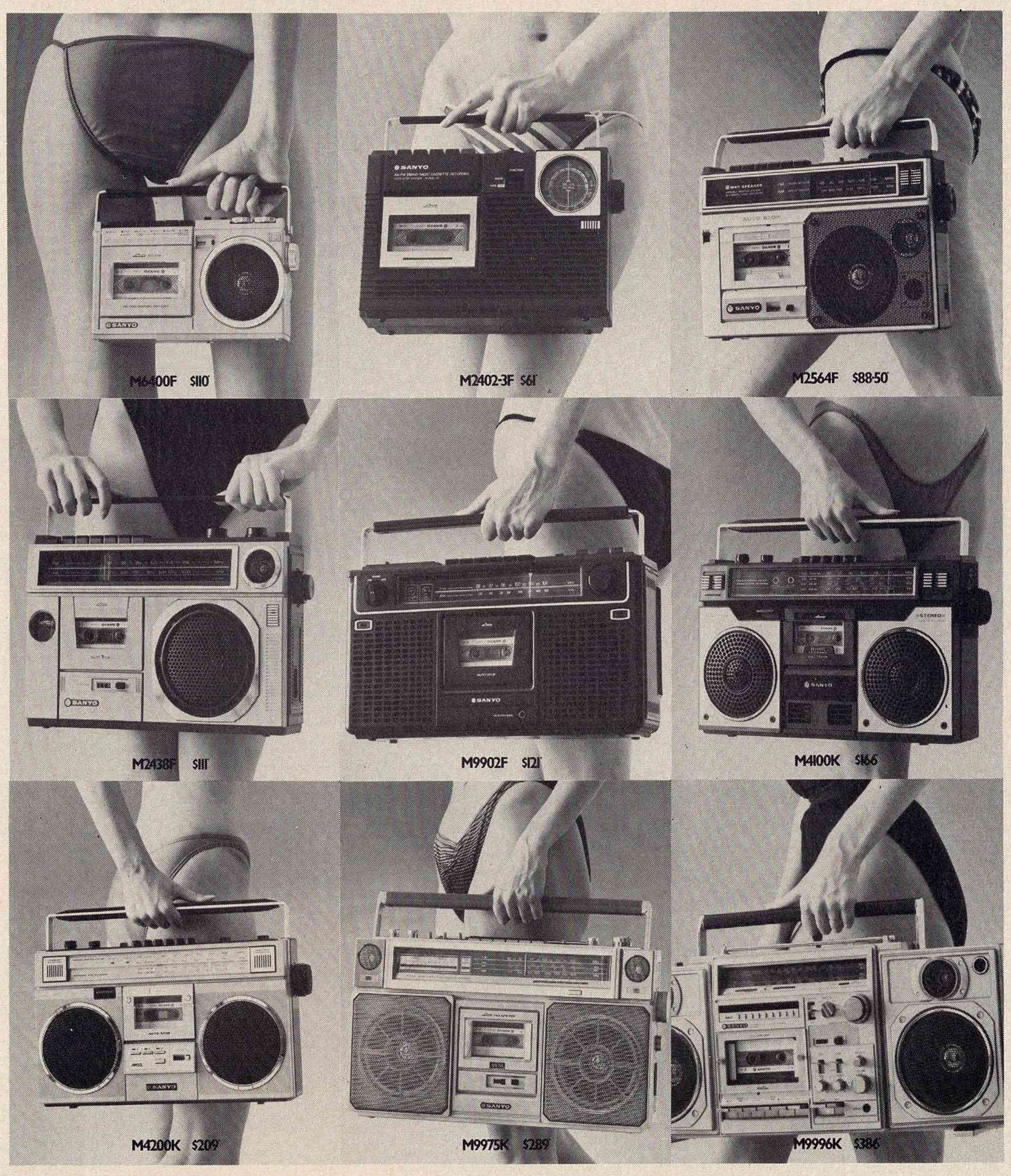

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THE GREAT FOOTBALL CARVE-UP

Rules v soccer v league: Who's really winning?

sport By Neil Jameson

FOOTBALL. When sport becomes big business, the rules suddenly change. Australia's four football codes are all in the commercial field — and the laws of the professional jungle apply. Court cases are fought and law precedents created, politicians declare their allegiances to code and club, and the rugged ruck of private enterprise takes its toll. Rugby Union's amateur status has now made it an innocent bystander as football's big three — Australian Rules, Rugby League and soccer — run the professional race. The move is toward expansion and supremacy, and stakes are as high as they are in any big competitive market. It's a cold war — civilised and serious — but still a war. Is the market big enough for all three? Probably not. So, somebody has to lose shares in the great carve-up.

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His blond hair was matted thick with it. In the muscular creases of his athletic neck, it found courses

Photography by Colin Stead

to run in red rivulets till, at first, his collar and then the upper half of his pale blue jersey resembled dirty claret. It settled in his ears and ran into his eyes, casting a red film over his glassy perspective. This was the real stuff. Not Hollywood sauce or theatrical substitute. Blood. Pints of it. The trainer sponged some of it away but it welled again. A few metres away, the backpack video cameraman moved in for a close-up and, in thousands of living rooms, sports fans witnessed the glazed expression. Some parents might have sent the kids to bed. The footballer shrugged off the trainer's appeal to leave the field and stumbled off to rejoin the contest. Ten minutes later and with half the opposition branded with his blood, the champion was replaced. One arm hanging limp by his side, he was led toward the players' chute. One last glimpse before the cameras returned to the action caught the gladiatorial image — jaw hanging slack, drying blood and unfocused eyes — the face of big league football.

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1980. The winter of Rugby League's discontent. If it was hard trying to keep the lid on the media's fixation with the code's more violent aspects, it was impossible to ignore the fact that Barassi and the VFL crew were "trespassing" inside Rugby League territory. It might be remembered as the winter the Victorian Football League discovered that its north-of-the-border skirmishes were the bridgeheads for a full assault on Sydney, Australia's biggest market. Melbourne giants Carlton and Essendon attracted 24,545 to a Sydney Cricket Ground encounter just a few days after VFL chief Dr Allen Aylett had tipped off the press that the code had Sydney in its sights.

Rugby League was under siege. And things got worse. Soccer kept bobbing up with the alarming news that it had half a million registered players on its books. The round ball-game's strength at junior and youth level was making serious inroads on Rugby League's traditional strengths in Sydney, NSW country areas and Brisbane. When the sums are done at the end of this year, Rugby League will still rule Sydney and Brisbane on the vital aspects of cash, spectators and media coverage. And as surely as the VFL has got Melbourne by the scruff, Rugby League possesses the resources to defend its Sydney bastion for at least an extended siege. And that's what it's going to be.

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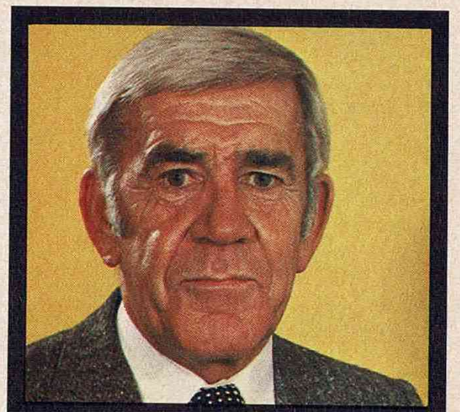
The numbers game. "They've got the guns but we've got the numbers," shout the soccer supporters. Count 'em. On page one of the Australian Soccer Federation's 1979 handbook, a tally of registered players to senior level yielded 433,957. The VFL claims total national figures of 380,000. The NSW Rugby League had no national figures but counts supplied by the Department of Sport and Recreation totalled some 100,050. If you ask somebody else, you'll get different totals but the ratios should stay the same. All organisations "cheat" a bit by counting the schools and juniors



LOU RICHARDS, VFL commentator: "We've been lucky because the game has changed with the times. There's less body contact and more emphasis on speed and flow. Coaches want players to play on and not get involved in any foolish rough stuff. It has made it a lot more entertaining and I'm certain it's one of the reasons why the crowd figures are on the improve. The game's future is with the kids and that's why it is important to give them the right impression. We want to get the game into the schools and I think we're succeeding because kids in other areas are identifying with the spectacular football they see on TV. The direct telecast to Sydney has obviously had a great impact. The parents are the ones who make the decision and if they see a game that's obviously enjoyable — fun to watch — they are willing to let their kids have a go. After all, there is no doubt that Rugby League is a far stronger body contact game."

separately because most kids play for their school during the week and for a club at weekends.

Score round one to soccer.

Soccer's growth rate has put the frighteners into the other codes. Between 1977 and 1979, the NSW Junior Association tabulated a 27 percent growth rate while Tasmanian schools have been running at an increase of 11 percent per year for the past six years. Soccer has been snatching kids from the other sports in droves and, with every drop of blood spilt on the heavy body contact game fields, Australian mums and dads find one more reason to register their kids with a soccer club. In NSW, sport insurance costs $8 per senior player per year for Rugby League, $4 for Rules and $3 for soccer. Enough said about safety.

When the VFL discovered that soccer was chewing the monument away at the ankles, it reacted by socking cash, administrative clout and coaching expertise into its junior effort. Says VFL corporate planner John Hennessy: "We've allocated $1 million for national promotion this year, appointed full-time administrators and full-time coaches in every State in the nation.

"We're changing the game's structure at junior level with the intention of raking in the benefit in the future."

The moves partly checked soccer's drive in Victoria and put new faith into the hearts of Aussie Rules disciples in other States. Soccer has been working the youth end of the market for all that it's worth. The Australian Soccer Federation has a full-time youth development officer in Brian Emery. At player level, the ASF is operating through its State coaches to qualify other coaches through the basic, preliminary and senior courses. Between 1973 and 1978, the system put an additional 6000 coaches into the market, greatly improving the standard and numbers of youth soccer.

The NSW Rugby League qualified 1257 through its coaching scheme in 1979, and a proportional success was reported in Queensland. If League had no hope of going on to the offensive, it was at least defending its own walls.

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The incentives. VFL players take home the fattest pay packets. The best Rugby League boys aren't far behind, but their soccer cousins run a poor third. Figures of $100,000 for one or two VFL high-flyers are being whispered everywhere except in their accountants' offices. A corps of top-bracket players fall happily into the $45,000-to-$60,000-a-year group. But the bulk of established first graders get only $15,000 to $20,000. Most contracts are inked to reward players for match appearances and there are inbuilt incentives which can dramatically jack-up the take-home amount. Collingwood's Peter Moore, Richmond's Kevin Bartlett, Graham Teasdale of South Melbourne, Leigh Matthews of Hawthorn and North Melbourne's Gary Dempsey are some tipped to be raking in the big bucks.

It took a $50,000 come-on to coax Kangaroo halfback Tommy Raudonikis from Western Suburbs to Newtown and make him Rugby League's best-paid player. Ability pulls cash,

and those possessing it can pull contracts worth $30,000 to $40,000. Most of these are representative players and collect an extra $10,000-plus for match appearances and endorsements. The average first grader might collect between $10,000 and $15,000 and, if in demand, can score some drinking money through newspaper articles, incentives and endorsements. But there aren't a great many full-time Rugby League or Aussie Rules players. Most have other jobs, drive good cars and exude prosperity. It provides a good lifestyle, the envy of many who don't have access.

Kenny Boden plays for Sydney City Soccer Club, is an Australian international and has the sort of skill that can coax the football to do everything but talk. In 1978, he was the Philips League's Player of the Year and top goalscorer. He is one of the best paid players in the country, earning about $20,000 a year. If Boden can keep all-comers out of his national team spot, he might earn enough to jump a tax bracket or two. But he will still trail the other codes' rich athletes by more than just a few dollars. This season, the average player in the Philips Soccer League will earn something less than $10,000, although one or two individuals will nudge $15,000.

Aussie Rules is exclusively Australian. That means getting picked for a representative side wins you a trip to Perth or Adelaide to find out that we all speak the same language and drive on the same side of the road. In short, there are very few overseas representative trips for Aussie Rules players. Rugby League is played in New Zealand, some provinces of France and a few counties in England and Wales. That means a bunch of NSW-Queensland athletes can pull on the green and gold, and play a Great Britain side drawn almost exclusively from Lancashire and Yorkshire. They call it "international football". But, limited as it is, the playing tour of Great Britain and France is a great prize for players. Australia's international pride is based on a deep sense of Rugby League tradition, plus the knowledge that whoever throttles England, France and New Zealand is the world champion. As Rugby League journalist Geoff Prenter says: "Aussies love to support Aussies. The VFL doesn't have that."

Excluding sex, soccer is the world's most popular team sport. FIFA is soccer's world-governing body and it has 148 members — about the same number as the United Nations. The Socceroos can visit and play in any one of them. In the past two years, Australian players have worn the national colors in South-east Asia, China, South America, Fiji and the United States.

This year, they will play in the Middle East, Europe and the UK as part of their preparation for more globe-trotting in the next World Cup campaign. After the 1974 World Cup finals, held in West Germany, the Australian ambassador to Bonn remarked that the Socceroos' involvement had done more for German-Australian relations than all the diplomat-

RALE RASIC, Soccer coach: "It is inevitable that soccer will one day be the dominant code. It will probably take 10 to 15 years but the signs are already apparent. The international pressure of having so many countries playing the game is bound to alter Australian attitudes. At the moment, soccer is the only true national football code, and I'm certain that the impression of next year's Third World Youth Cup will be felt throughout the sporting community. Competitive soccer has been played for 100 years in Australia, but it is only in the past few years that we have started to make any progress. There are now half a million people plus administrators actively involved and most of them are young people. That has got to be a great investment for the future. Australian Rules is even older than our soccer but, despite that, it still hasn't succeeded in establishing itself on a national basis. We've got that plus the incentive of international competition."

Photo by courtesy of Goal magazine

ic delegations since the war. As one soccer executive said recently: "It's a big world."

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The crowds. There is nothing in Australia like a Melbourne football crowd. Not even in South America — where soccer runs a close third to Catholicism and poverty as the national preoccupation — is a sport subjected to such rabid support. And the VFL's gates are still soaring. At mid-season this year, 2.25 million spectators had clicked the VFL turnstiles — an increase of 162,000, or eight percent, on the same period last year, a record year. In 1979, 3.5 million people attended VFL matches. That means that, on a population basis, everybody in Melbourne attended at least one game. Mind boggling. For the first half of this season, Richmond, only sharing the use of the Melbourne Cricket Ground, was pulling 56,339 per match. Other VFL clubs might have gone close if they weren't restricted by playing grounds having a maximum capacity of less than 35,000.

Rugby League and soccer have nothing to compare with those figures. Last year's champions St George averaged 13,136 for their home matches. Soccer's best was Newcastle KB United's average of 10,222. And, unhappily for soccer administrators, only a very few other Philips League clubs come near that figure. In the PSL yearbook, soccer administrator and solicitor Sam Papasavas pin-eyed one of the game's most sensitive areas. "Only when we consistently attract more than 10,000 spectators to our games can we claim to be a major sport."

The figures are embarrassing. Last year, 757,000 watched PSL matches. That's an average of less than 3000 per game — hardly major league stuff.

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The sponsors. Big business got that way from backing winners; the same policy applies to sport sponsorships. A 1978 survey showed that League and Rules were receiving equivalent slices of the sponsorship pie: between $3 and $4 million each. Most of that was in the form of club sponsorships and backing for competitions and representative teams. Since then the figures have almost doubled, and the cash input still reflects the business attitude that Sydney and Melbourne are two separate markets.

Sponsorship means that Melbourne fans take their footie with a mixture of tea-bags, cars, wine, transport, pasta and beer. In Sydney, it's a concoction of car rentals, lawnmowers, wine, finance groups, electrical equipment and, of course, the brown ale.

Soccer's attendance problem and limited TV coverage have been as deadly as insecticide in repelling sponsors. The ASF has promised to secure a TV package next year to feature PSL games, international matches and overseas clips. Soccer delegates will believe it when they see it — the game has a record of failure in running the TV beast to ground.

The greatest commercial faith in soccer comes from Coca-Cola, and it is one of the most extraordinary sponsorships in world sport. In keeping

with its international image, Coke has linked forces with FIFA at the respective bodies' top executive level. The crossover of promotional and investment interest reaches into almost every facet and level of the game from international standard right down to junior level in every country. And that includes Australia. The company's real push is through the youth ranks and, in October next year, Australia will host the third World Youth Soccer Championships for the Coca-Cola Cup. Big stuff. The organisers are expecting a roll-up of 200 of the world's best soccer scribes to cover the action as the 16 finalists strut their stuff. Coke will spend $2.2 million to fly teams and officials to Australia and to add a bit of life with a high voltage promotional pitch. It could be the watershed for Australian soccer.

But why did Coke pick soccer? The obvious influence of the US soccer boom is one answer. Peter Bent, the company's international sports program manager for the whole Pacific region, provides another: "No other sport can equal the popular worldwide support that soccer enjoys."

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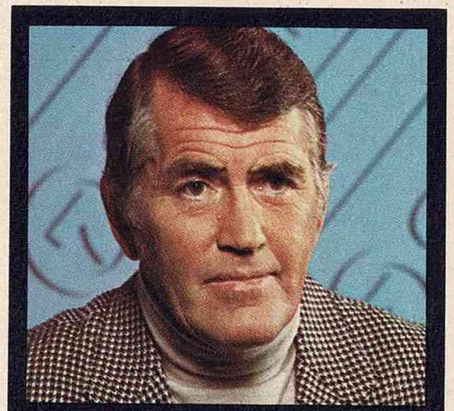
The media. When Phil Carman of Essendon thumped St Kilda's Gary Sidebottom, head-butted a line umpire and copped a 20-week suspension, the Melbourne press gave it a coverage more befitting a Royal tour or the landing on Mars or the outbreak of World War Three. One paper serialised Carman's career history, it made front and back page leads in others and television offered a frame-by-frame dissection of the incident.

It could happen only in Melbourne. Nowhere else do they take their football so seriously. Excluding the TAB coverage, the VFL corners better than 70 percent of all the winter sports coverage. *And* a good slice of the summer action. In Sydney, the media give League plenty, but soccer, Rugby Union and Rules at least get a regular coverage. A Melbourne soccer writer's task is a thankless one — which is surprising when one considers that one of the world's largest Greek communities, always a strong base of soccer support, lives in that city.

Television. Rex Mossop is a big, handsome man despite wearing a pair of ears that might have been savaged by dingoes if they hadn't already been ground to gristle from sticking his head into too many scrums. A former international in Union and League, he wears one of the most recognisable faces in Sydney. Mossop is the caller and the face for *Seven's Big League,* one of the slickest, best-rating two hours of TV on the Sydney dial. When Mossop shoulders his way into a dressing-room, backpack crew in tow, the viewers can hear the showers running and almost smell the liniment and sweat. It's that sort of show. Those who don't watch it for the fast-paced action are just as entertained by Mossop's colorful and tautology-ridden commentary. Rex makes no apologies for the game he loves — even if the violence is often crude, rude and explicit.

"I was sent off seven times during my career," he says matter-of-factly, "mostly for punching. After all, it's a man's game."



REX MOSSOP, Rugby League commentator: "Violence? Rugby League players are fitter and faster than ever before so they are bound to be tackling much harder. I hear the stories that the body contact aspect is taking kids away from the game but, when I take a look around the junior competitions, the figures don't seem to support it. Tackles did get a bit high for a while in first grade football but I think it was only natural that referees would soon put a stop to most of it. Players just can't afford to cop suspensions these days. Take Ted Goodwin. He got six weeks and it probably cost him about $7500. There's too much money at stake. The NSW League has never told us to tone down the more violent aspects of play but they do require us not to replay any violence on the news. Like other professional sports, there's a huge amount of gamesmanship but there's only a small amount of dickheads who are the cause of the real problems."

Violent physical clashes and the resultant blood-letting, highlighted by instant replays, are just as much a part of League's TV package as the game's speed and skill. Channel Seven holds the top-ranking slot for the first hour of its Sunday evening telecast and is shaded only by Channel Nine's *60 Minutes* for the second hour. Lump the daily news lift-outs on top of the Sunday morning repeat match telecast, the panel discussion and highlights, plus the Sunday evening telecast, and the figure shows that Channel Seven serves up almost five hours of Rugby League each week.

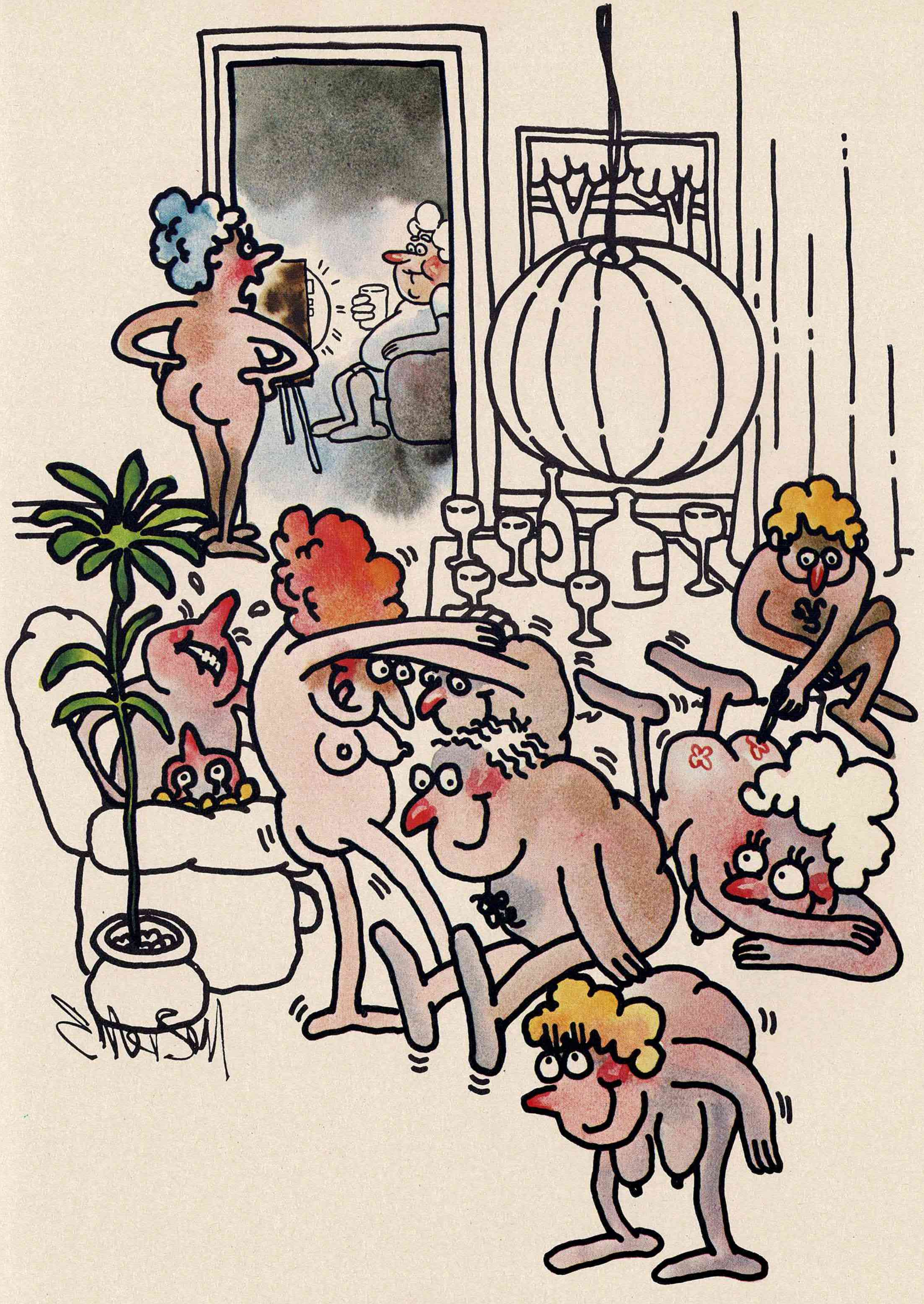
Melbourne's HSV-7 applies an almost identical format to the VFL product with Peter Landy, Lou Richards and Bob Skilton strafing the viewers with a match commentary which, in detailing the obvious, is at least . . . colorful.

The respective Sevens bill themselves as the football channels and have contracts with the NSW Rugby League and the VFL to support the claim. Both the ABC in Melbourne and Sydney have restricted edited highlights rights, and Sydney's Channel 10 shares Saturday League replay rights with the ABC. When 10's Tooth Cup Rugby League coverage and its Melbourne counterpart's direct telecast of Victorian amateur games are added to the score, the impact of television on either code becomes obvious.

The two codes hold the television ground in their hometowns with two major exceptions. A direct telecast of Seven's VFL match is beamed to Sydney on Saturday afternoons, and any VFL games played in Sydney are relayed direct to Melbourne. Rugby League has made no such inroads on the opposition's territory.

In the general carve-up of the media loaf, soccer gets the crumbs. Most sporting editors have League or Rules backgrounds and very few sporting writers have an understanding of soccer. The reporting of the game has been left largely to migrants — mainly Scots or English. TV's soccer coverage has been confined to replays of the British product with the result that Australian kids pull their heroes out of the English first division rather than the PSL ranks. If soccer has benefited in any way from its international image, the game's professionalism overseas has created an awesome yardstick for Aussie soccer. Those involved in Australian soccer find it hard to understand why, with so many playing the game, it receives so little of the media action. It even surprises outsiders.

When Irish international Terry Cochrane arrived in Australia a few days before the full squad, he copped a glimpse of soccer's low media status. Desperate to publicise the Australia v Northern Ireland series, the ASF flew Cochrane from an upstate retreat to do the rounds of the Sydney Sunday morning TV sports shows. First stop was Channel Seven where Cochrane waited patiently in the wings for almost an hour while the Rugby League panel lauded, dissected and debated the talents of Rick Chisholm, who, after two first-grade matches,



"Come on, Norm! Be in it!"

was League's rising star. Then it was on air for a five-minute spot before the hike over to Channel Nine to listen to another hour of Rick Chisholm from the panel. Finally, it was in front of the cameras with soccer host Tom Anderson. "The Australian team is in shape, well-coached and will have a tremendous home ground advantage," said Anderson. "How do you think Ireland will go?" Cochrane, who had been a full-time professional in the English league for the past six years and had scored a vital goal against England before 100,000 Wembley fans just two weeks before, found it too hard to resist: "All right, as long as Rick Chisholm doesn't play."

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Business and administration. The VFL has the strongest business and administrative basis for building a football empire. Even the ASF recognises that advantage and is lifting some of Melbourne's best ideas. Graham Jackson is an executive with Underline, the Sydney-based company which services the ASF's marketing needs. His firm is very aware of the VFL's corporate strength.

"The VFL has taken the lead, particularly with its properties group, but soccer and Rugby Union are catching on to the idea."

What about Rugby League?

"I haven't seen any evidence of League adopting an overall marketing approach. The clubs are involved in their own projects — possibly because the real money and strength of Rugby League is successfully tied up in the licensed clubs."

During the first half of 1980, VFL Properties grossed $1.9 million after earning $1 million last year from endorsements and licensing. The VFL has also made successful forays into such diverse fields as insurance where their scheme, underwritten by seven companies, kicked off a price war in the Victorian insurance business.

The VFL has buried its hook deep in the heart of Melbourne business and can count among its supporters some of the country's best commercial brains. The support of figures like Bob Ansett, the president of the North Melbourne club, don't just give the code prestige. They encourage the sort of commercial faith and input which attracts bigger sponsors and makes for increased wealth. When the VFL talks money, sport is suddenly big, big business — like an annual turnover of $21 million.

Soccer is looking elsewhere for most of its marketing stimulus. Says Jackson: "The Americans are the best hucksters in the world and have been progressive in the way that they've successfully marketed soccer. We're looking at taking the best of the US methods and adapting them to the way the game is played in Europe." The promise is controlled razzamatazz and maximum family entertainment. It worked in the States and, according to Underline, in five or six years will be ready to work here. The business needs of modern sport have persuaded the VFL and soccer to emphasise professionalism. Now the principal appointees are media and publicity advisers, youth development executives, administration managers, financial experts and development officers. If the executive structures of the ASF and VFL wind up looking more like big business than a conventional sport hierarchy, it will only serve to benefit the product.

An examination of the NSWRL executive order reveals that it is structured to deal almost exclusively with the needs of the sport, rather than business or marketing. The affluence of the licensed clubs usually takes care of business. Penrith Rugby League Club is a perfect example. The licensed club is the most successful in Sydney, and last season provided a $484,000 crutch for the football club. Without that support, the Penrith Panthers would have been down the tubes for a lot more than the $100,000 drift into the red.

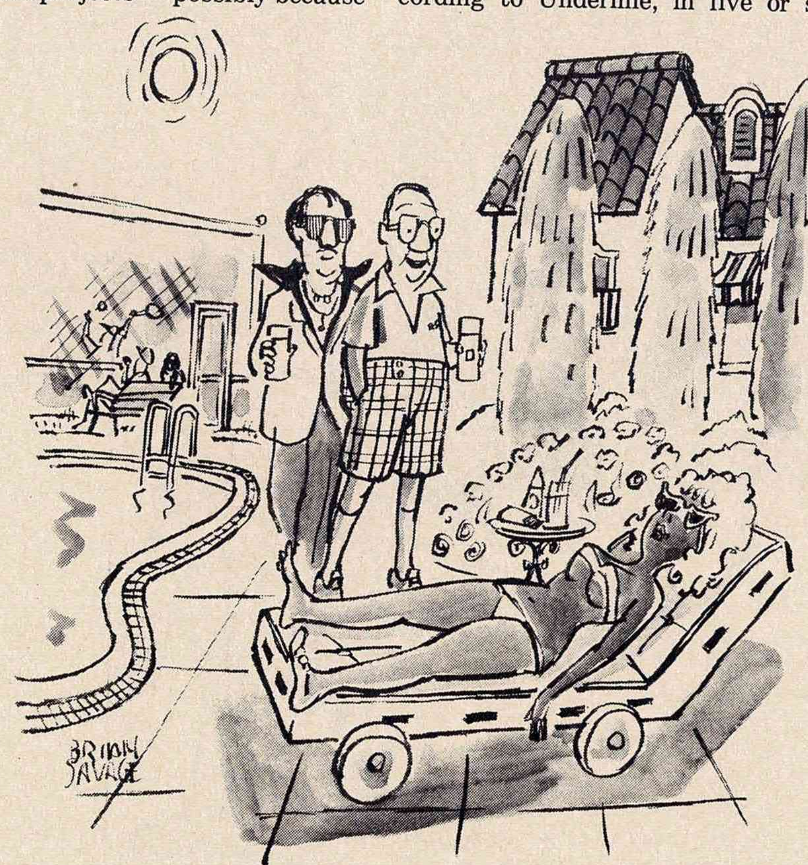
•

New directions. Soccer caught the other codes napping when it picked off 18 of the 35 to 40 allocations for the Australian Institute of Sport in Canberra. The Institute accepts its first intake next year, and soccer will be the only football code represented, primarily because it is considered the "most national" game. That means the entire Australian youth squad can pursue tertiary or degree courses while studying and playing football on a full-time basis.

The increasing popularity of Rugby League as a televised sport is opening up new cash opportunities for clubs and players. The most positive response to the code's declining popularity outside of Sydney came in July when NSW and Queensland clashed in an "Aussie Rules-style" State-of-Origin match. Queensland, with its stars returned, beat NSW and delivered a mighty promotional leap for the game in the northern State.

The VFL's march into new territories will continue in spite of some clubs' opposition to playing "out of town". The possibility of a full national league and the marketing potential it would represent is too strong a bait for Australian football to resist. Confident of the game's appeal as a spectator sport, the VFL is locking into the US West Coast via cable television, and John Hennessy tips that a direct telecast to the US of a VFL grand final might become a not-too-distant reality.

The battle is only just beginning.



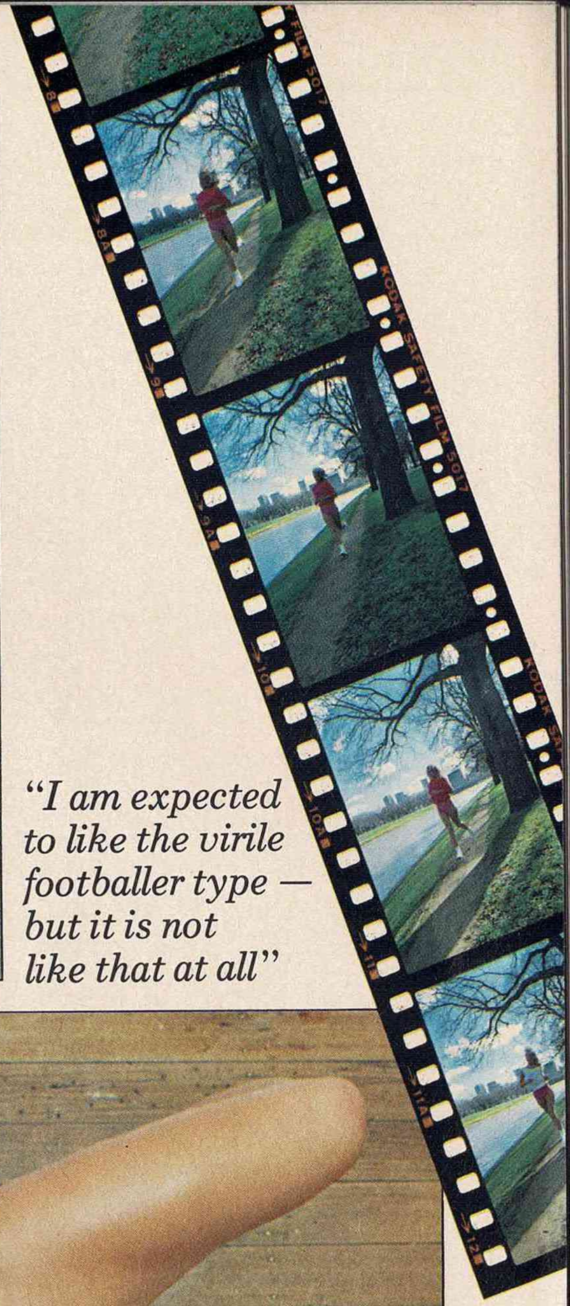
"That's my own little solar panel. Dolly's storing up energy for us to use later."

THE VFL PREMIER GIRL

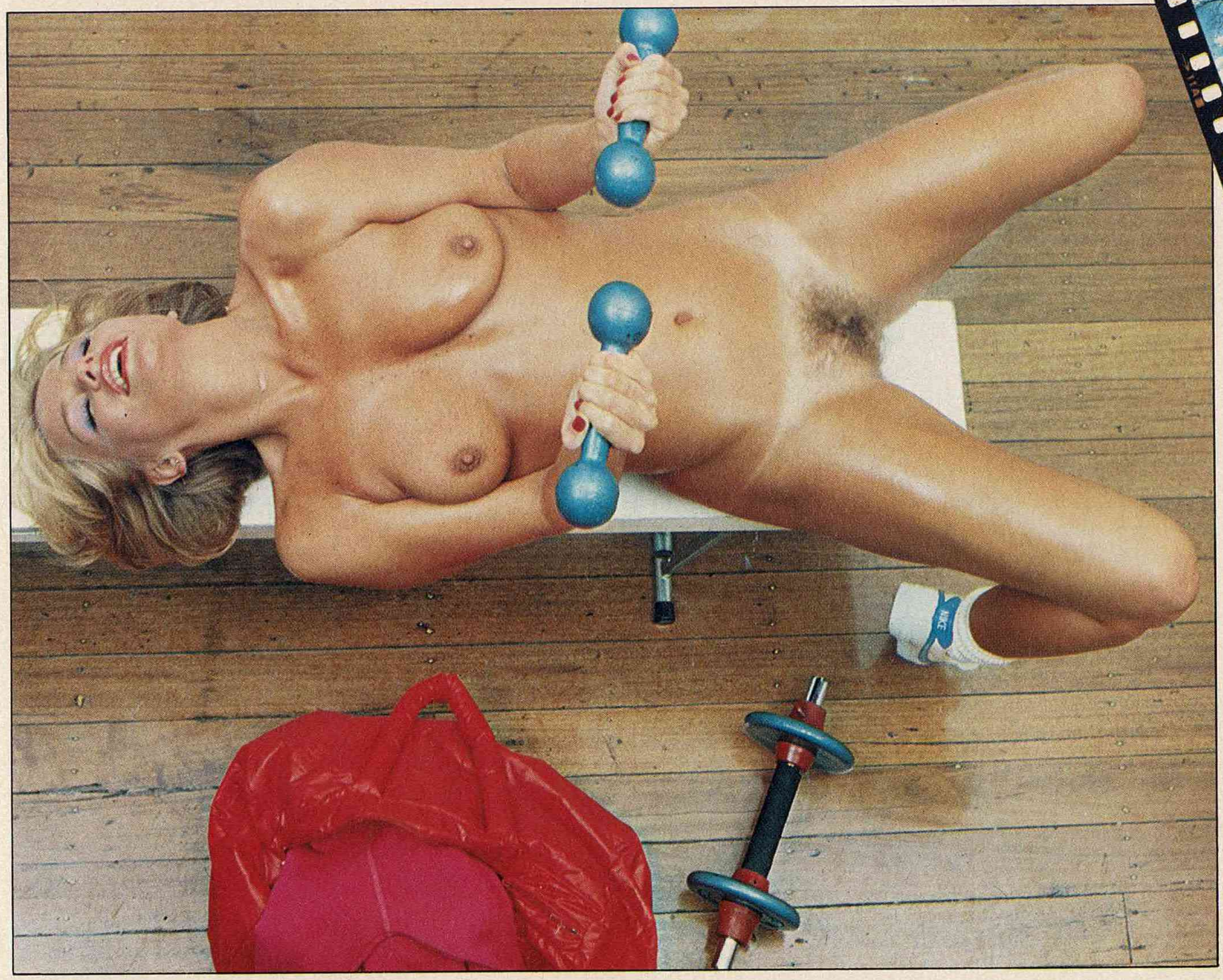
other girls are content to lie around trying to look beautiful. not siv richards. she can look stunning in a gym workout — without having to think about it!

Photography by Rico Mettbach

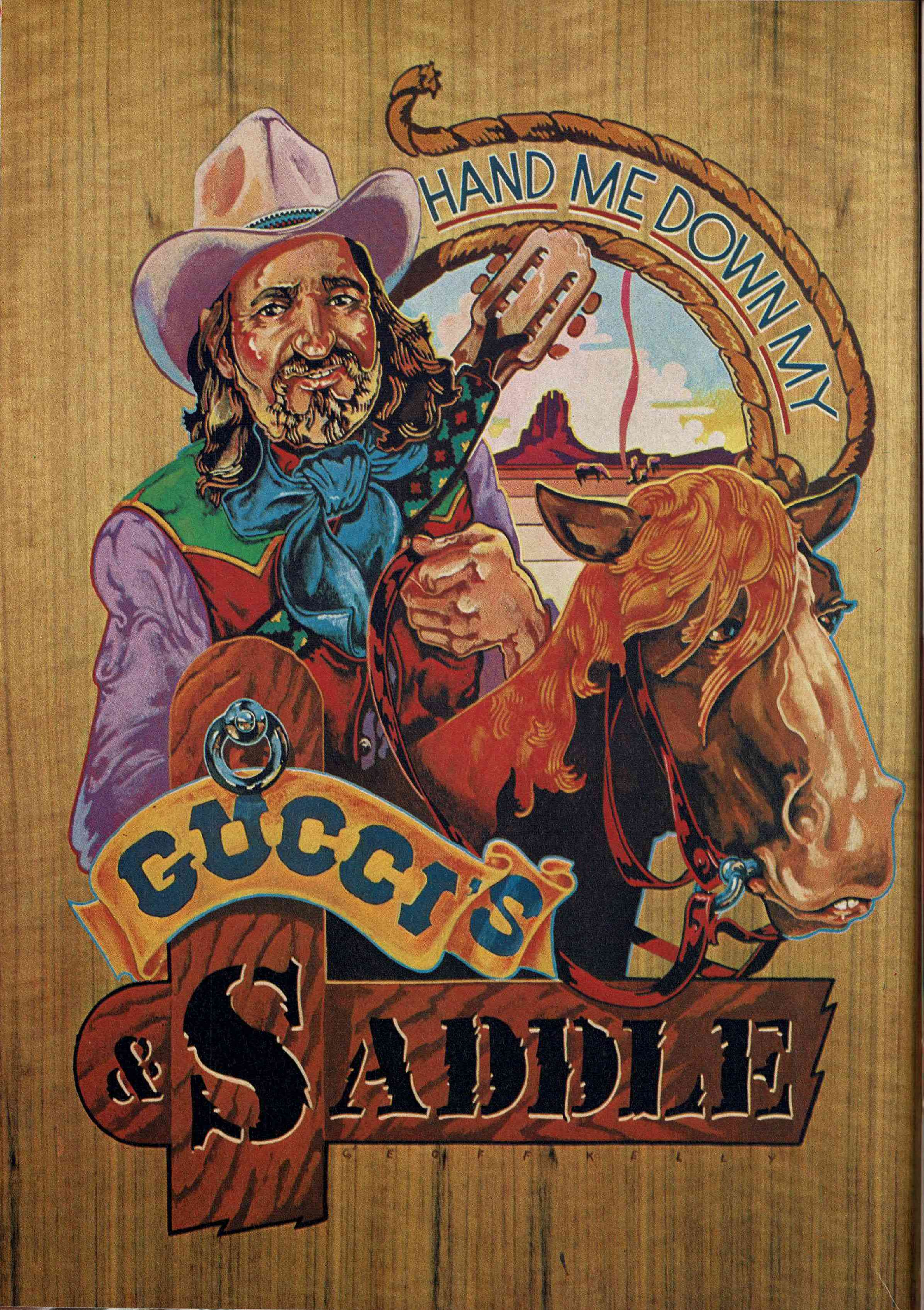
The first thing you notice about Siv Richards is her size — all 180 centimetres or 5ft 11in to those who find metrics meaningless. And beautifully proportioned. A famous line by Raymond Chandler, the detective writer, springs to mind . . . "She was a blonde. A blonde to make a bishop kick a hole in a stained glass window . . ." Certainly men are inclined to treat Siv a little differently. "Sometimes I find men who are in awe of me," says Siv. "Basically because I am a tall blonde." Little wonder she was selected to represent the Victorian Football League as their Premier Girl this year. She was also Collingwood's Golden Girl, because she raised the most money for that club. Naturally sport takes up a big part of Siv's life. "I enjoy all water and outdoor sports," she said. "I have just taken up windsurfing. The exhilaration is amazing. You're on



"I am expected to like the virile footballer type — but it is not like that at all"



your own out there with just the wind." Siv has been pursuing the sun and the surf ever since she can remember. She has travelled round most of the Pacific and Asia and soon hopes to settle in Sydney. Certainly it's a far cry from her homeland of Sweden, which she left at the age of four. "All I can remember about Sweden is that it was cold and dark." Siv has just started a new job working at a cosy little pub in Carlton but hopes to become a fulltime model. But her main ambition is just to be content and happy. "I would like to get married — it's a matter of finding a person I want to marry."



country music's new lawless bunch are rebels with a cause — and, lordy, how it pays to put a little fire back into nashville's sentimental old soul

article by Denis Whitburn

WILLIE NELSON'S ballad, The Troublemaker, tells of a long-haired, trouble-making type and his motley group of buddies with nought but rebellion in mind. He was writing of Jesus, but he could very well have been dabbling in autobiography.

A bewhiskered, womanly-haired, garden gnome of a man taken to wearing head bandanna, T-shirt, jeans and jogging shoes (on stage!), 47-year-old Willie Nelson is an unlikely candidate for leadership of anything — let alone a rebellion. But leader he is, this veteran of 30 hard years playing the booze 'n' brawl barroom circuit considered *de rigueur* for the country minstrel. A journey for many that becomes the sum total of a blistered career.

Nelson and his "motley group of friends" — Kris Kristofferson, Kenny Rogers, Waylon Jennings, Don Williams, Leon Russell, Johnny Paycheck (among others) — are the spearhead of the progressive country movement altering all the preconceptions held against their brand of music.

Sharing an average age of 40-plus, these cosmic cowboys are travelling First Class all the way, nudging aside Stewart, Diamond, Scaggs, Joel, John and the other big-city honchos as they stake their claim to platinum and gold at the top of the international record charts. And doing it with nary a sign of computerised disco overkill, and without the spittle flying in the wake of new wave abberance.

The credo of these good ol' boys is simple — keep it simple. And, Lordy, how it pays!

During the record industry slump of '79, Kenny Rogers sold 10 million albums between the months of June and December in America alone. His "Best Of" set made No 1 across Australia. ABC TV's *Countdown* feels embarrassed, threatened by his presence among its puberulous rockpile. Rogers can wear it. His earnings last year topped $20 million.

In that same year, Waylon Jennings — instigator of the breakaway "outlaw" branch of country singer/songwriters — signed a $10 million contract with RCA records, an advance covering his output over the next five years.

Willie Nelson, already riding high, stepped from behind the microphone to spend a while with the movie people, signing contracts for one film after another. From *The Electric Horseman* (with Fonda and Redford), he went straight into *Honeysuckle Rose* (alongside that progressive country miss, Emmylou Harris). A film is being developed around his platinum album (one million American sales) *Red Headed Stranger*, and he blushes at the thought of Universal Studios mounting *The Willie Nelson Story* as a major film project. Step aside Al Jolson, Glenn Miller, Gene Krupa, Cole Porter: shotgun Willie's coming right through!

Don Williams is the Clint Eastwood of country music: a miser with words, both in song and interview. *When* he grants an interview. Virtually unknown in Australia (even by his record company, one suspects), and slotted as a country performer only in the States, he matches the Boomtown Rats, McCartney and any other act brave enough to release a record when

Illustration by Geoff Kelly

his latest album or single hits the streets in England. Van Morrison, Pete Townshend and Eric Clapton are among Williams' devotees helping to galvanise a broad following in the sceptred Isles.

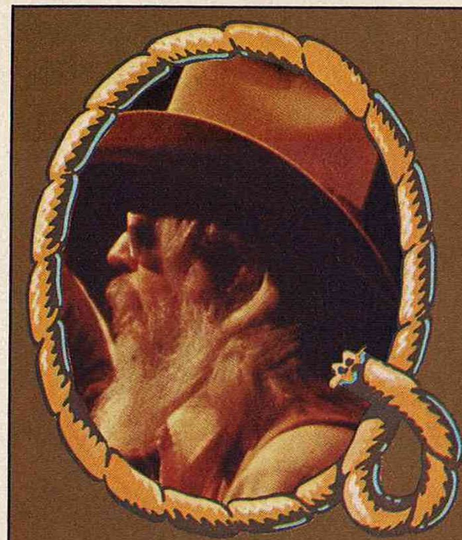
Along with Emmylou Harris, Dolly Parton, Loretta Lynn, Crystal Gale, these renegade pickers are the new darlings of the multinational record and film combines — boardroom status won by breaking the rules as written by the Nashville music establishment. In short, they gave Nashville the finger and made their own rule: there are no rules where music is concerned. Marketing people create definitions and barriers to weed out mass target audiences. We, us, the consumer, that is.

Country is set to become a major music force in the '80s; as applicable to New York, Los Angeles, London and *Countdown* as it has been to the southern states of America for the past half century. It is part of a mobilisation incorporating renewed interest in western movies, fashion tastes appealing to the urban cowboy and a general dissatisfaction as we watch the enormous shadow of the Technological Age loom over us. The time has come for simple songs and for a rustic hero or two long past the acne stage.

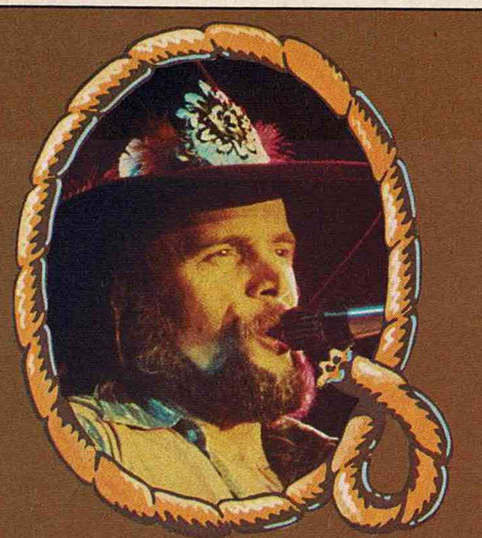
And about time, too. Country has been a long time arriving on Main Street, taking the long route around. Presley, Buddy Holly, Carl Perkins, the Everly Brothers, Roy Orbison, Jerry Lee Lewis — all country boys at heart — were waylaid for a while, injecting a large dose of rock and roll into the '50s. Sometimes, against the better judgement of their record companies, and even managers, The Beatles, the Stones, Lovin' Spoonful, James Taylor, Crosby, Stills and Nash, Neil Young and the Bee Gees highlighted their country leanings without alienating their followings.

A month or two before departing these shores to try his luck in London, I spent an hour with a young Barry Gibb at a radio awards bash discussing a mutual idol, Hank Williams. I was as surprised to discover a young teen star acknowledging debt to the deceased spiritual grail of country music as he was to find someone in the Australian boondocks who revered Williams in a like fashion. So it came as no surprise to see that old country outlaw Willie Nelson among the guests on the first Bee Gees' television special last year.

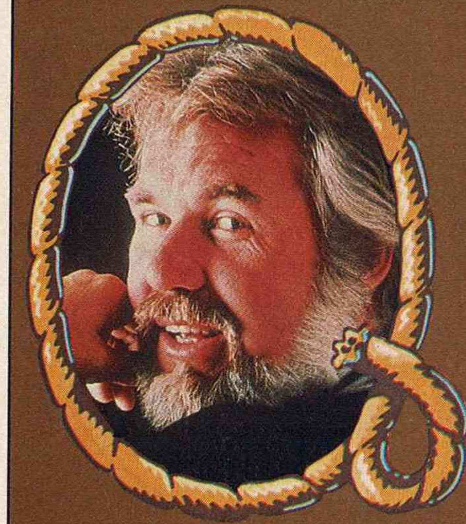
What was best spoken of quietly between *aficionados* in the mid-'60s could at last be displayed openly without a need for apology. The Bee Gees and Willie Nelson, Eric Clapton



LEON RUSSELL



JOHNNY PAYCHECK



KENNY ROGERS

WILLIE NELSON

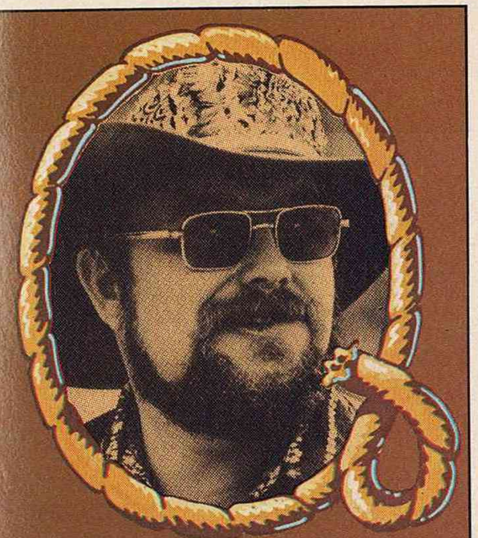
and Don Williams, Grateful Dead and Waylon Jennings can work the same stage to the same audience, with no explanation needed.

First out of the closet, The Byrds brought country, rock and Dylan together as one commercial entity. Dylan, influenced by that group's approach to his songs and by his mentor, Johnny Cash, recorded the landmark *Nashville Skyline* album in the late '60s, thus further diffusing barriers. (Locked in the vaults of Columbia and Sun records are two unreleased sessions long considered priceless: tapes of Dylan and Cash recorded at the time of *Skyline*, and a gospel session with Presley, Cash, Parkins and Lewis). Linda Ronstadt, The Eagles and Jackson Browne all infiltrated California's West Coast sound with their unique brands of country music, each one bringing Nashville that much closer to the mainstream of contemporary music.

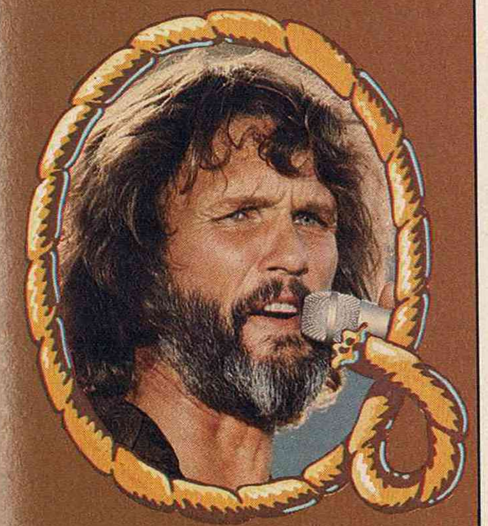
For nearly 20 years, Johnny Cash had the field to himself as the one country artist able to move in that mainstream and not get his arse stomped on. The man in black with the Mt Rushmore face, went about as far left as Nashville was prepared to put up with. His radical strain jarred the Southern Baptist conservatism of Music Row, the 16th Avenue Nashville power base of music publishers, producers, record companies and studios. Cash stepped outside the banality so favored by the Music Row stylists, singing of laboring, doing time, of heritage, patriotism, civil rights, the cause of the Indian — genuine leather compared with the plastic traded in by his compatriots.

Cash retained his integrity as others fell over themselves to play the Music Row games, preserving the slick, predictable Nashville Sound.

One of those caught in the game-playing was Willie Nelson. An ex-laborer and salesman, he enjoyed some success as a songwriter in the late '50s and early '60s but could muster no enthusiasm as a recording artist. His voice was too distinct — in the same way that Ray Charles and Dylan are distinct. Still, he persisted and over the next decade recorded one



CHARLIE DANIELS



KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

unmemorable album after another for over a dozen different labels. (And, wouldn't you know it, every last one of them has been re-issued since his breakthrough — so watch it when making your move toward the record bins; be as selective as you are with vintage wine.)

A sign that he was about to do it his way came with *Yesterday's Wine*, a life studied from birth to *after* death, in song. This was the first of his "concept" albums going way over the heads of Music Row like fine cigars or vintage wine. While they were reeling from that shot he hit them with a post mortem of a marriage breakdown, viewed from both sides, called *Phases and Stages*, and followed it with *Shotgun Willie*, the kind of rock-orientated country music then coming out of New York and Los Angeles. The verdict was unanimous. Nelson was on a losing streak and showed no sign of coming off it.

Nashville, it should be explained, is the way it is because of a number of influences. It sits comfortably at the heart of the Bible Belt of the South, and there are more different denominational churches in this one city than in any other in the world. The economic base consists of insurance, religious publishing (and church management) and country music, in that order. Music alone generates $1 billion a year. A man has to be a fool to tamper with ingredients that close to the establishment coffers.

A fool such as Kris Kristofferson, former Rhodes scholar, failed rock star — Kris Carson, at the time, hailed as Cliff Richard and Tommy Steele's strongest competition in England — Vietnam helicopter pilot. More or less convinced there was something in this country songwriting for him, he hawked his melodious poems all along Music Row while working as bartender and janitor. A publisher advanced him $50 a week to come up with recordable material. His first album — nothing more than a collection of demonstration songs — featured Me & Bobby McGee (a title suggested to him by his publisher, Fred Foster), Help Me Make It Through The Night, Sunday Morning Coming Down, For The Good Times, cornerstones of what would come to be termed disparagingly by Music Row as "progressive country".

Shunning recognised structures, his songs were forlorn, deep images devoid of all that self-pitying so recognisable in most country music. Songs that were "crossover" hits for other artists, breaking out from country stations on to Top 40 format radio. Janis Joplin's international hit with Bobby McGee (released after her death) focused some attention on Kristofferson outside Nashville and he suddenly found himself being talked of, in the same breath as Hank Williams and Dylan, as a major American composer.

Subsequent albums gave further credence to his becoming a major force in contemporary music, at the same instant confusing Nashville pundits. What are you boy? Country or a rock and roller? If you want to be country, git yo' hair cut and stop smoking that funny smelling tobacco! And stop hanging out with them other weirdos and troublemakers!

His circle included other Texas pilgrims, Billy Joe Shaver (a songwriter who also deals in the extra-ordinary), Nelson and Waylon Jennings, a man holding special rank in rock myth. He and Buddy Holly played together regularly in their home state, Texas, and later Jennings joined Holly's group The Crickets on the road, playing bass. Scheduled to fly with Holly, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper from Mason City, Iowa, to the next gig on their tour, on February 3, 1958, Jennings gave up his seat on the plane to travel with the rest of the troupe by bus. Just after take-off, the Beechcraft Bonanza fell from the sky. A legend rose from the ashes, taking on greater dimension than anything Jennings was able to match until Kristofferson started messing with Music Row's complacency.

Jennings took with fervor to the songs of Kristofferson, Shaver, and the other shut-outs from Music Row, blending their work with his own distinct approach to non-country material: The House Of The Rising Sun, McArthur Park, Bridge Over Troubled Water. Adding insult to injury, he insisted on doing his own production and leasing his tapes back to his label. RCA squawked. The hayseeds on the honky-tonk circuit took to raining cans of beer down on him. It was plain: Jennings was nought but an outlaw.

Any outlaw worth his salt has the makings of legend in him somewhere. It's just a matter of bringing it out. In the old west, the penny dreadful novel served that purpose. For Jennings, it had to be with a music concept. He followed an album, *Ladies Love Outlaws*, with a collection of mostly Shaver songs, *Honky Tonk Heroes*. The two aligned him clearly with a breed touching the roots of American myth. From Jesse James to Dillinger, the outlaw has stood as something akin to a working-class hero — the individual against the system. Only this time, the system didn't really stand a chance.

I watched Jennings the night he opened at *the* star-making venue, The Troubadour in Los Angeles in early '73. Elton John had launched his American success from the kudos garnered through a Troubadour appearance three years earlier. Jennings was out to do likewise, to break the mortgage Nashville held on his music by playing to an audience of mostly music press and of entertainment heavies (including Dylan, Kristofferson, George Harrison, Neil Diamond and Miles Davis).

A burly, tall man with King Arthur beard and locks, wearing black leather pants, waistcoat and white shirt and leather wrist band, Jennings hit the stage like some unbroken stallion prepared to take the brand — on his own terms. The smell of something burning, the red hot iron hovering, permeated, but the brand did not materialise until three years later (the rock press now firmly with him) when an album, *The Outlaws*, came on to the market.

Here was the sign the "motley group of friends" had been waiting for. Bringing together his wife, Jessi

Colter, Willie Nelson and business partner Tompal Glaser, Jennings created Nashville's first platinum album. More of a sampler than a cohesive work, *The Outlaws* was, in the opinion of one reviewer, "the tip of an iceberg".

It was a rallying point. The Fourth of July Dripping Springs Picnic organised in '72 by Nelson became another. After withdrawing, bruised and battered, from Music Row and basing himself out of Austin, Texas (a place to become known as Nashville West), he gathered around him the rebellious clan — Jennings, Jerry Jeff Walker, Kristofferson, Shaver and Leon Russell (the madness of Cocker's *Mad Dogs & Englishmen* behind him) — for a country-style Woodstock on a barren cowpatch called Dripping Springs. The Hell's Angels were brought in as "crowd controllers", the event attracting a volatile mix of Texas rednecks, doped-out rock fans and middle American conservatives.

Predicted to become a disastrous bloodbath, the picnic turned into the lever needed to get the influential rock press in New York, Los Angeles and London off their rears and take a long hard look at what was happening with (and to) country music.

Now aged 40, Nelson had nothing to lose and a whole lot to gain by recording what he damned well wanted to, footing the bill with his own Lone Star label — named after the Texas beer he splashed liberally around any stage on which he happened to perform. *Red Headed Stranger* (a tale of love, murder and in angst the old west) was the second country LP to go platinum; *To Lefty From Willie* was a salute to the country pioneer of the '50s, Lefty Frizzell; and to completely befuddle anyone who might have thought they had him pegged, *Stardust* really threw the rule book out the window. Here was a collection of old standards — Moonlight In Vermont, Sunny Side Of The Street, Don't Get Around Much Any More — all identified with Crosby, Sinatra, Nat Cole and Duke Ellington. It was an ode to a lost, romantic time in music, and more platinum for Nelson's den.

At the very same time, he was appearing on touring bills with hard rock groups playing football-sized stadiums along the west and east coast of the States. And getting his picture on the front cover of *Rolling Stone* magazine. *And* being profiled in the popular press.

His output for '79 added to the format-free confusion in an industry that demands definitions. *One For The Road*, a live studio double album made with Leon Russell, dusted off Heartbreak Hotel plus some Gene Autry, Roy Rogers and Sinatra oldies; then *Willie Nelson Sings Kristofferson* followed within months, to be followed in quick succession by a Christmas album of *Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer.* Perhaps the output of a man cramming into the time he has left all that he missed by trying to do it the way others decided was best?

Any link from album to album exists only through Nelson's rich, plaintive, at times tuneless, voice coursing a way through minimal musical accompaniment and the desire to keep well clear of electronic gimmickry. These "outlaws" — call them what you will — approach recording as if equipment never passed the two-track stage, opting to put down vocal and backings at the same time, going for feel over the absolute perfection that came close to stagnating music by the late '70s.

Nelson's album of Kristofferson songs may be nothing more than repaying a debt to an old mate. Whatever the reason, Kristofferson needed something to parole him from his Hollywood exile.

Before Kristofferson fell into his stride, the movies beckoned. A co-starring role in *Cisco Pike* (1972) with Gene Hackman became the kiss of death to his music abilities. Through the '70s, he settled for notoriety as a genuine movie star while hanging out with his country buddies on tour at Dripping Springs and recording one dog of an album after the next. Reviewing his then current release in *Rolling Stone* in 1978, Paul Nelson commented: "If *Easter Island* isn't very good, it's better than nothing. And nothing's what Kristofferson's been giving us lately."

From potential music giant to charismatic film star, Kristofferson may have become living proof of what awaits a country boy when he goes Hollywood; if any proof were needed after the sick waste of Presley in the hands of the Beverly Hills money people. And Hollywood doth beckon mightily. Nelson aside, a country thrust comes with the new Travolta movie, *Urban Cowboy* (a kind of *Saturday Night Fever* in cowshit, centred on Gilley's, a Houston honky-tonk where the locals gather to guzzle beer, test their manhood astride a mechanical bucking bull and dance to Willie, Waylon and the Charlie Daniels Band); Kenny Rogers' recent acting debut in a TV movie based on his hit, *The Gambler,* is the start of his career move into movies; Dolly Parton tested her thespian leanings in *Nine to Five* with Jane Fonda, and Lily Tomlin has signed to co-star with Burt Reynolds in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas. Coalminer's Daughter,* the Loretta Lynn bio-pic, is one of this year's winners in the top-grossing movie stakes. Country hit songs Convoy, Harper Valley PTA, The Night The Lights Went Out In Georgia, Middle Aged Crazy and Take This Job And Shove It are bases for films of the same titles.

Take This Job And Shove It, a crossover hit for Johnny Paycheck, became the anthem for blue-collar workers in the States and is typical of the social relevance flowing through progressive country. Nelson seems to have retired from songwriting in preference to giving new life to material in danger of passing into history — or, worse still, shredded through the pits of disco. Paycheck, Jerry Jeff Walker (composer of Mr Bojangles), Jennings, ex-con David Allan Coe (who may or may not have murdered another prisoner while on the inside, depending on which story you listen to — his or the prison authorities'), and a whole lot more of lesser known but equally viable writers recognise the common ground of social and personal turmoil.

Forerunners though they may be, the "outlaws" are not the whole of progressive country. Far from it. Bringing up the rear guard are a band of Southern boys carrying an unholy alliance with pickers from New York and Los Angeles, going by the names of Kinky Friedman & His Texas Jewboys ("They're not makin' Jews like Jesus anymore" is one of their own succinct observations), Amazing Rhythm Aces, New Riders Of The Purple Sage, Asleep At The Wheel, Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen, The Nitty Gritty Dirtband (Jackson Browne a former member), The Oak Ridge Boys. Good trucking country-rock bands laced with the traditional Texas swing.

Country music has spread to so many unlikely areas, as shown by a recent album from George Jones, part of the Nashville old guard reverently tagged the Rolls-Royce of country singers. *My Very Special Guests* also features (not surprisingly) duets with Nelson, Jennings, Paycheck, Emmylou Harris, Dr Hook, James Taylor, and Elvis Costello! British new wave and traditional country come together on Costello's Stranger In The House, joined so tight the seams don't show.

Costello slips into the shadow thrown by Nelson's Troublemaker — firing the kids into disrespectful mobs. The old dog and the new boy are holding out promise for music in the '80s — life after *dearth.*

L O V E R S

Illustration by Pat Nagel

"I spend most of my weekends hanging out on bars."

I. N. I. T. I. A. L. S.*

* (Is National Intelligence Totally Incapable of Allowing Lengthy Speech?)

Satire by Bob Kelsey

IN TODAY'S society, bureaucratic-minded people seem obsessed with the creation of organisations with pompously lengthy names. These are then abbreviated to meaningless initials. Insane! That's why some bodies have started to convey some sort of message through their initials. The best-known of these is the Federal Government's Department of Industrial Relations and Technology (DIRT). But there are many lesser-known organisations which display even more creative flair. Being civic-minded people, my wife and I believe in joining and attending meetings of as many of these organisations as possible. Here are some excerpts from our diary of appointments for last week:

MONDAY 8 SEPTEMBER

While I am away at work, my wife goes along to the regular meeting of the Provincial Rehabilitation Institute for Consolidating Knowledge (PRICK). This meeting is so slack that, on arriving home, she finds no one is interested in talking about PRICK and goes straight to bed. When I arrive home, I find I have the night to myself, and, having been a tit-man since I was old enough to suck on one, I naturally attend the meeting of the Society Honoring Indescribable Tits (SHIT). For a description of my skill I am awarded the title of Champion Licker of International Tits (CLIT).

1980

TUESDAY 9 SEPTEMBER

We both decide to attend a meeting of the Society for Organising Desexing Of Masturbating Youths (SODOMY). My wife decides that this is Bloody Uninteresting Material (BUM), but I remind her of my interest, and my membership, in the Association Remembering Spectacular Ejaculations (ARSE). Together, we decide to form the Association for Natural or Unnatural Sodomy (ANUS).

1980

WEDNESDAY 10 SEPTEMBER

I take the day off work and fly to Perth to attend a convention of the Western Australian Rooting Transvestites Society (WARTS). I find that the rooters in Perth aren't transvestites, and vice-versa, so decide that this society is nothing more than an ugly bump on the face of Australia. I fly home, disgusted. Meanwhile my wife has attended the national convention of the Provincial Institute for Moving Pricks Laterally into Erotic Situations (PIMPLES). She decides that PIMPLES could be even smaller and less significant than WARTS.

1980

THURSDAY 11 SEPTEMBER

As my wife is interested in literature, and I am more interested in international affairs, we again decide to attend different meetings. She goes to the meeting of the Federal (Eastern) Literary Lads And Tarts Investigating Organisation (FELLATIO), while I go to the Commonwealth United (Nearly National) Institute for Leaving Intact New Guinea's Untouched Shores (CUNNILINGUS). When we meet later we compare notes and decide we will have many pleasant evenings together, putting into practice what we have learned.

FRIDAY 12 SEPTEMBER

We both attend a cocktail party, organised by the Society for Casual Rooting of Erotic Women (SCREW). The conversation turns us on so we continue on to the Society for Temporarily Undoing Family Fornication (STUFF). I go to bed early so I can be fresh tomorrow for a meeting of the Proposed Union of Boys Intending Cunnilingus with Hairy-Arsed Intellectual Redheads (PUBIC HAIR) and a meeting of a new sub-branch of Swingers International (NSW) (SIN), to be followed by the Venerable Association Governing International Naughties in Australia (VAGINA).

1980

SATURDAY 13 SEPTEMBER

After dinner we again decide to go to different meetings. I go to the Proposed Expansion of the National Institute of Sobriety (PENIS), while my wife wants to help launch the Female Geriatric Experiment into Nationally and Internationally Turning Ancient Lesbians Into Astronauts (FEMALE GENITALIA). Later we compare notes, and find that very few people were sober, while virtually no geriatric lesbians could remember how to fly! However, we decide the amalgamation of PENIS and FEMALE GENITALIA is a bloody good idea.

1980

SUNDAY 14 SEPTEMBER

We attend the early morning meeting of the Council for Extending Randy Vicars' Investigations into Ecstasy (CERVIX) and return home for a quiet day in bed to catch up on our mail. One parcel contains magazines from the Pacific Organisation for Regulating Nymphomaniacal Orgasms (PORNO). We're tempted to forget the rest of the mail, but decide to open one more letter. It is a request for a donation to the Fund to Organise Randy Nymphomaniacs Into Commercially Acceptable Theatre Entertainment (FORNICATE) — which wins our wholehearted support!

1980

NUCLEAR WAR BY MISTAKE

Three times within a few months, America's defence headquarters have been galvanised into activity by false atomic alarms due to technical failures. Could a technical failure lead to the outbreak of a nuclear global holocaust? The decisions are made by men but they rely on computers — which cannot always be trusted

THE FIVE members of the Delta team carried identical lunch packets when they descended into the bombproof command centre 15 metres under the earth's surface protected by heavy armorplated doors and metre-thick concrete walls.

It was June 2, shortly before midnight. The Delta team, one of five alarm teams in the headquarters of the Strategic Air Command (SAC), the bomber wing of the US Air Force, located in Omaha, Nebraska, was starting the night shift.

It was a routine job which had hardly changed for 20 years: eight hours staring at computer screens and light panels on the wall, ready to give the alarm if the Soviets start World War Three with an atomic strike.

Less than two hours later, the long-awaited, but never really expected, moment came. On one of the two video screens of the computer terminal manned by the control officer for the warning system appeared the shock report — large numbers of Soviet rockets armed with nuclear warheads were hurtling toward the USA.

The officer (known as Wisc in SAC) heard a shattering warning signal. A procedure matrix was immediately projected on to a five metre by five

metre illuminated screen showing the decisions to be taken and tasks to be performed within the immediate few seconds. The senior controller, a colonel, pressed the red button, sending the nuclear alarm signal throughout the command. A siren howled through the underground bunker, and a rotating alarm light flashed on and off in the half-darkened centre emphasising the drama of the moment. The colonel picked up the red telephone and spoke the codeword "Skybird" direct to all rocket and flying units of SAC. SAC commanding general Richard Ellis was informed seconds later.

One third of the American atomic bomber fleet, about 100 eight-engined Boeing B52s were readied for take-off.

All 153 rocket crews — with 1054 Minuteman and Titan rockets at their fingertips — were put at the highest state of readiness. Two dozen atomic submarines carrying long-range rockets with hydrogen warheads were informed of the state of alarm.

A four-jet transport plane, equipped to take over as the airborne command headquarters of SAC in case the bunker in Omaha was put out of action, took to the air in Hawaii.

President Carter's flying headquarters was readied for take-off at Andrews Air Base in Washington.

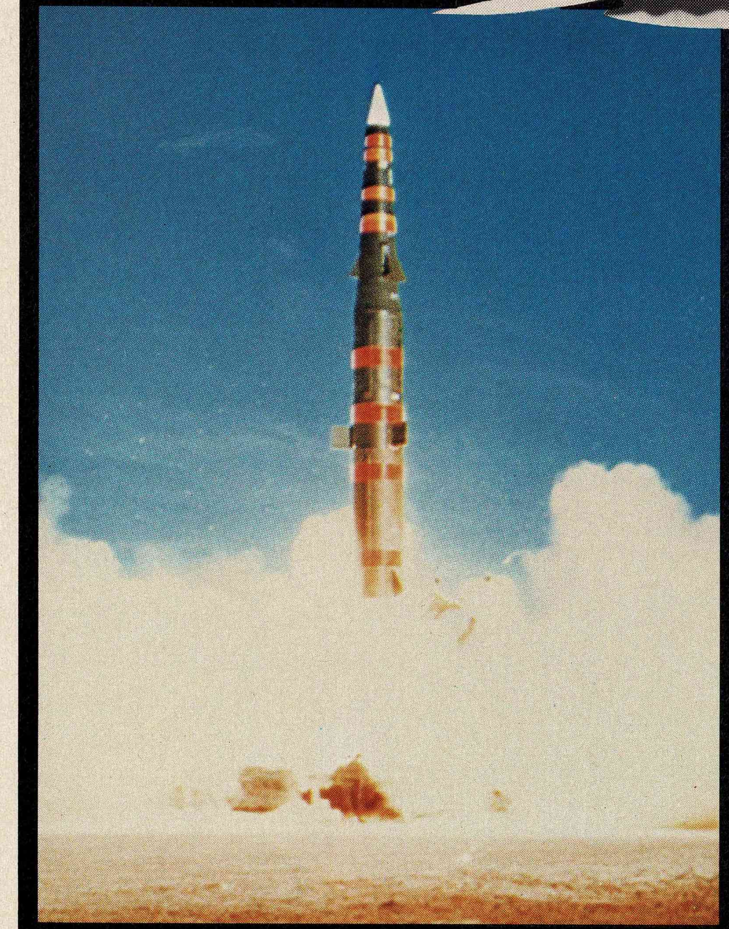
President Carter himself was not awakened however. Because, after three minutes and 12 seconds, it became clear to the men in charge that a gremlin was in the works both at SAC and at NORAD, the North American Air Defence Centre where the false alarm originated.

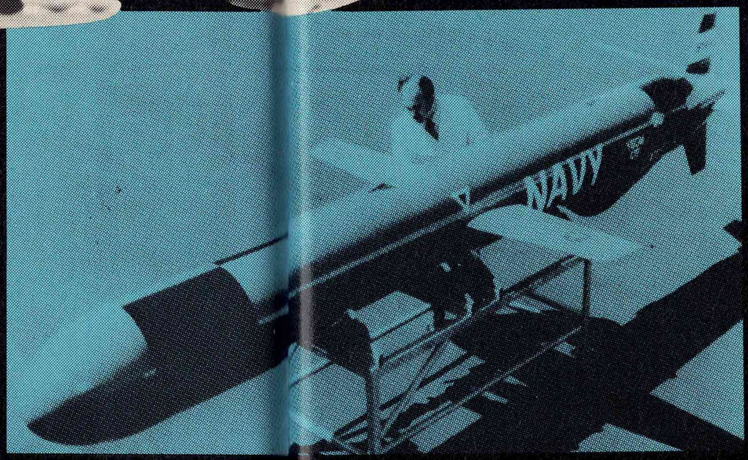
A computer chip no bigger than a five cent piece and costing only 46 cents was to blame for the 20 minutes of agonising suspense before the atom bombers switched off their engines and the rocket crews stood down — 20 minutes during which, as the Soviet news agency later wrote: "The world slipped to the brink of atomic war."

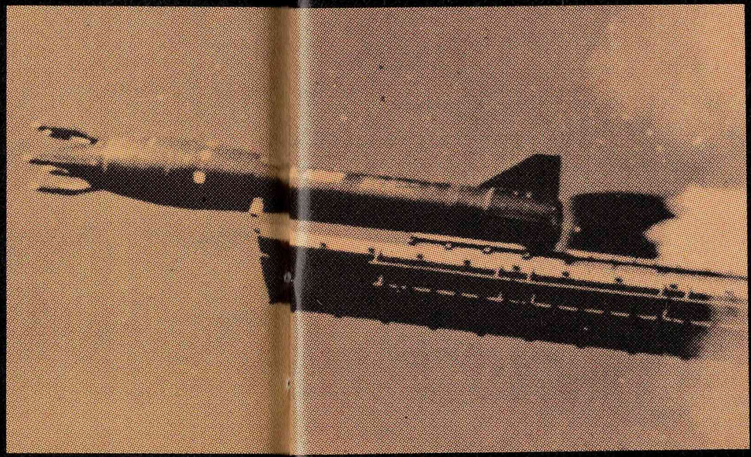
The excitement had scarcely died down when, three days later, the red light flashed again in the Omaha bunker and, again, B52 crews sprinted to their waiting nuclear bombers. Another three minutes of tortured suspense elapsed before this, too, was pinpointed as a technical failure.

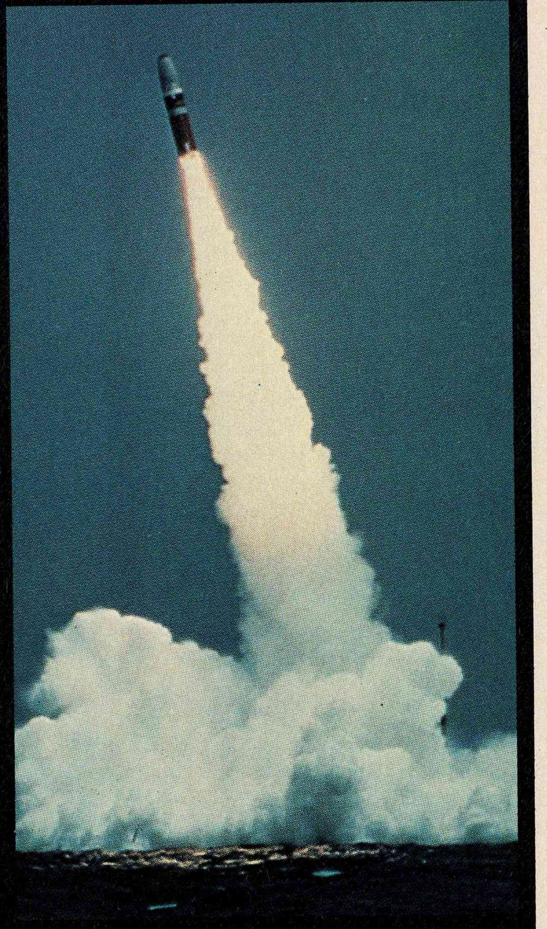
It was the third time the cry of "Wolf" had been heard. On November 7 last year, a punched tape giving simulated war data had been erroneously fed into the "hot line" of the information network. Six minutes elapsed before that particular error was detected.

These three incidents have again revived the fear of a nuclear war









ABOVE: The US Army's Pershing 2 surface-to-surface ballistic missile is equipped with new inertial guidance to improve accuracy, has a nuclear capability and range of more than 600 kilometres.

TOP: A B52 high-altitude nuclear bomber flies off the US coast. CENTRE: A technician checks a compact cruise missile developed for launch from a submarine tube, land platform or aircraft.

ABOVE: NASA launches its Honest John rocket with five experimental arming fuses which activate by air rushing through the rocket tip after its launch. RIGHT: The first successful launching of a Trident missile from a submerged submarine is achieved off the coast of Florida close to Cape Canaveral. This weapon can deliver multi-targeted nuclear warheads over about 7500 kilometres.

breaking out by mistake. Moscow's daily newspaper, *Pravda*, commenting on the latest false alarms, charged the Americans with having an atomic persecution mania and said they were playing with fire. The Russians reacted nervously to the computer crisis in the SAC bunker because 75 percent of their strategic nuclear forces are land-based and would be relatively easy to knock out with a surprise strike.

And the East's nervousness has increased since NATO decided on the stationing of medium-range rockets in Western Europe. The flight time of a Pershing 2 rocket to targets in the Eastern Bloc is between three and eight minutes.

America's atom strategists admit that the time available for decision making in the event of nuclear war is "fatally short". In the case of nuclear submarines, it is at most 15 minutes. The US Defence Department issued an official assurance totally excluding the possibility of irreversible actions being taken.

But the Under-Secretary of State, Gerald Dinneen, from the defence ministry, and other Pentagon defence experts could not exclude that the failure of the 50-cent computer component at NORAD could start a fatal chain reaction on the part of the Russians. Too little is known about the Russians' own fail-safe systems and procedures for dealing any retaliatory blow. What happens if the Soviets, confused by American atomic bombers taking off and hectic alarm signals to the nuclear submarines, lose their nerve and let loose the nuclear counter strike?

In such a situation, it appears risky to rely on the much-vaunted "hot line" between Washington DC and Moscow which is not, as is commonly believed, a telephone but a teleprinter. In any case, it is questionable if there would be enough time on the brink of atomic war for it to be used as a brake.

The two superpowers have amassed 60,000 atomic and hydrogen bombs. This amounts to a destructive potential one million times greater than the bomb that fell on Hiroshima in 1945. It is equivalent to three tonnes of ordinary high explosive for every human being on Earth.

The Swedish Peace Research Institute, SIPRI, in Stockholm, said in a recently released report that every modernisation and progression in weapon technology increases the risk that nuclear warheads would be deployed "whether by an accident, mistakes in judgement or madness".

The risk has multiplied in the past 20 years. The Russians now have 170

rocket-carrying submarines, and the Americans have more than 115. One American submarine with Poseidon rockets is able to destroy all Soviet towns with more than 150,000 inhabitants — one third of the Soviet population. The US Trident class submarines are equipped with 24 rockets, each one having 10 nuclear warheads. Twenty rockets, each one armed with three warheads, are carried by every B52 bomber.

The risk of war by accident rather than design appeared to the late President John Kennedy so real that he provided the Russians with fairly complete details about America's own fail-safe system.

In the '50s, a flock of wild geese picked up over the Arctic by radar set off one false alarm. Such a thing is no longer conceivable. America's early warning and identification system ringing the world from Australia to Greenland consists of dozens of globe-circling spy and information satellites allied with batteries of radar stations. The moment a Soviet rocket emerges from its underground silo it is picked up by the heat sensors of America's observation satellites. Seconds later the television sensors of the other satellites take over, and transmit television pictures of the missile with its long tail of flame.

On the night of June 2, when the NORAD computer in Colorado Springs went haywire, the Delta team were able to verify that it was a false alarm by smartly switching over to this global early-warning network of satellites and radar stations for a direct reading. And this showed no Soviet rockets in the air.

The all-clear came at the very moment when the general on duty in the Pentagon was reaching out for his telephone to awaken President Carter's security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, who in turn would have alarmed the President. As long as there is breath in his body, the President of the United States is the only man who can order nuclear weapons to be fired.

Theoretically he can do this at any second. Day and night the "man with the case" is in the President's immediate vicinity. The case contains a radio telephone through which the President, in the event of an atomic alarm, can give his orders direct to the nuclear units. If he gives the code word to go, the whole machinery of nuclear destruction is inexorably set in motion.

The President's voice is transmitted personally to each unit of the Strategic Air Command. This is to exclude the possibility that a small group of officers could conspire to start a private atom war on their own. Nuclear bombers in the air over the Indian Ocean or Greenland also receive the President's order direct.

Day and night for the last 19 years, a giant jet has ceaselessly cruised the skies above the United States. Fitted out as a flying command centre, its mission is to take over if the military centres in Omaha and Washington are put out of action. In addition, the President's own command plane, jumbo jet E-4, is ready day and night only three helicopter-minutes from the White House. It contains a complete facsimile of the War Room inside the White House.

In the flying command centre of SAC is a fire table from which the whole armada of Minuteman rockets can be fired. But the same security system is built into it as in the individual underground silos. No one officer, however high his rank, can fire a nuclear weapon. So far as the B52 bombers are concerned, there are similar security precautions. And, in addition, the bombers have a fail-safe line over which they may not cross on their course to the enemy country without a second specific order. The nuclear submarines work under a complicated ritual in which six ship's officers are involved before a weapon can be fired. But, as the situation is at present, if these six men wanted to, they could launch all of their rockets without any control from the shore. The electronic unlocking device which prevents such a thing happening with land-based missiles cannot be used in submarines because of the poor radio communications when the boats are under the water.

Even in all the land-based units where nuclear weapons are deployed, it is doubtful if the cleverly thought-out systems of maintaining instant readiness while guarding against the risk of error will always function as they are intended to. Murphy's Law, "Everything that can go wrong will go wrong", is valid even in the atomic era; the eighth corollary to Murphy's Law states: "It is impossible to make anything foolproof, because the fools are too ingenious."

Doubts about the reliability of the alarm procedures were raised by the confusion that followed the false alarm last November. Although the supposed rocket attack was directed at American bomber bases, the SAC bomber pilots were not warned. The President's own flying command headquarters took off hastily without waiting for the President.

One of the troubles with the Americans' globe-spanning computer system, Wimex, has been that, if one of the 35 main computers fails, the whole system is put out of action for several hours.

Radio silence or total lack of information is one of the worst nightmares of atomic strategists. The men in the Delta team at SAC had a fairly easy task. They pressed a few computer keys and called up the information which cleared up the confusion caused by the false alarm. Whether this would function in the event of an actual Soviet attack is not certain. For 20 years communications experts have tried to get to the bottom of a phenomenon first noticed in a hydrogen bomb test in the Pacific in 1962. If an H-bomb of 10 megatonnes explodes at a height of about 300 kilometres above the earth it causes a communications blackout over an area of about 1200 kilometres in diameter. There is no radio, radar stations are blinded and the spy satellites cease reporting.

But, at the moment, what worries people more is that the series of technical defects in recent months has cast doubts on the credibility of the American deterrent. America's power to strike back depends not only on the number and type of nuclear weapons systems it has deployed but its ability to detect and verify a Russian attack quickly and accurately and react to it.

Theoretically in an atomic war there are two methods of delivering the atomic counter-strike. The President can wait until the first enemy warhead is detonated on American soil. Known as "launch on impact", this takes into account the risk that a part of America's own nuclear armory will be destroyed before it can be started, or the counter-strike can be delivered in the period of 12 to 15 minutes that elapses after the warning system has notified of the approach of enemy rockets. This, however, carries the risk of acting on false information — a meteorite mistaken for a rocket or a simple computer error.

Hitherto, the atomic strategists have tended to favor the first alternative but, lately, the US Defence Secretary has given an indication that America might well launch intercontinental rockets during this warning phase. In his latest annual defence report he said the "launch on warning" strategy would reduce the risk of a surprise Soviet attack.

If in future the President were to give the order for a nuclear counter-strike on the basis of faulty information or misread blips on a radar screen, the danger of an atomic war by accident would suddenly be a hair-breadth from terrible reality.

"Oh-oh."

Lisa

TO REALLY get to know Lisa Welch — not an altogether simple task, since she is, by her own admission, "a shy, reserved person" — one must delve a bit into her past. For starters, she's the daughter of a career officer in the US Army and, as a result, spent most of her youth travelling from town to town. "Up until I was 10," she reminisces, "we didn't live any place for more than three years. Half the time we lived on Army bases. I sort of liked it, though — always going some place new, meeting new people." Altogether, she has lived in seven States and West Germany. The peripatetic nature of her life came to a halt

Photography by Ken Marcus and Pompeo Posar

several years ago, though, when Lisa's father was transferred from San Francisco to Hawaii. By then old enough to make her own decisions, Lisa opted to remain in Frisco and has lived there ever since. "It's so hard for me to think of any place as home," she says, "but San Francisco is about the closest I've ever come to feeling I really belong." After completing high school at the age of 16, Lisa attended college and studied fashion retailing for two years. Following college, she worked

in two jobs at once — travel agent during the day and restaurant hostess at night — but the experience wore her out. "I was working so much," she says, "even my dog was having emotional problems." Then, on a short trip through Los Angeles, she stopped at the PLAYBOY modelling agency just for the hell of it and was persuaded to try out for Playmate. "The whole Playmate experience has been very beneficial," says Lisa. "It's helped me overcome both my reserve and my shyness."

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Lisa Welch

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lisa Welch

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115 SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 11-11-60 BIRTHPLACE: Aberdeen, Maryland

GOALS: Being with somebody I really care for, doing whatever feels right.

TURN-ONS: Sexy men, fireplaces, and sunny days at the beach

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, dishonest people and possessiveness

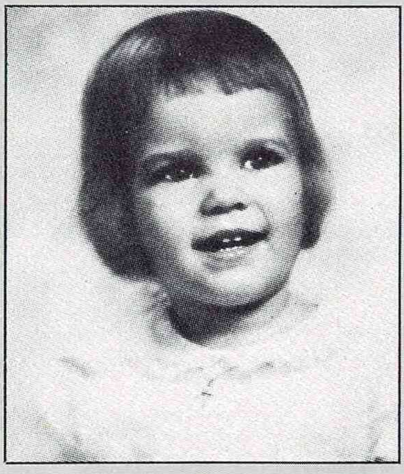
SECRET DREAM: To become a famous fashion model

FAVORITE SPORTS: Scuba, snow skiing, horseback riding

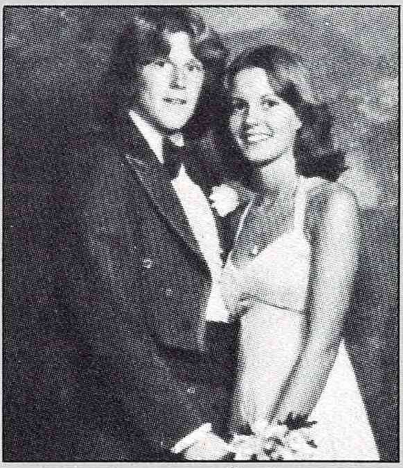
FAVORITE MOVIES: Kramer vs. Kramer, Midnight Express

FAVORITE ACTORS: Jimmy Caan, Burt Reynolds, Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman

FAVORITE BOOKS: Hawaii and Rich Man Poor Man



Trying to be a sweetheart age 2



My Senior Ball age 16

Christmas with Mum age 19.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"My current boyfriend doesn't call his sexual organ John Henry or Big George or any name like that, the way some fellows do," the girl confided to a close friend. "Instead, he calls it Confidence."

"Because he never has any trouble getting it up?"

"In part, yes — but also because he keeps instilling it in me!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay pride* as a group of homosexual lions.

Two Volkswagens had their bumpers locked and their drivers were trying unsuccessfully to disengage them when a little old lady wino shuffled on to the scene. "Tell you what to do, boys," she cackled. "Throw a bucket of water on 'em!"

Then there was the rich eccentric who drank only heavy water and ended up with nuclear piles.

It was during the first afternoon of their weekend together that the egotistical stud asked his more-than-willing partner, "On a scale of one to 10, how would you rate my performance?"

"Three," replied the girl to her shocked partner. "But you still have seven more chances to get a perfect score."

"The next time we say 'Screw or walk!' to our double dates," groaned the fellow to his buddy, "we better have our own car."

While the female psychiatrist and her girlfriend were at the movies, the man seated next to the doctor began groping in his crotch with one hand while he artfully worked the other under her skirt and between her thighs. "For God's sake, Vera," the observant and shocked friend hissed, "why don't you tell that creep what he's doing is revoltingly sick?"

"Why should I?" whispered the lady shrink. "He isn't a patient of mine."

Unbra'd in her T-shirt, Miss Young
Caused antilib cads to give tongue.
And 'twas off she'd get pissed
When a chauvinist hissed,
"You are certainly, lady, well hung!"

There's a susceptible physician with a lithe, big purring cat of a receptionist with whom he spends many Wednesday afternoons when he has told his wife he'll be golfing. He doesn't consider it actually lying, though, since the fact is that he really will be on the lynx.

More and more people seem to be frequenting self-service petrol stations nowadays, and we've noticed a difference in the way men and women use the gas pumps. The males always give the hose a few shakes when they're through.

"I flew today with so incredibly stacked a hostess," one navigator told another in awed tones, "that even the automatic pilot made a pass at her!"

A female health inspector complained to the manager of a bakery that one of his workers was pressing the dough against his naked chest to flatten it for pizza. "That's nothing," said the unflappable manager, "you should have seem him yesterday when he was making doughnuts."

Word has reached us about an innovative sperm bank that is packaging its product in special aerosol containers labelled HEIR SPRAY.

"For many years, the demands made on me by the nymphomaniac I was unlucky enough to marry were insatiable and exhausting," the man told the psychiatrist. "My wife was a sexual devil! But now, suddenly, she's become just about frigid. Have you encountered such a situation before, doctor?"

"Oh, yes," replied the shrink. "It's a phenomenon that my colleagues and I refer to informally as 'hell freezing over'."

Younger nurses were a natural target for the feisty male hospital patient, who took liberties whenever one was within reach. Finally, a girl in white lost her temper and snapped, "With your dirty mind and habits, you should be living in a whorehouse!"

"Come to think of it, honey," grinned the man, "at the prices you charge here, I could afford to."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"Listen, the glass slipper doesn't fit, but maybe we can work something out!"

What makes 60 minutes tick

it's a dream come true for the journalists who live on the time fuse that is the highest-rating current affairs show in australia

article **By Paul Mann**

GEORGE NEGUS stands in his underpants in the living room of a seedy bungalow in the Sydney suburb of Willoughby. He's so angry he's forgotten he isn't wearing trousers and two pretty young women are gazing at him with open amusement. He cuts a comical figure. Rumpled denim shirt tails fluttering around pallid thighs, the jowls of that instantly recognisable face quivering with suppressed rage.

"The only time that I get really annoyed," he says in that familiar singsong bookie's voice, "is when people try to suggest *60 Minutes* is a superficial program.

"Whatever the critics may say, whatever certain people from the ABC say, I regard it as more important to provide what some people label superficial to an audience which wouldn't otherwise get that information, than to churn out a load of self-indulgent ego gratification and be patted on the back by a whole bunch of pseudo-intellectuals.

"How many people who watch the ABC are informed by it?" Negus demands, without really seeking an answer. "It's just reaching people who want their own views confirmed. When I jumped down the Prime Minister's throat for the ABC, one in 10 people saw it. When I do it for *60 Minutes,* one in two people see it."

For a show that topped the ratings in its debut year (1979), won a clutch of awards and has dominated the ratings ever since (though its own producers never expected it to rate highly for at least three years), there's a refreshing defensiveness around the *60 Minutes* bungalow. Early success hasn't bred complacency and the urge to prove themselves is still there with a grudge. If anything it's keener now.

The people who make *60 Minutes* tick — from the scruffiest research assistant to the glamor boys on the air — believe they are producing the best current affairs program ever on Australian television. Morale is high but not smug. Their principal motivation now is to set higher standards. In essence, they have now set out to compete with themselves.

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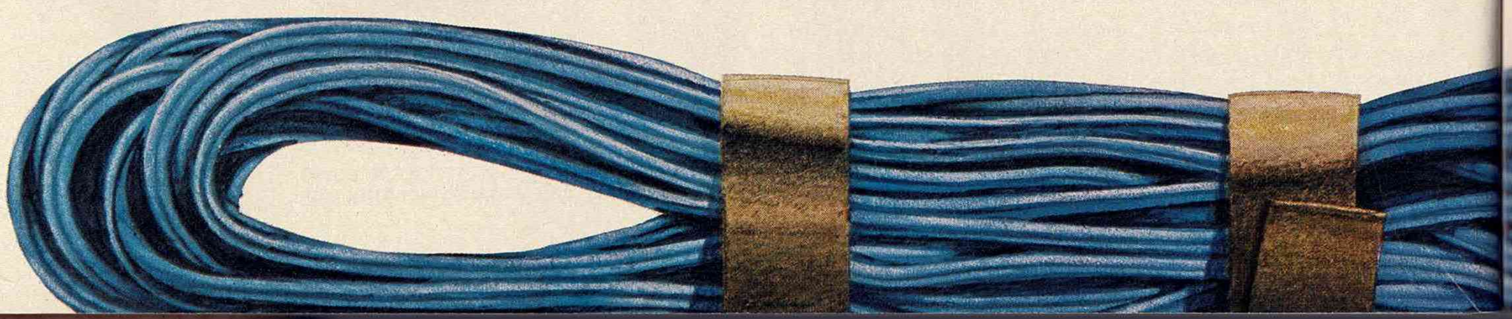
The nerve centre of *60 Minutes* is in a featureless suburban bungalow within the precincts of Channel Nine



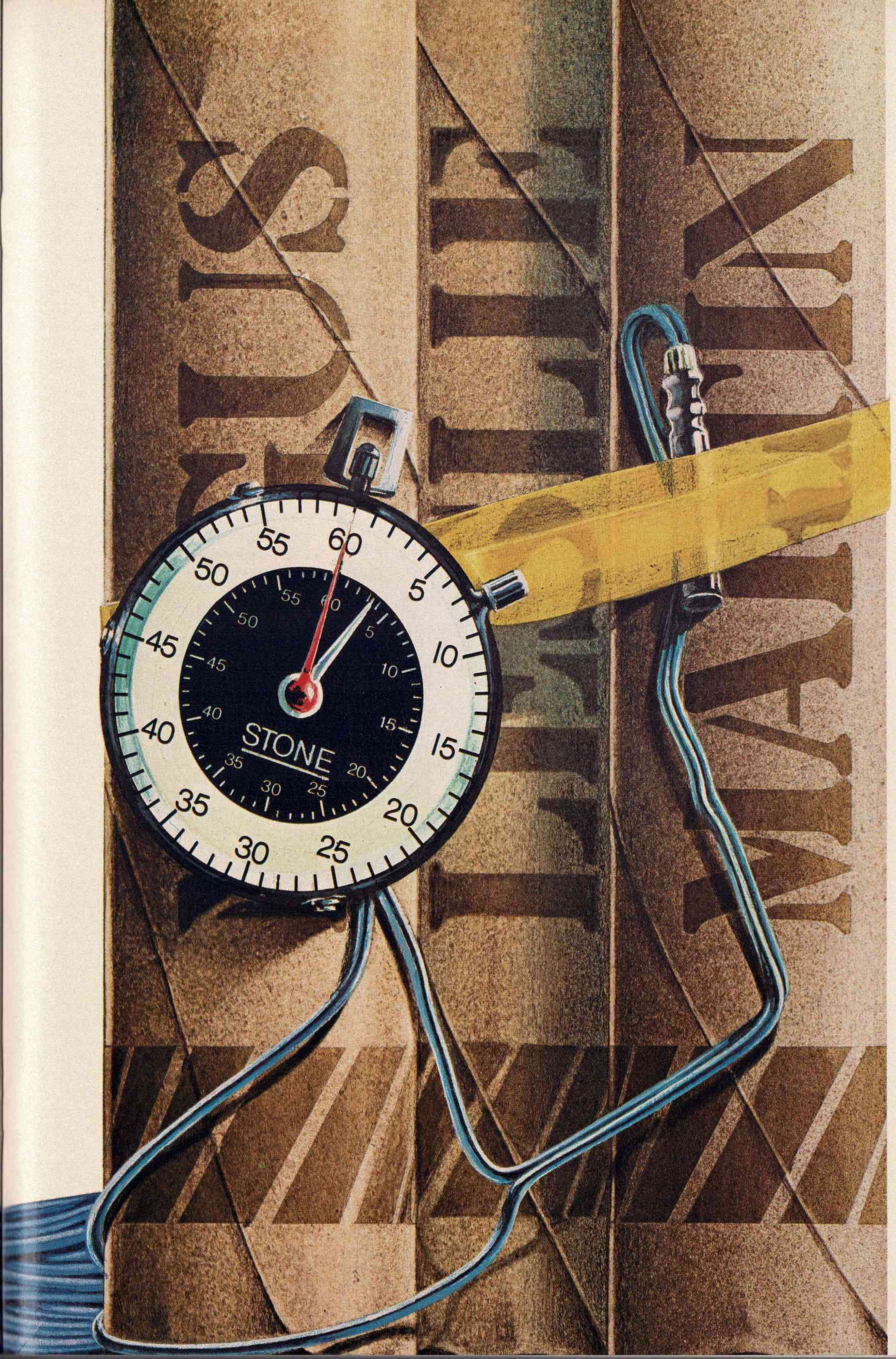


Illustration by Alan Ewart

at Willoughby, one of several which serve as self-contained offices for those shows which either rate or require a degree of independence.

Mike Walsh has one and it is no more distinguished.

Wherever the whopping *60 Minutes* budget goes it isn't on luxurious offices. The decor is in the sour greens and creams of a cheap motel, circa 1962. Male and female employees share an outside dunny with a door that rarely closes properly and when it does leaves you fumbling in the dark. The only place to wash your hands is the inside kitchen sink, next to the fridge and a stack of last night's empty tinnies. But if these hygiene arrangements are a mite informal it means a hike of 50 metres to the main building where they have 20th century toilet blocks.

Just inside the back door there's a buxom blonde at an antique switchboard, and beyond her a warren of rooms converted into the cluttered headquarters of a highly mobilised TV show. Surprisingly, there's a dog-eared exclusivity about it all.

At the back of the bungalow is the room where George Negus has been holding court without his pants on. Negus has just flown from Perth where he appeared on a telethon on behalf of handicapped children. He's had four hours' sleep, about normal for him, and looks more haggard than his TV image.

Ahead of him is two full days of meetings, tapings and briefings, before flying to the US. Negus stops to defend his show, midway between discarding the grimy travelling denims for a freshly pressed, cream colored corduroy suit.

His tirade over, he looks sheepish for a second, then quickly pulls on his pants and switches a pair of well-worn cowboy boots for a cleaner, dressier pair of cowboy boots. It is all in keeping with his cowboy image.

Negus is easily the most widely recognised of the three *60 Minutes* reporters. A former primary school teacher who switched to journalism, he was Parliamentary correspondent for *The Australian,* private secretary and speechwriter to Senator Lionel Murphy and an on-air reporter with the ABC's *This Day Tonight.* He is 38 and single.

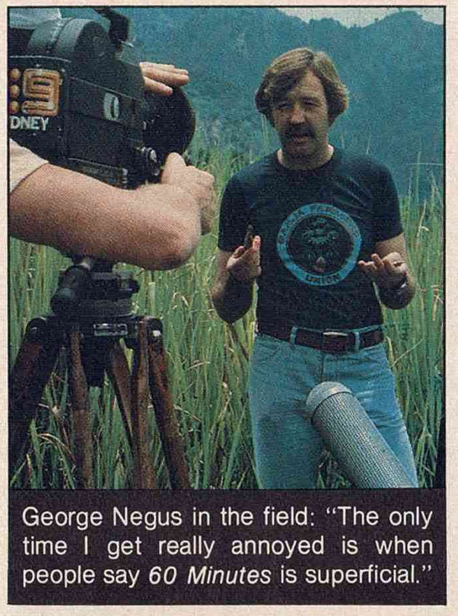
"I had a live-in relationship with a woman for five years once but that's the closest I've been to what you would call a stable existence."

He's a self-confessed workaholic and has been known to have half a dozen "serious" girlfriends at the same time.

He says he's not happy about his growing celebrity status. With one cowboy-booted leg dangling over the arm of a chair he says: "When I started in journalism I never dreamed that one day I'd be running around signing autographs. But it's started in the last year. Airports, shops, restaurants . . . and it's resulted in something that I call 'The Comedian Syndrome'.

"When you're a comedian, people expect you to be funny all the time. The guys on *60 Minutes* are expected to be profound all the time. People will stop me and ask what is going to happen in Afghanistan or Iran. They look horrified when I tell them I don't bloody know."

But it's a price George is willing to pay. "It's become a lifestyle not a job," he says. "I'm not happy when I'm not working. The last time I had a



George Negus in the field: "The only time I get really annoyed is when people say *60 Minutes* is superficial."

break I nearly went crazy. The world stopped for me. I would go so far as to say that I've become a professional neurotic about *60 Minutes.* When I get on the treadmill it never occurs to me that I might have to get off for the good of my health at some point. I have to be told when to get off. I'm trying to help by cutting down on the drink, not eating as much rich food and I'm taking vitamins for the first time in my life."

It also means he spends only two months of the year in his renovated Balmain terrace house. And he has no time to savor the delights of a long-term relationship with any woman.

"I don't expect anything of women because of the way I live," he adds. "But that doesn't mean I wouldn't like a woman waiting for me when I come back from overseas jobs. I'm attracted to lively, intelligent women with minds of their own. I suppose the ideal woman would be someone involved in the same kind of stupidity, someone who knows the job and to whom I don't have to explain myself. Because," he adds flatly, "once you have to start explaining to a woman why you do the most important thing in your life . . . you're finished."

George is lucky. He's one of the few on *60 Minutes* who doesn't have to justify the incredible demands of his career to anyone but himself. It's a sad fact that the wake of the program is littered with creaking marriages and ruptured relationships.

From the outset, the executive producer, Gerry Stone, told everyone that, for the annual 40 weeks of production, "all normal life would be suspended". Everyone is on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Crew members regularly put in 60 and 70-hour weeks. Film editors have been known to fall asleep on the cutting room floor, exhausted from 48 hours of nonstop, high-pressure editing and splicing of tape.

On the road it is even more insane. Every waking hour is spent revolving around the job or letting off steam in another bar, another town. Reporters, cameramen and producers live in each other's pockets while they ricochet around the world on a noxious diet of airline chicken dinners and alcohol.

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To understand just what makes *60 Minutes* tick you have to understand what makes Gerry Stone tick. He is the quartz crystal in the *60 Minutes* stopwatch.

Gerry is 46 and comes from Columbus, Ohio. A graduate of Cornell University, New York, he began his career as a copyboy with *The New York Times* and later became a reporter with United Press International — a job he describes as: "Probably the purest form of journalism. Selling stories to other journalists. In other words shit shovelling."

He and his wife Beth, a New Yorker, became disenchanted with American life and moved to Australia in 1962 with their two children, Clay, now 21 and Jennifer, 18. Like many newly-arrived newsmen Stone came into journalism here through the bottom end of the meat grinder, as a sub-editor on Sydney's *Daily Mirror.* He moved up to *The Australian* and eventually became a foundation member of *This Day Tonight* with Bill Peach. After making his name with *TDT,* Gerry became Channel Nine's director of news.

About the time he took the top job at *60 Minutes* his marriage broke up: "I would say it was as a result of

the pressures of two careers, not just mine alone."

Beth is a successful psychologist. The two are separated and see each other on a friendly basis.

The format of *60 Minutes* is a carbon copy of the American CBS original. Stone toyed with the idea of a new format for Australia, but stayed with the American version.

"It was as near perfect as you could get," he says. "So why mess around with it?"

But that's where the plagiarism ends. Apart from a few bought-in reports from the American networks the rest of the show is all-Australian. And the crew believe they're putting out a superior show to the American one — especially in production and camera work.

One of the biggest contributors to the show's success is the painstaking research. The other is money. And plenty of it.

For each reporter there are two producers plus two more floating producers who fill gaps wherever the team is stretched tightest. Many of the producers were up and coming TV reporters who sacrificed ego for a team effort, all in the cause of TV excellence. They'll be shaping much of television's current affairs future so it's worth noting their names: Vaughan Gentle, Allan Hogan, Gail Jarvis, Anthony McClellan, Bruce Stannard, Warren McStoker, Andrew Haughton and Gordon Bick.

Producers travel almost as much as reporters, often spending weeks laying the groundwork for a reporter and cameraman to swoop down and pick up in one short visit.

Stone says his budget is supposed to average $42,000 per show. But that's misleading. Each segment, ranging in time from 12 to 14 minutes, can cost between $5000 and $12,000. But when he wants a story badly enough he has an open chequebook.

It's also worth noting that the reporters' salaries aren't as hefty as you might suppose. While figures are jealously guarded, a fair punt would peg them around $30,000. No reporter knows what the others are getting.

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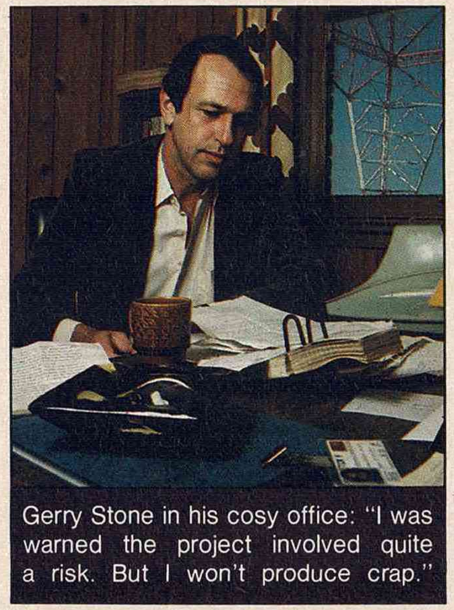
Gerry Stone's office is nicely panelled in pine. But it's pokey. Quite out of context for a man with his global reach. From here he acts as a kind of air traffic controller. His mind reaches out, co-ordinating stories in progress throughout the world, tracking incoming and outgoing film crews and shuttling new stories on to an insatiable assembly line.

Stone dresses expensively but untidily. His trousers seem too long for him and he has a brown suede jacket that looks as though it's been slept in and probably has. His black hair is thinning and seems arranged to disguise the fact. His manner is low key and unflappable, and when he smiles it's natural, very open and he shows a lot of gum and white teeth. He speaks with a richly textured American accent but his eyes always look cocked and loaded. His words are measured, concise and rarely wasted. To steal Teddy Roosevelt's phrase, he looks like a man who treads softly and carries a big stick.

He is known to be slow to anger but when he does lose his temper, birds fall out of the sky. Though he seldom loses it without cause. He is said to be a demanding boss but tolerant of human frailty — as long as you deliver the goods. Like everyone else on the



Gerry Stone in his cosy office: "I was warned the project involved quite a risk. But I won't produce crap."

show he is fond of a drink and freely admits that "alcohol is the lubricant of *60 Minutes.*"

Stone sums up his philosophy for *60 Minutes* in one word: quality. "I've always had a strong sense of quality rather than popularity. And I was warned before taking this on that it involved quite a bit of risk because the concept didn't have mass appeal. But I won't produce crap. Sure, some people will say I've produced a little bit of crap along the way. We've been called the *Starsky and Hutch* of current affairs and there's no doubt a lot of people tune in to see what scrapes George and the boys have got themselves into this week.

"I think the show works on several levels. It's a travelogue, it's adventure and it's sophisticated. And I think the first step towards quality is honesty. You really have to believe the story is worth the time you're devoting to it, that you're not just out to titillate. Quality means the best you can do. So much of TV is trying to achieve the best audiences with the least effort. Here we decided to go with maximum effort and quality."

Because his show achieved so much early success, Gerry says he has to beware of what he describes as "the halo effect".

"That arises when you get a good reputation. You think you can get away with a weak story just because it's going in *60 Minutes.* We try strenuously to avoid that. Every story that goes into *60 Minutes* has to be sold on its quality. That's why we'll throw out a weak story regardless of the money that's been spent on it."

Despite the frightening responsibility of piloting the number one show Stone says he's never suffered any health problems associated with that kind of stress.

"I've always thought frustration is the biggest cause of heart attacks," he says. "That comes from not realising your talents. It's something else to feel that your talents are going into producing something good. It's the difference between being in a good job and wasting your time in a bad job."

It is hard to over-estimate the burden of responsibility Stone carries. He often orders crews into the world's hot spots fully aware that he may be sending men to their deaths. He's already had that happen to him — when he was news director for Channel Nine and the Indonesians invaded East Timor.

"At the time I couldn't calculate the risk and, under those circumstances, I didn't think it was fair to risk the neck of a reporter. So I went there, saw the situation and came back. Three months later, when the situation seemed a lot more stable, I sent in two guys and they got killed. Three other guys from Channel Seven were killed with them. Those guys were volunteers and really eager to go, but I still have to live with the fact that I gave an order that led to the deaths of two men."

The ultimate irony of being the man in charge is that, of all those employed on *60 Minutes*, Stone is the most vulnerable.

"I stay here on a week-to-week handshake basis. In that sense the reporters have more security than I do. Everyone knows he's a good reporter. If one of them left tomorrow he'd have no difficulty landing a job right away — and I'd have a hell of a time explaining why I let him go.

"In my position, if things start to go wrong with the show, it reflects

directly on me and I could be gone very quickly. Past successes don't count for a damn thing."

Nevertheless, Stone is a firm believer in delegating responsibility. Each person has to be a highly self-disciplined, reliable and productive unit within the team. Everyone pulls his weight or goes over the side. Ruthless maybe, but it works.

Because of his system of delegation, Stone needs a man to liaise with each production unit. His whip is 37-year-old Peter Meakin.

Barrel-stomached with a beefy face, sandy hair and a bristling moustache, Meakin has the persona of a drill sergeant, the build of a boxing coach and the mouth of an Irish poet. He uses words like fists.

When he was a TV news reporter, viewers wrote in complaining he was much too aggressive, especially with visiting VIPs. It seems they thought he was single-handedly giving Australia a bad name. He still chuckles at the memory.

Sitting in on a meeting between Meakin and producer Tony McClellan, a slender, earnest-looking bloke, it's possible to observe Stone's system. Like a Swiss clock, there is not a wasted movement.

The story they're discussing is a probe into the Appin mine disaster in NSW, in which 14 men were killed by a methane gas explosion. It is a story which was to result in demands from the State Opposition for a Royal Commission of inquiry. The story is doubly sensitive because the mine is operated by a BHP subsidiary. And BHP is the company which sponsors *60 Minutes*. But Stone's attitude is: "We won't shy away from a story because our sponsor is involved."

A key element in the whole story is McClellan's discovery that a coal mining machine was fitted with a safety device designed to detect dangerously high levels of methane gas. But the practice at the mine, allegedly, had been to override the safety device, in spite of its warnings, and continue digging.

The walls of this office are littered with the flotsam of morbid journalistic humor: pictures of the My Lai massacre in Vietnam and Vietcong troops cheerfully exhibiting heads of their enemies. A desk is strewn with the pathetic souvenirs of some of the mine disaster victims: portraits, wedding pictures of happy, smiling couples.

"Will anyone admit to overriding this device?" Meakin asks.

"That's like getting someone to go on television and admit to murder."

"It's been done."

A pause, then Meakin rattles off a series of questions: "Could we get miners to admit they cut corners? What about witnesses? Can we get a look at this machine or one like it? Can we set off a methane gas explosion in a controlled situation?"

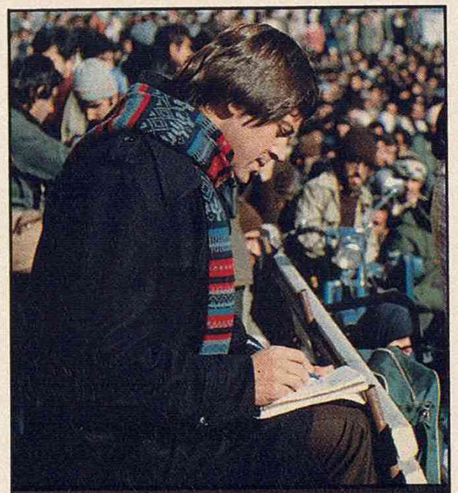
McClellan responds just as rapidly, ticking off Meakin's requests and replying with working alternatives for those that aren't practical.

"Can we get a widow?" Meakin then asks.

"I've got three. One's a good talent." A "good talent" in their parlance is anyone who is articulate and projects well on camera.

"We'll just use the one," Meakin decides. "This is a story about facts; we don't want to dilute it with tears."

In a matter of minutes he has been updated on the story and authorises McClellan to continue with the next series of moves, to the point where one of the reporters will be brought it. In this case, Ray Martin.



Ray Martin in Tehran: "It's like being with a rock band. It's such a high. The adrenalin keeps you going."

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Tracking down a *60 Minutes* reporter is like grabbing at the reins of a runaway horse. A bullet in the leg is about the only thing that slows any of them down. They're all wired higher than junkies on adrenalin, ambition and alcohol.

As Ray Martin puts it: "It's like being on the rock circuit with a band. It's such a bloody high, the adrenalin just keeps you going."

Martin had been the New York correspondent for the ABC for almost 10 years when Stone phoned him and offered the job.

"It was like . . . they offered me a round-the-world air ticket for as long as I wanted. All I had to do was keep sending back the stories. It's a real dream job."

At 35 he has been married 11 years and, happily, his wife Dianne enjoys her own company. She gets a lot of it. Martin seems the least affected of the reporters by the pressures of the job. He says it's because his wife gives him a solid anchor, those vital interludes when he has to come down to earth between assignments.

"When I get back from a job I spend all my time with Di. We haven't got any kids but we have a lot of family in Sydney and she copes with my absences very well. She realises that it's in her best interests to see me in a job where I'm happy.

"This way we're able to make the most of all the time we've got together. I don't know how Ian (Leslie) copes; he's got a couple of kids to worry about. And I'm glad I'm not like George (Negus). When he gets back from overseas he doesn't relax. If he wants female companionship or a lay he has to go on the prowl."

With his wholesome, pink-cheeked good looks and immaculate suits Martin looks as if he's just been freshly ironed and popped back from the dry cleaners. It's hard to believe he holds the *60 Minutes* record for on-the-road madness. He once covered three stories and half a dozen countries in two weeks. His eyes still glaze over at the memory.

"It took 54 hours' flying time to get from Sydney to Tehran via Rome. The cameraman and I were up for 72 hours and we were like zombies. We arrived in Iran with about 10 rubber chicken dinners inside us, eight hangovers, greasy hair, the same dirty socks and mouths like a gravel pit. And the producer was all fresh and raring to go.

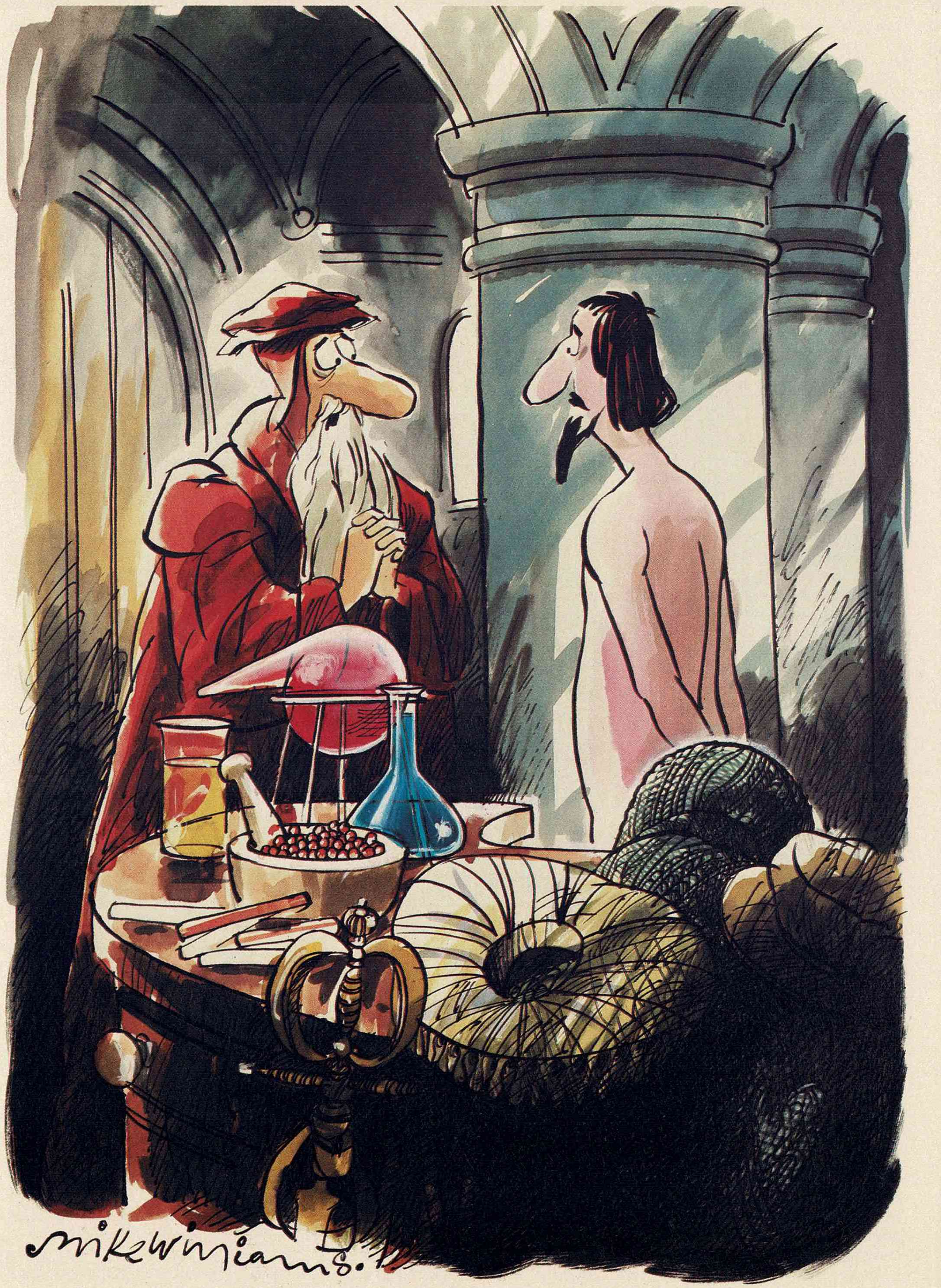
"It continued like that for two weeks. At one point I was in Spain doing a kidnapping story, but I really can't remember it very well. They almost had to prop me up to do a report in Madrid. It was insanity."

In spite of the insanity, Martin agrees that there's a lot of fun on the road. That's part of the problem. Much of the work is fun . . . and so is the fun. It makes it hard to find time for sleep.

"A good day is an unbelievable high," he says. "When you've got good pictures and a good interview it's impossible to go back to the hotel, have dinner then go to your room.

"I'm always going away on trips and promising my wife that this time I won't drink and I always end up calling her from some bar and lying about where I am."

One time in New York Martin had been relaxing in a bar for several



"Well, Sir Walter, I'm afraid potatoes and tobacco aren't the only things you brought back from the New World."

hours. On leaving he decided it would be a wonderful idea to show the locals what cricket was all about. So he bowled a couple of beer glasses across the street. Unfortunately, a police car was in the way.

"I always wanted to bowl for Australia," he says innocently.

That time he was rescued by the rest of the crew. But for the rest of the trip this pin-striped pillar of propriety was introduced to unsuspecting Americans as "The Animal".

In his own defence Martin says: "I have a very low tolerance of alcohol. Half a bottle of scotch will put me right out. But I know producers who can drink me under the table, drive me home then clear everything out of my liquor cabinet."

Beyond all that boys-will-be-boys *bonhomie* he has a highly developed sense of integrity. And he's worried what might happen if he gets into the realm of superstar salaries. Which is probable should *60 Minutes* continue its success.

"If this show ever stops being satisfying, I want the independence to say to Channel Nine and Kerry Packer 'get stuffed'," he says.

"But when you get the big money do you lose that independence? What happens when you've been getting it for a while and you're suddenly asked to do things you don't believe in? Can you walk away from it?

"It's a problem I honestly don't know how I'm going to handle. I look at somebody like Mike Willesee and I can't believe he did those oil company commercials. I couldn't do that, could never do commercials no matter how big the money was.

"But he wanted to buy his independence and thought that was a way of doing it. I think that he sold his soul.

"But then," Martin smiles, "he's a millionaire and I'm driving a second-hand Toyota."

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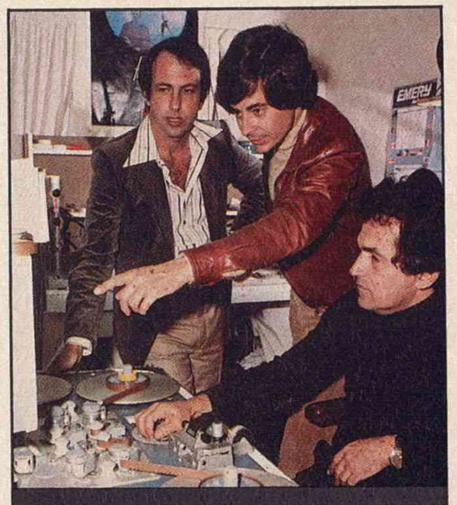
Catching up to Ian Leslie is done, literally, on the run. We talk while trotting from the *60 Minutes* bungalow to the make-up department — "watch that pimple on my cheek, it's a bit sore" — to the studio. We finally grab a few minutes sitting in director's chairs in a corridor with stage hands lugging backdrops back and forth.

Leslie has the most sensitive image of the three reporters. Negus has a rakish charm and Martin an uncompromising directness. But Leslie only looks soft by comparison.

Baby-faced despite his 36 years and gentle in manner, he is the perfect TV talking head — no personality to intrude between the viewer and the story. But a little probing reveals a much more complicated man. Beneath that polished mannequin's veneer is a man of startling intensity.

Born in Indonesia during the war while his mother was under house arrest by the Japanese, he first set foot in Australia in 1951. His first job was washing bottles in a vinegar factory. Then he joined Darling Downs TV and worked his way up through the ranks. Later he joined Channel Ten's *Eyewitness News* and moved on to Channel Nine's *A Current Affair* before joining *60 Minutes*. On the way he picked up a handful of awards for superb reporting.

Of his TV image Leslie says: "I don't have any pretence of flair, charm or personality. I think I'd get myself into a whole lot of trouble if I



Ian Leslie in the editing room. "I've put my job before my wife and family. You get trapped by pride and ambition."

tried to be a personality instead of a hard-nosed journalist."

It's this kind of honesty that leads him to reveal that he may be in the act of making his greatest sacrifice for the sake of *60 Minutes*: his marriage.

Leslie and his wife Jan have been married almost 14 years and have two children: Jayne, 12, and Peter, seven.

"I really wanted this job," he says. "And, when I got it, Jan was just as excited. We both went out and celebrated. But behind that excitement she had some reserve. She's always reminding me to take care of myself and I keep thinking that if anything happens to me there's going to be a wife and two kids left in the lurch.

"But, to be honest, I've put my job before my wife and family. I didn't think I'd ever say that but I have to be honest. In cold, clinical terms, my job is way out ahead. It's one hell of a problem and the question arises not once but every day.

"I don't think either of us thought work would separate us as much as it has. But it has separated us in time, our minds and our day-to-day relationship. It has made our relationship less personal. You get trapped by pride and ambition," he adds. "I might want more social life, more time with my family, more sport, but the alternative is leaving *60 Minutes* and that is just bloody inconceivable. The thought of giving away the top job is just not on.

"Other guys fronting TV current affairs shows get twice the money we do. But it's not the money, it's the purpose. This is real TV journalism: hard-nosed stuff. No other show has the philosophy or motivation we have, and to do anything else is second-rate.

"I can't say that I'll be married this time next year or even in six months because I'm not that certain. I'll either go on with the show until I run out of energy or I'm forced out.

"When I got this job, I told Jan it was at least a 10-year prospect. I can say with more certainty that I'll be doing this job in 10 years than I can say I'll be married in 10 years.

"I don't think Jan is holding up terribly fine. She's taking a hell of a beating and the stress is showing more now than when we'd done the show for a year. I warned her that she'd have to accept sacrifices and she says she's trying her best, but I wonder. I know she thinks she is but I'm not so sure."

And Ian is equally blunt about the perils of getting involved with other women on his long absences from home. "I meet a lot of interesting women through my job and the danger is that I might meet a woman I'd rather stay with. So I don't allow myself to become emotionally involved with anyone I meet. But that doesn't exclude physical relationships. That might sound terribly promiscuous to some people but when we're on the road for such a long time it's the only way for some of us to maintain our sanity."

Listening to Ian it's clear that *60 Minutes* will never win any awards for its contributions to marital harmony.

Soon it will be time for Stone and his producers to look back over the season and add up the total cost of the show in dollars and cents. But adding up the cost in human terms might make more interesting reading.

In the words of Gerry Stone: "Every tick of that stopwatch draws a drop of blood."

"Stop tryin' to put me off, girlie, and hand over the money."

THE NOSE JOB

durante got rich from his, and cyrano's made him immortal, but if yours is the butt of jokes, then put it in the hands of a sensitive surgeon

article by Tor Holth

I was still in the saddle when the bell rang. I had "stuck the time", and desperately wanted to get off. Agonising seconds passed as I waited for one rider to release the flankstrap and the pick-up rider to carry me to safety. Neither was in sight. From the corner of my eye, I saw the shute rails moving dangerously close, people scattering from the horse's path. My shoulders and back ached from the jarring bucking. Suddenly, I was catapulted through the air, and skyrockets of light exploded in my head as a wooden post and my proboscis crashed together with a sickening thud.

I regained consciousness on a stretcher. My neck and face ached. An ambulance man was bending over me. I reached up to feel an enormous padded lump where my nose should be. "I think you've busted it, mate," he observed cheerfully. What I saw later in the mirror in the rodeo change room was not a pretty sight – shockingly bruised forehead, grazed chin and a broad, taped-down bloody dressing which seemed to cover half of my face.

In Queensland, my broken nose gave me little concern. There, such disfigurements are as common as steak or chops for breakfast. But when I returned to Sydney, it was a different matter. It implied I was at best a pugilist, at worst a common pub brawler. My friends pretended to be unaware of any change in my appearance, but their indifference only increased my self-consciousness.

In the bathroom, I peered at myself critically in two mirrors, searching (unsuccessfully) for the least unattractive angle. The damage to my nose was glaring; it had a distinctive list to starboard, broadening toward the base and culminating in a final sad droop at the tip. The strategy I devised from this research was simple: when talking to people in normal light, I would endeavor to position myself on their right, and lower my head. This implied studiousness and concentration, while keeping my nose relatively inconspicuous. Thus my nose and I became fellow-conspirators – I distracted, and it hid.

My whole life was starting to revolve around my distorted protuberance, until one evening over a few brandies in a (naturally) very dimly lit corner, a close and trusted friend blurted: "Rhinoplasty, that's what you need. In simple language – a nose job. I can get used to your nose – and let's face it, it's bloody ugly – but apparently you can't. Your whole personality is changing because you're

Illustration by Alan Ewart

compensating for it. For Christ's sake, go and have something done.

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The plastic surgeon's rooms were in a plainly modest house in the Eastern suburbs, with little other than the brass plate to set it apart. I strolled casually past the house first, making sure nobody was about, then made for the entrance and rang the bell. "I've come for a new nose," I told the woman in white who answered my ring.

Once inside, my insecurity returned. I thumbed hastily through the waiting room periodicals, seeking articles on rhinoplastic surgery. Surely there would be enlightening material to prepare the patient for the impending trauma? It is no laughing matter when one's face is either to be desecrated or decorated. Then: "Won't you come in, dear boy?" Head down in my accustomed shuffle, I went into his surgery.

It was when I finally raised my eyes to his face that I felt an immense relief. He was in his mid-50s, greying, very urbane, and – thankfully – much uglier than I. Even so, I felt suspicious. Had he had a reverse facelift (if there was such a thing), or did he have a partner? In which case, the situation might be like choosing the better of two barbers – see which one has the better haircut, then choose the other to work on you. Using this analogy as a yardstick, my surgeon would have to be better than any other. With somewhat benevolent eyes, he watched me over the rim of his half-glasses and down a twin-lumped apology for a nose. Physician heal thyself, I thought.

While he entered my details on the usual card, I looked around the room. A 10-centimetre shelf ran round the perimeter. On it, shoulder to shoulder at attention, stood a veritable army of plaster noses – narrow, broad, flat, ski-jumps, buttons, hooked, beaked, drooping, flared, lumpy. Every conceivable degree of deformity. I felt at home. Sitting in their presence, I was almost normal.

On the walls were photographic enlargements of "before" and "after" studies of pendulous breasts transformed into firm, youthful fruit with provocative tips. There seemed to be no limit to the artist's ability to change a sow's ear into a silk purse. There was other (less interesting) evidence of restoring thick thighs and heavy buttocks to their former resilience, and beer bellies to athletic waists. Double chins, bags under the eyes, sagging flesh of all descriptions were given new leases of life. I was impressed.

I felt his eyes watching me. "It was a horse," I started to mumble.

"Turn your head," he said, ignoring me. Then he came around to where I sat, prodded my nose, pulled it, pinched it and finally pushed his little finger up my left nostril. "Hmm, ugly, isn't it?" he commented. "Very interesting, though. A family characteristic?"

I finally got to explain about the brumby and the rodeo.

"Go into the other room and lie down. I'm going to take a cast of it."

He painted some anti-stick compound over my nose, then covered it with plaster of Paris. "Don't touch or twitch your nose until I get back." He turned and left. I turned my attention to the walls of the ante-room. There was more photographic evidence of the surgeon's art – a picture of Elizabeth Taylor in youthful bloom beside that of an aspiring double; more breasts, profiles, ears, chins, noses. He returned to lift the hardened cast from my face, and I followed him into the surgery, where he studied it.

"How do you want it?" he asked bluntly. "What shape?"

I was completely unprepared. In my ignorance, I had assumed he would naturally restore it to the original shape which, of course, he'd never seen. So here was a chance to rectify both my previous droop plus the damage from the rodeo.

"Nice and straight, not bowed – sort of classical," I said. "Can you do it do you think?"

"I'll have to re-break it, whittle down the ridge, tie a knot on either side of the tip to lift it. Yes, I think it will be a fine nose."

"Will there be any scars?"

"Not a line. It will all be done through the nostrils and you won't even have a black eye. The operation will take a little more than half an hour, and you'll have to spend three days in hospital. Come back at 4pm a week from today, and I'll operate the next morning."

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The week of waiting was one of doubt and agony. One half of me said I should be proud of my battle scars; the other half argued that if He had intended us to ride in rodeos, He would have given us spongy, boneless noses. But He hadn't. Then again, if He had not intended us to undergo rhinoplasty, He wouldn't have given my surgeon his talent. The argument seemed futile and pointless, so I bought my first pair of pyjamas since National Service days, packed my bag and surrendered my body to science.

I was directed to a ward containing three other patients in the small, private hospital behind the surgeon's rooms. There appeared to be at least three nurses to each patient, and they were all young and nubile. Which is perhaps why they gave me two pills to put me out for the night. The night sister woke me at 5am and told me to take a shower. I was given a cup of tea, handed a theatre gown to wear in place of my pyjama top, and then given a red capsule, presumably to knock me out all over again.

They came for me at 8.30, two of the visions in white, and wheeled me to the theatre, where the anaesthetist waited. A needle went into the back of my hand. I faded out.

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The horse reared and rolled on top of me, pinning my left leg. "Get the bastard off me!" I shouted. I panicked as I tried desperately to move. My arms were also pinioned by the horse's weight. Then a cool hand touched my brow and I gradually fought my way back to reality. I was back in the ward, my arms strapped firmly to the side of the bed.

"How do you feel?" asked one of the visions in white.

"Woozy," I mumbled. My nose felt enormous under the bandages, and I managed to mutter some statement about how uncomfortable it felt.

"That's a steel cap so you won't damage it," she said. "We tied you down so you wouldn't pull it off while you were out."

The surgeon came the following day. I went cross-eyed trying to see my new nose as he removed the bandages, then took a pair of tweezers and pulled out two long, bloodied plugs from my tender nostrils.

"They were just to reinforce the shape for the first few hours," he reassured me. "Tomorrow, I'll remove the cap, then tape the nose down so it can grow together again, then you can go home. Don't bang it, and don't go swimming for a while. Come back and see me in a week."

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I'm a new man now. God forgive me my vanity, but this new nose pleases me greatly, and I no longer feel any need to hide. I can hold my head up with pride. The night is warm and beautiful, and if I can tear myself away from the bathroom mirror, I just might go out and let the world at large see the true benefits of rhinoplasty – nose jobs, to you.

A "nose job" will cost anything from $205 to $495 (the figures are AMA guidelines for its members), depending on the amount of work entailed. As a spokesman put it, it depends on whether you "have your nose squashed flat as a pancake, or whether you simply have a nose which doesn't quite meet society's standards of acceptance". Provided you carry normal health insurance, you'll get all but about $20 back.

"I think it's only fair to tell you that I'm an old-fashioned girl, Rodney. I only ball on the first date in the missionary position."

Andrea

As a child star Andrea L'Arronge has played more than 30 roles on German television. But she has always had one unfulfilled dream — to play Robinson Crusoe's daughter on a tropical island. To climb palm trees, wear beads made from shells and drink coconut milk. PLAYBOY was delighted to help Andrea fulfil her dream . . . on the remote island of Little Bandos in the Maldives, southwest of Sri Lanka. Andrea was ecstatic when it all came

Photography by Herbert Hesselmann

"I first tried to seduce a man when I was only 15. I was up to my nose in a bubble bath at the time. Unfortunately the whole thing was ruined by my father, who surprised us in the bathroom and threw my hopeful lover out."

true. She was soon roaming wild and free. With no clothes, she had no worries about fashion problems and even no need of a comb for her hair. And the absence of tourists made it idyllic for Andrea till one night she had a disturbing dream. "I awoke in my bamboo hut, and beside me was a black man who caressed me. I screamed out loud, 'shame on you, Friday,' and he ran away." Man Friday must also have had his dream — and surely it wasn't to stumble across Robinson Crusoe, but his beautiful daughter!

"My idea of paradise is to be on a deserted island. One day a ship will be wrecked and the only person to survive will be the dream man I've been awaiting. For the rest of our days, we'll make idyllic love in the wilderness . . ."

YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE

LIBRA

JUGGLING THE weights could well be a full-time occupation as Librans are in for a busy year of new faces, fields and conquests. Don't grow ulcers as you dart from pillow to post-mortem in a mad whirl of sexual conquest and self-examination. The presence of planets Pluto and Saturn will have a purging effect, producing some clarity of thought for putting past, present and future into realistic perspective. This will produce a desire to reshape your personality and approach to do what you enjoy rather than what others imagine you are good at. Knowing your own mind will be important if you are to have any success.

Don't indulge your desire for irrational impulses because it is bound to upset your long-term plans for scoring some bed space alongside that all-important woman. If you cannot help yourself, make sure you give way to someone who is at least likely to preserve your reputation — if not your virtue. Warning: there is indication that all manner of nasties are rampant on the social sex scene so just be very careful with whom you associate.

The festive season presents a feast of opportunities as fellow Librans become mesmerised by the pendulum-like swing of your prize piece. But danger lurks within the minds of those who would like nothing better than to see you beating a path up the aisle. And among those available ladies there is one who has ideas about permanency. The New Year will see you chasing thrills as beaverishly as ever and you will have a yearning to haul some of that hidden erotica out of the bottom drawer of your mind to display it for a receptive and kinky partner. The lure of experimentation might provide some interesting moments — particularly if it can be directed toward a definite goal.

Humdrum events will haunt the following months but when Jupiter the expander moves through your sign you will be left gasping at the huge amount of stimulation sparking between you and your partner. Bear this in mind for the remainder of the year and you will avoid any short circuits. An important tip for the whole year is that the background activity is more vital than up-front action. Therefore, it is vital that you are not swayed by rumor, false praise, or the unexpected happening.

Humor is the fulcum of many social situations and there will be certain girls who will find your sense of fun as the perfect entry to their chamber of sexual desire. There's great educational benefit to be found in watching those around you, particularly women, so beam in the optic nerve and tune the senses for regenerative action.

The year should be primed for novelty, adventure and the prospect of buckets of fun if you are prepared to dally in the right places.

THIS MONTH

be ready to haul the hidden erotica out of the bottom drawer of your mind to celebrate the festive season

— by arthur bowman

Illustration by Pat Nagel

CAPRICORN

The lonesome goat will be at the head of the queue when sexual favors are handed out this month. Ideally adapted for climbing on rather than off, there will be several sexual hills to conquer. With Venus in Virgo the virgin, almost anything is possible including plucking a prized pearl. Don't go counting on the one-night stand as a tension reliever because you will find yourself making foolish promises impossible to fulfil. You should be old and wise enough to avoid those familiar traps.

ARIES

Over-anxiety will bring you unstuck as you bait the trap for a Libran or a Leo. Just watch them flee into the bed of another as your randy ram nature rears its ugly head. A cool head and a casual approach will do the trick and make you a star of the stud. Keep the weapon peeled for any rampaging Taurean later in the month, who'll give you the chance to chew the fat over something sexual. It could mean the realisation of your favorite fantasy about green grass and scarlet women.

CANCER

You'll be scuttling into the backwaters for sly sex this month. To get away with it, you'll have to adopt a Taurean tactic and spread on a bit of the bull, which might sound trite but works like a leg-opener on receptive companions. Your sign might rule the breast but there are other parts of the anatomy which crave your caressing claw. The new moon on the ninth brings out the ruling moon in your nature to summon primitive urges in your partners. Any time and any place will be the rule.

SCORPIO

Extract the digit and sink the stinger. That should be the scorpion's campaign cry this month. Your sign is the host to Uranus and it might throw you off your stroke to have that sort of influence bobbing around so close to home. You're the kind who likes things done right so it would be embarrassing if your reputation for sexual excellence was really dragged through the mud. If last month's liaisons were a turn-on, wait till you get your crawlies on those lovely Leos coming your way.

AQUARIUS

Droplets of wisdom would be good enough but the torrent of verbal bilge which flows from the Aquarian suggests that he is not the sexually-liberated soul he professes to be. However, October presents the chance to right the matter and with Venus in vogue the channel should be beautifully lubricated for the easy passage of your desire. Mars offers the temptation to spill a bit of fluid for the sake of a friendship but be wide awake to the dangers of welcoming friends into your waterbed.

TAURUS

There's no bull like a young bull but regardless of age you'll find that heifer-humping is much to your liking. Venus is in your corner for a bit of sexual rampaging in the show ring. So whether you walk or run down the hill, make sure you sample as many of the herd as possible. Remember, one missed is one you'll never have. Your bull-roarer will be the talk of the turf and many will be keen to try it for size. Mid-October presents some sensational opportunities to get among the herd.

LEO

The lion's share should turn to a monopoly this month. Pure gluttony will not satisfy your sexual appetite but the effort will leave you a pale transparency of savage jungle beast. Somebody has got an elephant gun trained on your butt which should be warning enough for the king of beasts to question the loyalty of his subjects. Venus moves into the virgin sign after the fifth to present the green light for sexual overtime. You'll discover the most beautiful creatures are the most challenging.

SAGITTARIUS

October has always been a prime time to twang that arrow but with someone else taking aim for you, this one promises to be special. Exciting people and experiences are your prime targets and you'll be lodging bull's-eyes with every shot. Look for a rise in the room temperature after the 12th when Mars, ruler of the libido, romps in. Opportunity will thrust its inviting hips in your direction without warning. Your penchant for pussy should be well catered for on the 25th and 26th.

PISCES

Venus' passage through the virgin should put a spoke in your new plans for grappling out among the school this month. Fantasy and wishful thinking will be about as close as you will get to landing a big one so there is no point in wetting a line. While the month is devoid of any real challenge, there will always be those old reliables who lurk on the edge of the school waiting for your affections. So, if you're growing tired of taking yourself in hand, try nibbling at one of those old flames.

GEMINI

There's no mileage in emphasising your preference for pairs. Daily doubles are hard to score but trifectas are like hen's teeth. You've only got two hands, so don't be greedy. The casual Gemini has a reputation for taking it or leaving it but with your present stars you are going to find it hard to leave alone. Pitch in for a double shot in the cot and grab a slice of anything kinky offered. By burning the candle from both ends the twin will generate twice the light in only half the time.

VIRGO

Even the naive Virgo can't go wrong this month. If you can't follow the simple instructions, rest assured that the constant company of Venus will guide you in anything but virginal waters. The lust level will reach new heights with the new moon on the ninth and you'll tumble from bed to bed. Your lacklustre reputation will receive a fresh coat of paint as your sexual energy soars. A cautionary word for the 23rd . . . your ruler, Mercury, changes approach so prepare to seek cover.

Barry Humphries'

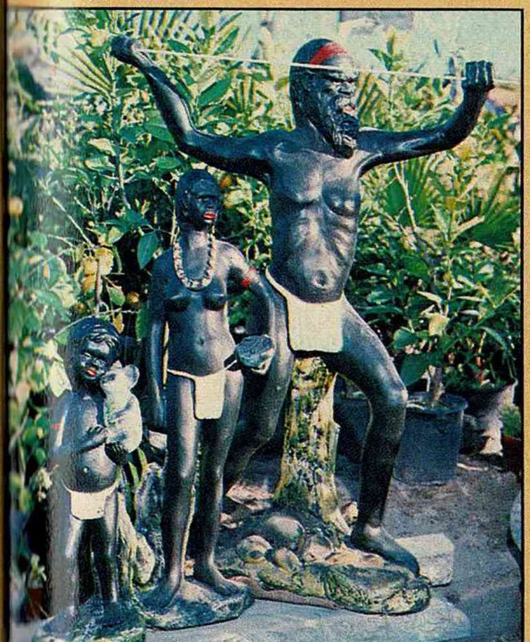
Treasury of Australian

Kitsch

"A new dawn has broken. Here, in this compendium of images, is the first cultural encephalograph of the Australoid Race — a sign of permanence in this epoch of cosmic transience. Here in this family treasury is a feast delicately balanced to give full gustatory prominence to each exquisitely culled ingredient and to satisfy even the most esurient art gourmand."
—The author.

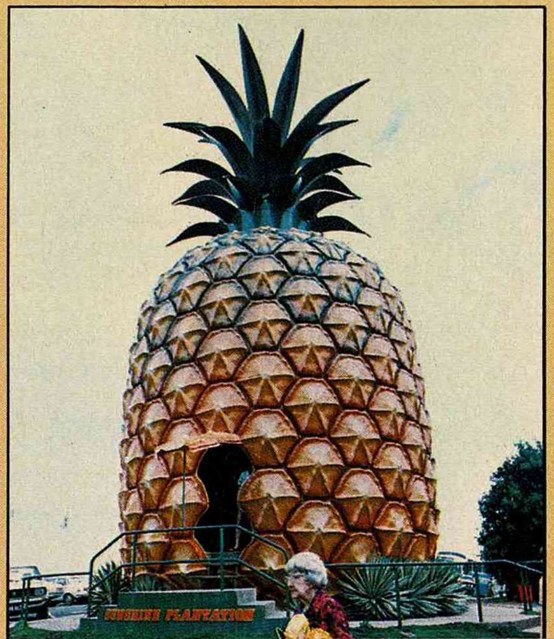
Left: Beau Brummel, Australian-style: the every-day habiliments of a Southern Hemispheric He-man. Most thinking Australian men prefer to don apparel which celebrates some zoological, technological and topographical aspect of their unique environment.

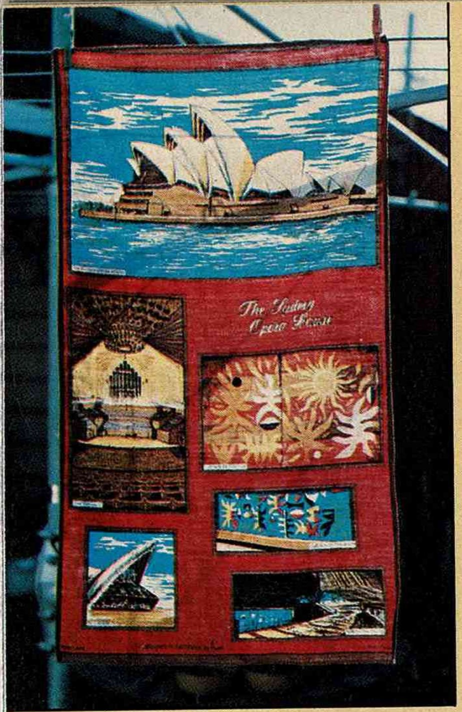
Below: Brass name-plate for an Australian suburban villa, *circa* 1910, featuring popular local fauna — in this case, two jovial Australian kookaburra birds (q.v.) with a reptile-framed name panel descending from their beaks. Artist untraceable as this manuscript went to press.



A range of popular garden ornaments (left). Marsupial optional.

At right, a typical Queensland home.





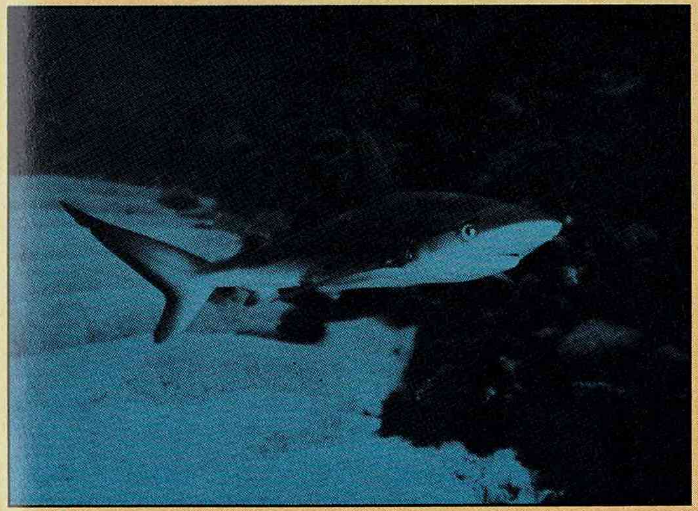
Left: Utilitarian Art. This lovely textile, hand-painted with evocative native scenes, is here displayed on the most successful piece of mobile sculpture ever wrought by an Australian hand — Hill's "Rotary Clothes Hoist" *(circa?).*

Right: What the sacred Mount Fuji was to Utamaro and Hokusai, the skylines of Sydney and Melbourne are to the weavers and *tapissiers* of the south-east.

Above: The smoking jackass. Nothing is too much trouble for Australian birdlife, whose quality of helpfulness is vividly portrayed in this cigarette ejector and popular smoker's aid (ideally used with a koala ashtray).

Left: Newly arrived Eastern Mediterraneans have applied themselves, and their age-old skills, to the creation and the embellishment of soft furnishings. The demand for these educational upholstered visual aids in hand-painted velvet has soared, to the extent that many bear a Japanese signature stamp.

Above: Merino mules. These universally worn flocculent foot-warmers are not solely favored by the Australian housewife *en déshabillée.* The invitingly dark and humid interiors of these popular "environments for the feet" are a greatly favored nesting place for the deadly slipper spider.



Above: The "gummy" shark or *Carcharhinus galapagenis.* The extraordinary popularity of this huge Australian fish may well be attributable to its absence of teeth.

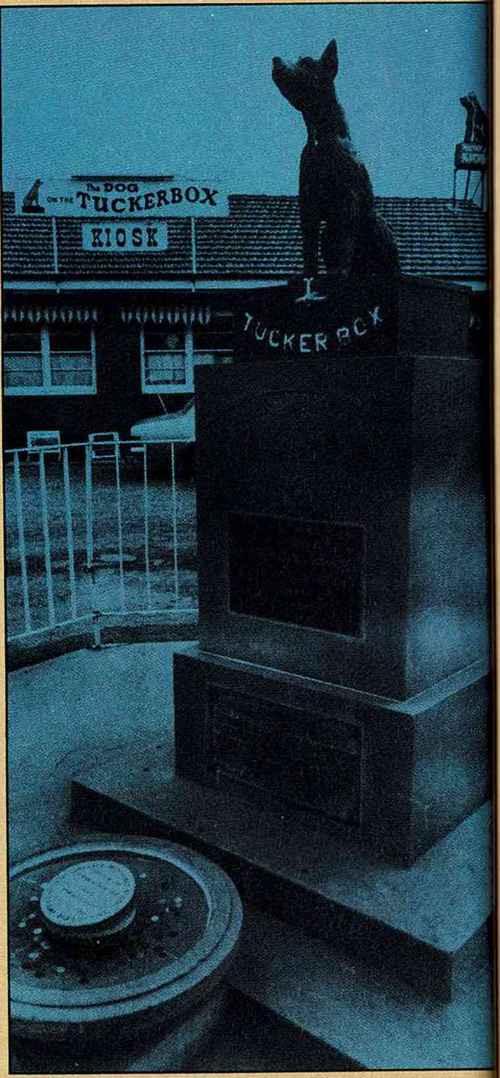
Left: The wrought ironsmiths of Australia are the envy of other nations. This comparatively restrained example was inspired by the Commonwealth's nocturnal insect life, in the shape of a life-size representation of a harmless Melbourne Marmite moth.

Above: Few discerning Australians would evacuate their dottle into any receptacle other than a ceramic gum-leaf, or accept cream if not proffered from the beak or the muzzle of one of their more beloved marsupials.

Above: Marsupial as money box. In the antipodes, it is not generally known that the kangaroo is emblematic of thrift and far-sightedness. Nor is it generally known that the exhortation "look before you leap" is from an aboriginal pictograph.

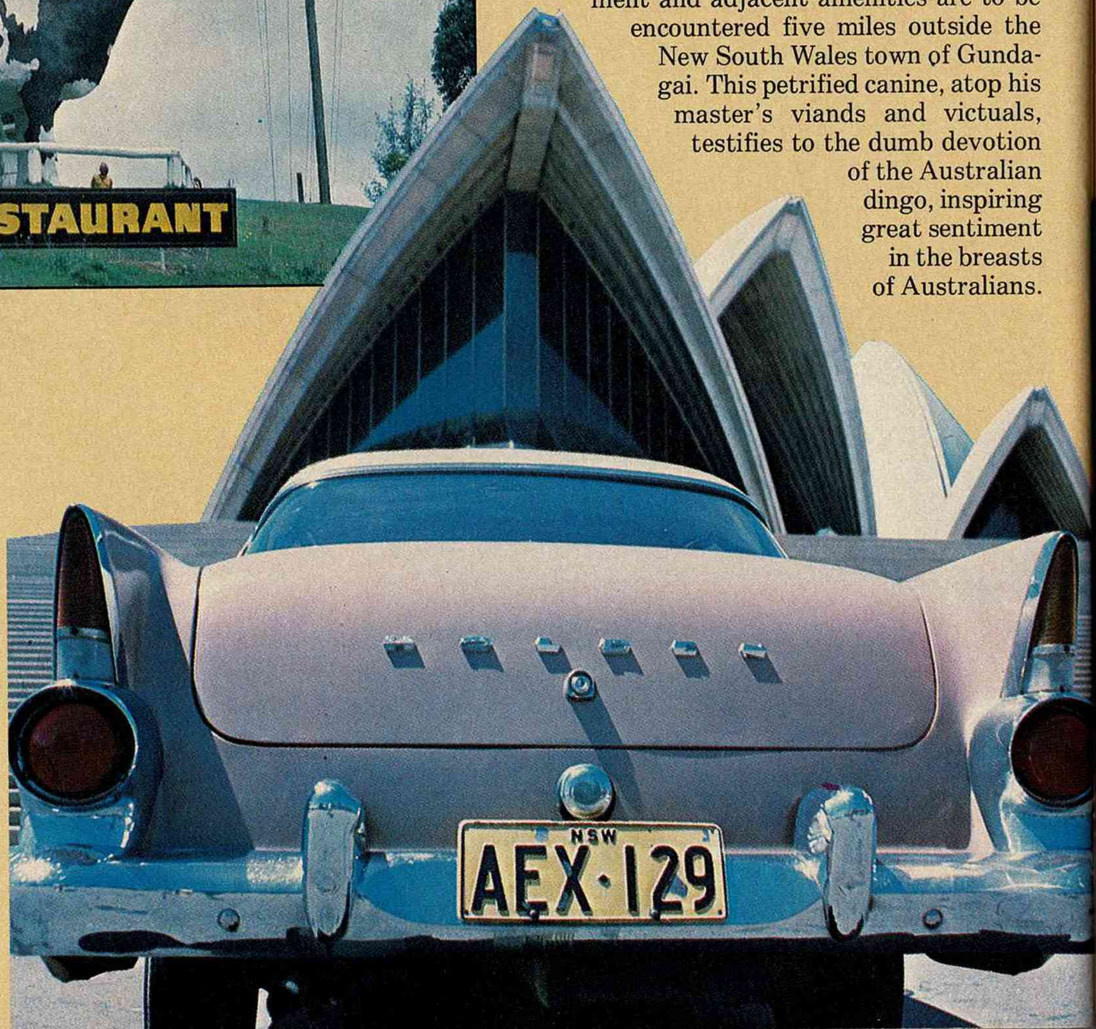
Height: 9¾"
Material: Fibrous plastic
Made in Hong Kong

Australia's breakfast companion: the ubiquitous koala-up-a-gum-tree catsup dispenser, in realistic hand-crafted biscuit-ware.



Above: Australia's best loved monument and adjacent amenities are to be encountered five miles outside the New South Wales town of Gundagai. This petrified canine, atop his master's viands and victuals, testifies to the dumb devotion of the Australian dingo, inspiring great sentiment in the breasts of Australians.

Above: A striking, and not un-typical, up-state diner and its grassy plaza, in a land of many delightful surprises. The building itself is imaginatively constructed to resemble an Australian cow.

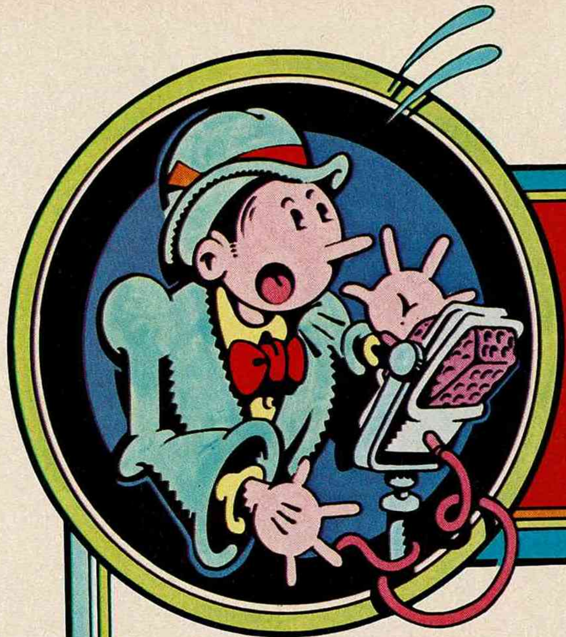


Right: In the fifth decade of the 20th century, Australian design took its Great Leap Forward. Here, juxtaposed, are two milestones in antipodean styling — the Australian-based Holden saloon *(foreground)* and the Sydney Opera House, Casino and multi-purpose Conference, Function and Convention Complex *(rear)* (q.v.). Note striking stylistic affinities.

The *corps de ballet* at the Sulphide Welfare Club, Newcastle. They are, left to right: Gay McNaughton, Joan Collins, Lola Anderson, Jean Forde and Thea Johanson. Marching — while not yet compulsory in freedom-loving Australia — is warmly encouraged by State leaders (with the exception, perhaps, of Queensland). Apparel the average Australian in a spruce uniform, strike up the music, and a gay spectacle will unfold, whatever the age or sex of the participants.

Above: A range of typically elaborate and exceedingly beautiful eyewear is modelled here by a group of persons photographed at random outside a Kalgoorlie conference centre and casino complex.

Barry Humphries' Treasury of Australian Kitsch, first published 1980 by The Macmillan Company of Australia Pty Ltd. Rec. retail $16.95.



GREAT GULP! GAFFES

humor by Tony Maguire

radio stars may fade away . . . but the on-air bloopers they make are immortalised in private tapes we were able to get our hands on . . .

WE NOW HAVE a new Pope. John Paul II becomes the first *non-Catholic* pontiff in 456 years." This utterance shook listeners of the Catholic-owned 2SM radio station in Sydney one morning as Steve Liebman mistook the word "Italian" for "Catholic". In radio parlance, his *faux pas* was a "blooper" — an on-air clanger which usually makes the person behind the microphone turn a deep shade of red and the listening public fall to the floor laughing. (With Liebman's blooper, however, some of the listeners may have fallen to the floor with coronaries).

Such moments are carefully preserved on tape by production staff, who often swap copies of prize bloopers with colleagues at other stations. So the bloopers live on to amuse a strictly limited audience and always plague the perpetrators . . . or victims.

Many bloopers simply result from an unfortunate choice of words. Take this example by a well-spoken and matronly-sounding lady enthusing on ABC radio about her favorite city: "I just find Perth the one place I'll always be rooted in. I think it's a pretty marvellous place to be rooted."

A blooper of the same genre occurred during an interview between former New Zealand Prime Minister Sir John Marshall and ABC journalist Margot Marshall (no relation). It was during a time of local protest over French nuclear tests in the Pacific, and Ms Marshall asked Sir John: "Sir, what do you think of the action that's being taken by postal workers in Australia not to handle French letters?" A pregnant pause followed . . .

Much more common are the mispronunciations and misreadings of words which liven up news bulletins from time to time. According to one news service, "Lesbian forces" recently invaded Israel; a weather forecaster predicted "incest and rain" instead of "incessant rain". And in the 1960s a 2GB news reader stated: "Canberra police believe the man they want to *murder* in connection with Saturday's milk bar murder — I'm sorry, that should read 'the man they want to *interview* in connection with Saturday's milk bar murder' — is being sheltered by friends."

Many of the funniest on-air cock-ups are no fault of the announcers, being brought about by circumstances over which they have no control . . . like a visit from Spike Milligan. Milligan, who had just recorded an interview for ABC radio, was permitted to sit in on the reading of the news in brief by staff who should have known better. He soon had beads of sweat breaking out on the brow of news reader Rod McNeill. Here's how the news went that day: *The Prime Minister, Mr McMahon, arrived back in Australia today after his overseas tour. He told newsmen at Kingsford Smith Airport, Sydney, that he could not have had more valuable discussions with both President Nixon and the British Prime Minister, Mr Heath.*

Interjection: What about Spike Milligan?

Mr McMahon refused to comment when asked about criticism of him by two former ministers, Mr Gorton and Mr Killen.

And Spike Milligan.

The Prime Minister was met at the airport by his two children . . .

. . . and Spike Milligan . . .

. . . *and members of the cabinet, including the Treasurer, Mr Snedden, and Spike Milligan.*

(That kept Milligan quiet for the next 20 seconds or so, but he quickly made up for lost time by making even more outrageous interjections).

In their foreword to the 1971-72 edition of Jane's Weapons Systems, *the editors say pressure for cuts in defence spending in some western countries is at least partly responsible for the improved Soviet position.* — What position is that?

Australia's international airline, Qantas, has been awarded a trophy by the British Guild of Air Pilots for its safety record. — Thirty-three crashes.

And so it went on. By the end of the bulletin, McNeill was a glassy-eyed wreck and the ABC commissioners were getting the first calls from Qantas and other parties.

Peter James, while recently employed as a newsreader at Melbourne's 3AW (he now works for 3UZ), went through a similar trauma, although in James' case the provision of extra material would have been welcomed:

"This is the Macquarie Network, 3AW — people to people radio, where news makes conversation . . . and there will be a slight delay because I've lost the news. What have I done with it? Um . . . ha, ha! Can anybody see it? Help me! Er . . . well, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ad-lib it or sing or do something. I haven't got it! Er . . . ha, ha, ha! There will be a slight technical delay . . . don't go away, will you?"

Eventually, James' newsroom colleagues located the bulletin they should have left by his microphone, and the news was read. In other cases, however, broadcasters become the victims of outright sabotage by their workmates. A favorite trick is to set bulletins and scripts on fire while they're being read. Another is for a colleague to suddenly appear at the studio window with a huge saveloy dangling from his flies. Such pranks often account for the helpless fits of the giggles which occasionally grip radio people.

The record for an on-air break-up is seven minutes, and the blooper tapes I've listened to feature many close contenders. Some break-ups have been caused by scripted items with sexual innuendoes. True professionals, however, are able to come out with outrageous things and get away with it through a deadpan presentation. Take this

"The dead man was still alive only minutes before ambulancemen arrived on the scene." — 2UE.

"Mr Segovia, how long have you been playing the cigar?" — 2GB.

"I've been away 13 months and circumcised the world." — lone yachtsman interviewed on the ABC.

"Barry Rocard asked Morris West about his fart in the film productions." — Max Ambrose, 2GB.

"It's the greatest thing on wheels." — 2SM announcer covering the arrival of the liner QEII in Sydney harbor.

"What's that hairy little thing you've got between your legs?" — 2GB's Andrea interviewing a female guest who had a small dog in her lap.

"The woman was bitten on the funnel by a fingerweb spider." — ABC newsreader.

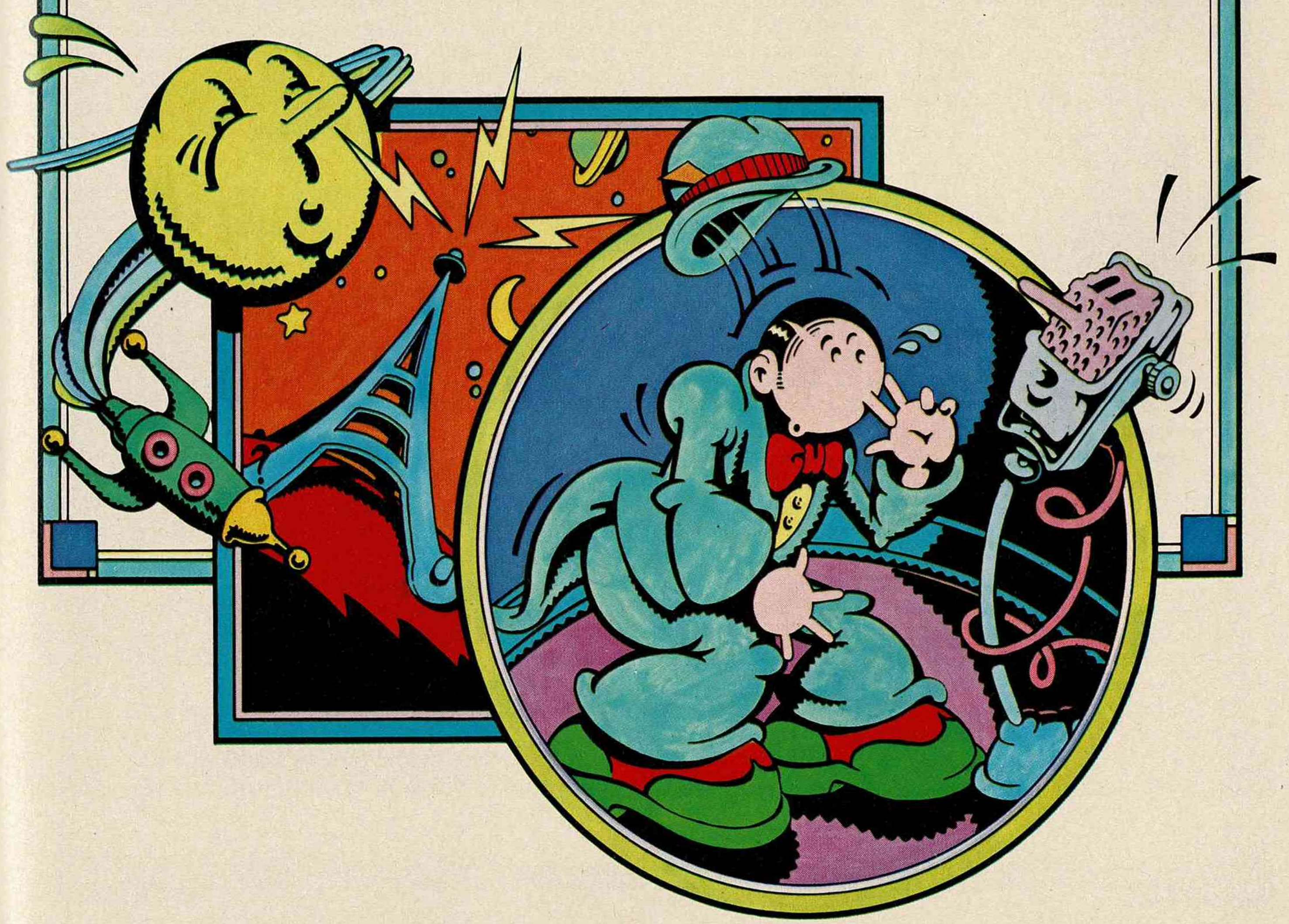
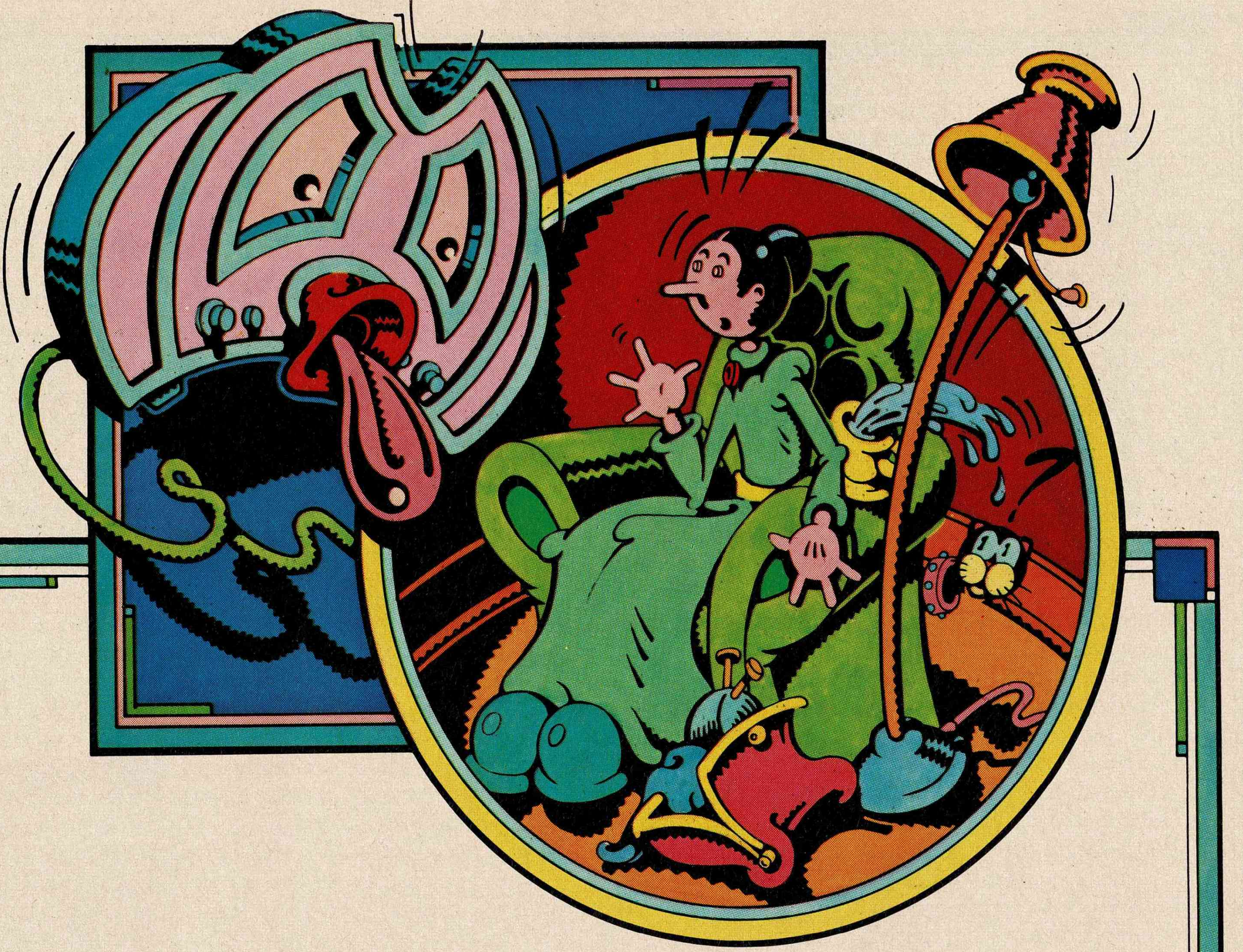


Illustration By Geoffrey Kelly



excerpt from an ABC radio show in which a male announcer gives details of decimalization in the African state of Malawi: *"Their main unit is going to be called a* Kwatcha, *which is Malawi for 'dawn'. It will be sub-divided into 100* Kambala, *which is Malawi for 'cock' . . . as in 'rooster'. So 100 cocks to one dawn — funny how they think of these things."*

Yes, professionalism is a great help. It preserved the dignity of ABC newsreader Paul Maclay who gave a huge gulp as he began a bulletin. Said a bland-sounding Maclay: "I'm sorry about that — I've just swallowed some water the wrong way." And professionalism helped Barry Friedman while working on Sydney's 2GB to override the embarrassment he felt after introducing a voice report from a New Zealand journalist he believed was called Gary Cavell. But the piece, about a big drugs bust on the North Island, was recited by a girl who signed off as Gay Cavell. Friedman said: "Sorry Gary, I didn't realise you were Gay."

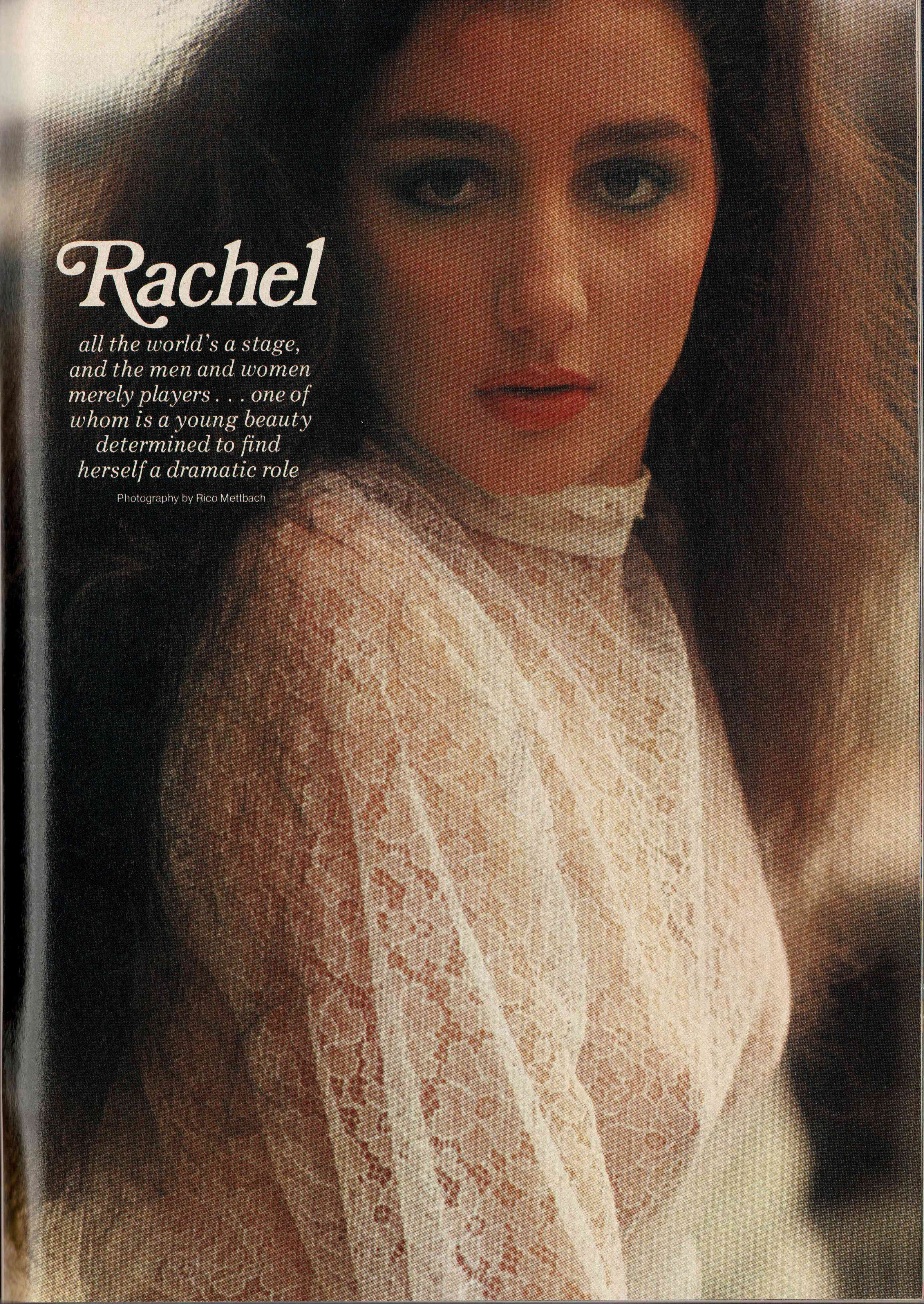
Then there's complete lack of professionalism, exemplified in a stunt which a DJ on Melbourne's 3XY pulled on the midnight-to-dawn shift. It's not recorded for posterity on tape, however, because there was nothing to record — he fell asleep. After a minute or so, the emergency back-up tape came on, but it only lasted for an hour, and the DJ was still happily in the Land of Nod when it ran out.

Sydney DJ Ron E. Sparx wasn't exactly asleep when he did a voice piece from the Sunbury rock festival near Melbourne a few years back, but he sounded halfway there. Here's what he said after 2SM news reader Jim Angel announced the station was crossing over to its man on the spot: "It's Day Three at the Sunbury rock festival down here. There was sort of, er, Day One — that was Friday night, Day Two — Saturday, and now Day Three — Sunday. Shit! I'm not getting it at all. Aagh!" At this stage, Jim Angel intervened.

Former 2SM reporter Warwick Rankin presented an equally disastrous live voice piece from a fire at the Firestone tyre factory in Sydney. We pick it up half way through: ". . . at the Tyrestone — Firestone tyre factory a short time ago, a side wall collapsed, exposing hundreds — jeez — thousands, really, of tyres burning in this great blaze out here in Camperdown. From the scene here in Camperdown at the Tyre — at the Fire — Tyre — Fire — from the scene here at the Firestone tyre factory, it's Warwick Rankin for 2SM."

Moving on now to some calamitous moments in sports broadcasting . . . like the time a moth flew into Newcastle race caller John Gilmore's mouth in the feature race at Maitland with 300 metres to go. The insect lodged somewhere around Gilmore's tonsils and refused to be expelled, despite the series of guttural hawks and coughs which listeners were subjected to for the remainder of the race. Gilmore managed to spit out the name of the winning horse before he threw up.

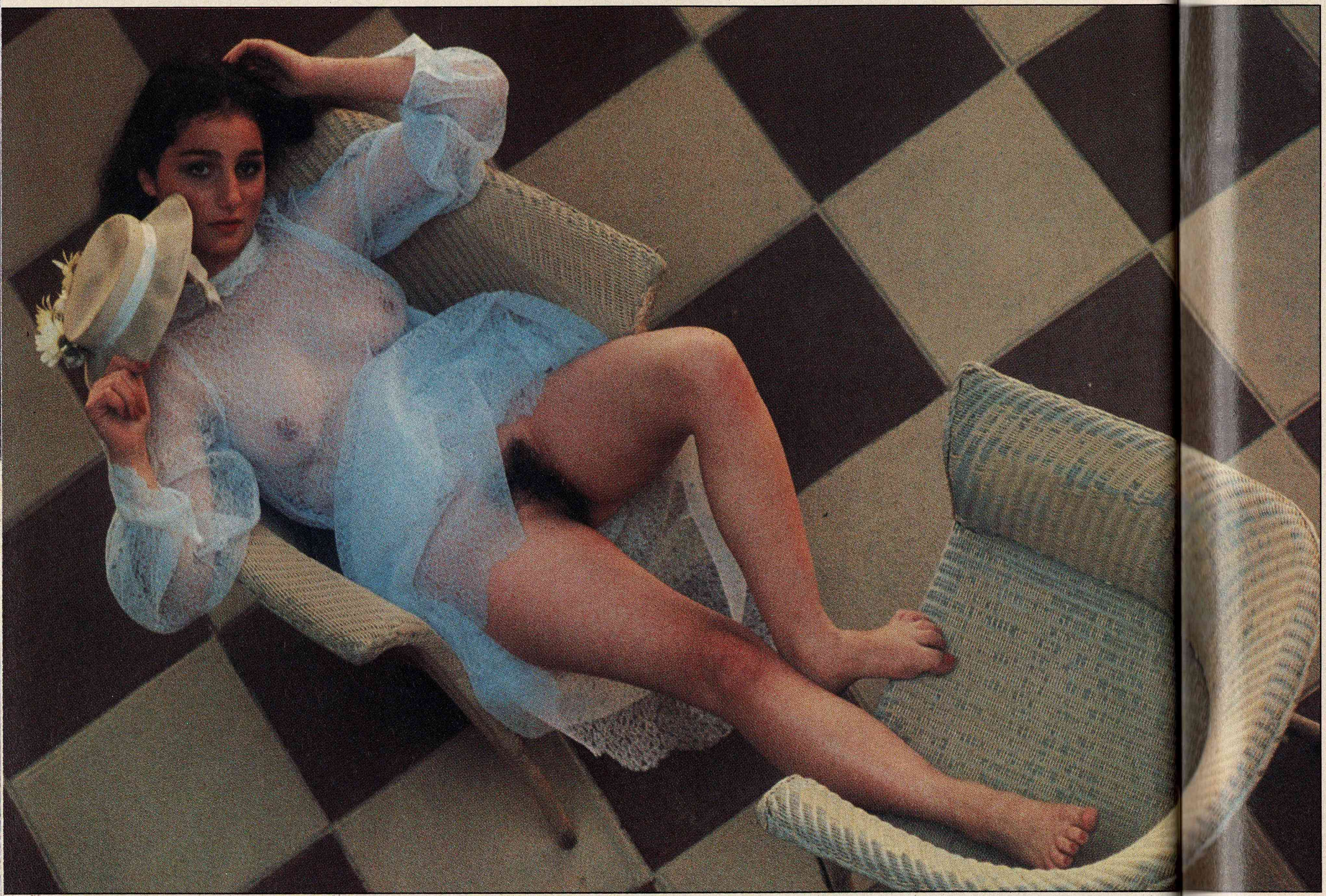
One of the best-known sporting bloopers came in an interview with Verity Charles, wife of New Zealand golfer Bob Charles. When asked whether she wished her husband luck before he began a round, she said: "Yes — I kiss his balls."



Rachel

all the world's a stage, and the men and women merely players . . . one of whom is a young beauty determined to find herself a dramatic role

Photography by Rico Mettbach



"I want a guy who can control me. I do not want to thumb him into the ground. A man should be able to control situations."

Rachel Ellis isn't looking for the quiet life. In fact, the more drama she can pack into her waking hours, the happier she is. The 18-year-old beauty wants to be a dramatic actress and has already played such intense characters as Scarlett O'Hara *(Gone With The Wind)*, Martha *(Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf)* and Lady MacBeth in amateur or school productions. When not being dramatic, Rachel is singing — at 15 she was on stage with country singer Lionel Long — or saving to go to Europe and America in search of dramatic openings. To that end she's been doing modelling, TV commercials and working as a waitress in a coffee lounge in Sydney's Kings Cross. Going to England, however, will be a homecoming for Rachel — her father is Iraqi and her mother

"Australian men are interested only in talking about themselves. They will never ask how you are."

English. She left there seven years ago to be with her mother in Australia. Having experienced different cultures, Rachel has a few harsh words for the Australian male. She says we lack etiquette. "That's one of the reasons I am leaving," she says. "The men here seem to push you down. They don't know how to treat a woman. I am not the type of person who likes to live on Big Bens and a can of beer. And I find the pot bellies extremely overbearing (overbeering?)." But then, Rachel likes to be a little dramatic.

GOUGH WHITLAM:

'Too Many Unions'

politicians — both liberal and labor — are the real cause behind most of australia's strikes

THE MOST prolific causes of strikes in Australia are simple — we have far too many unions, and an unwieldy system of industrial regulation that is fragmented between the Federal and State systems.

And although, over the years, judges have urged Federal and State Governments to legislate to redress all the problems of our ponderous industrial system, the politicians have done nothing. At present, only one politician, the NSW Premier Neville Wran, advocates genuine reform, but he is not supported by his cabinet or the NSW State Labor machine.

The trade unions are among Australia's oldest institutions, and like many institutions the unions have not moved or been allowed to move with the times. In many respects, Australian unions still reflect the craft organisations existing in Great Britain up to the turn of the century. Because the unions have been frozen, and perhaps isolated, by compulsory Federal and State arbitration systems, they have become less relevant to major Australian economic and social developments.

Why? Simply that there are too many unions for them to be effective. The Federal and State rules encourage proliferation. In some States, such as NSW and Queensland, a union or an employer group can actually constitute three separate legal entities: the State branch of the federally registered organisation, the State registered trade union and the State registered industrial union.

The numbers of unions amount to an institutional maze: there are 147 employee organisations registered under the Federal Act, 117 having branches in one or more of the four States which have a separate industrial registration system, and the big majority of these unions have registered branches functioning as unions under State acts.

In NSW alone, there are 124 employee organisations registered under the Trade Union Act — 113 are registered under the NSW Industrial Arbitration Act, while 50 function as branches of Federal organisations.

This multitude of trade unions hardly makes a contribution to industry and democracy comparable to the contribution made by the 16 unions in the Federal Republic of Germany or Austria or the Scandinavian countries. Of course, West Germany and Austria, both Federal systems, were only able to achieve a rational arrangement because a generation ago Adolf Hitler had crushed all of the old trade union organisations, and the Allies had crushed Hitler.

A similar number and framework of unions in Australia is very desirable. In fact, an appropriate structure already exists, via the Australian Bureau of Statistics, which publishes its industrial information under the following 15 industrial groups:

- Mining and Quarrying
- Engineering, Metals, Vehicles
- Textiles, Clothing, Footwear
- Food, Drink and Tobacco
- Sawmilling, Furniture, etc.
- Paper, Printing, etc.
- Other Manufacturing
- Building and Construction
- Railway Services
- Road and Air Transport
- Shipping and Stevedoring
- Communication
- Wholesale and Retail Trade
- Public Authorities, Services
- Amusements, Hotels, etc.

The consolidation of Australia's 300 unions into 15 would involve the amalgamation of most existing unions and the cross-registration of unions under both Federal and State Acts. It would be an act of reform and sanity.

The consequences of the Australian mess were spelt out on February 25, 1969, in the unamimous judgment of a full bench of the Commonwealth Industrial Court (Chief Judge Spicer and Justices Smithers and Kerr) in *Moore v Doyle.*

"... When factional differences arise in trade unions, or when it suits the interest of some litigant or litigants to do so, the Federal or State body can be attacked and its valid operation, its entitlement to assets, funds and membership, imperilled. Furthermore, the validity of membership in one body or the other may be difficult to establish . . . ," they said, and concluded: "A system of trade union organisation is urgently needed which would enable the one body to represent its relevant members in both the Federal and State arbitration systems."

As a result of this judgment, there was eventually established a working party between the Federal and the four States that have compulsory arbitration systems — Queensland, New South Wales, South Australia and Western Australia, and the Australian Council of Trade Unions (ACTU) and Australian Council of Employers' Federations, which had meetings between September 1970 and November 1972 to consider the problems raised by the judgment.

•

During the 1960s, trade unions registered under the Federal Act had from time to time amalgamated, but the Act had no provisions about amalgamation. However, when the Lynch laws were introduced in April 1972, they were found to include some unexpected provisions on amalgamation. The concept and content of

Illustration By Neil Curtis

the new amalgamation provisions were introduced by the now defunct Democratic Labor Party (DLP), which realised that the unions from which it drew support were losing ground.

The provisions were meant to impede rather than to facilitate amalgamations. In order to succeed, a proposal for amalgamation had to be put to a postal ballot of all members of the unions concerned. No fewer than half the members in each union had to return valid ballot papers and no fewer than half of those ballot papers in each union had to support the amalgamation.

It is an extremely protracted, expensive process to persuade more than half the members of any one organisation to return ballot papers (no such proportion is required for the amalgamation or restructuring of companies, life assurance societies, health funds or co-operatives).

The McMahon Government displayed its motives very blatantly a month after the Bill was introduced in the House, and while it was still being debated in the Senate. During this debate an amendment was introduced making the amalgamation provisions retrospective, thus aborting several current amalgamations.

In April 1973, my Government introduced some amendments to the Conciliation and Arbitration Act. Among these amendments was a provision that served to make it necessary merely for a majority of those voting on an amalgamation proposal to approve of the proposal. It would no longer be necessary for 50 percent of the enrolled membership to register a vote.

But the Senate rejected the Bill. It did not even discuss the amalgamation amendments. And no further attempts have been made to relax the Federal provisions. Yet the need to facilitate amalgamations is becoming more and more urgent.

At a NSW industrial relations conference in Bathurst in May this year a spokesman for the minerals and mining industry urged the Federal Government to change the law to make union amalgamation very much easier. He outlined the following advantages of amalgamation:

- An industry union will become acquainted with the nature and extent of problems peculiar to the industry.
- Officials of an industry union will know that industry and be better able to converse with management.
- The continued prosperity of an industry union (and of the union officials) is directly linked to the continued prosperity of the industry, whereas a craft union may be tempted to sacrifice one industry for a benefit it would like for the remainder of its members.
- Featherbedding practices such as trade demarcation, and stands taken by unions worried about keeping the numbers to preserve the positions of union officials, will cease. Demarcation disputes as opposed to union demarcation will all but be eliminated.
- A single union will have the authority to speak for the industry (not as we have now, where some industries have to carry out their negotiations with up to 15 unions).
- The more organisations involved, the greater is the overlap and duplication of administration and the less efficient is the coverage of the interests of employees and employers.

The Working Party considering the problems raised in *Moore* v *Doyle* issued its report in February 1974. It had reached no agreement. Five years had been wasted.

My Government immediately requested Mr Justice J. B. Sweeney of the Australian Industrial Court to carry out the examination which the Court proposed. We wanted him to recommend action to enable "the efficient functioning of employer and employee organisations under systems of Australian and State conciliation and arbitration and the efficient functioning of such systems."

"I cannot recall one favorable comment appearing about the unions in any of the media during my political life."

I was able to send the Premiers a copy of Justice Sweeney's report on July 18, 1974, and it was published on August 1, 1974. His recommendations for Federal parliamentary action were enacted on October 24, 1974, and the following day I advised the Premiers of NSW, Queensland, South Australia and Western Australia. We still needed legislation by their parliaments to complement the Federal legislation.

The judge pointed out the friction arising from competing Federal and State awards in all four States in meatworks, steel plants and building sites. He predicted the continuing closures of oil depots due to the rivalry in the Transport Workers' Union. He added that: "The existing complexities, difficulties and uncertainties do not make for democratic control nor do they encourage the full participation by members in the affairs of the organisation."

A comparison of the membership rules of the State-registered body and the Federally-registered body in 24 major unions in NSW demonstrated that "different persons are eligible for membership, different persons are entitled to attend meetings, different persons are entitled to be elected to office and indeed the electorates are different". The judge concluded that "an inter-union rivalry of this nature seems inevitably to lead to industrial disputes of considerable bitterness".

During the remainder of 1974 and through 1975 there were discussions and correspondence between the Federal and State ministers and officials concerning the implications of the judgment in *Moore* v *Doyle* and the matter of complementary Federal and State legislation recommended by Mr. Justice J. B. Sweeney. The South Australian Government announced that it now intended to prepare complementary legislation as was recommended by Justice Sweeney.

The matter was raised at a Conference of Ministers for Labor in November 1976. It was then agreed to consider the matter during another conference in February 1977. It was then found that NSW, Queensland and Western Australia were not proposing to introduce legislation. These same States repeated that attitude at a further conference held in September of 1977. Moreover, they indicated to the Federal minister, Mr Street, that they saw little profit in pursuing the matter any further. The Ministers for Labor have not since considered the matter.

Thus, the Federal obstruction to amalgamations, and NSW, Queensland and West Australian objections to cross-registration cause constant disruption of public services in power plants, oil refineries and public transport industries.

The most rational cure of our industrial malaise would be to tackle it at its core by having a referendum to vest industrial powers in the Federal Parliament. This has been suggested more than once by Mr Wran, who was one of the counsel appearing for the successful respondents in *Moore* v *Doyle.*

In June 1980, however, the NSW Conference of the Labor Party adopted a report from the Party's Industrial Committee which stated:

"The Committee has noted a recent trend whereby individuals have claimed that Australia's industrial relations problems would be lessened by the transfer of industrial relations regulation from the States to the Commonwealth. The Committee believes that close examination of all the issues that give rise to industrial disputes will not bear out this assumption.

"Unions with experience in both the New South Wales and Federal industrial relations systems will often strongly argue in favor of the New South Wales system because of its more flexible and immediate approach to industrial problems, its freedom from interference from conservative political forces, its wider constitutional base and the greater protection that it can afford to the individual worker in respect to reinstatement in employment," the report went on.

"The existence of both State and Federal systems operating side by side for over 75 years, while perplexing to some, poses no great problem to competent union officials or employer representatives.

"As the result of requests from a number of affiliated unions and because of the interest recently initiated in respect of this subject, the Committee declares its total opposition to any proposal directed to the transfer of the New South Wales industrial relations system to the Commonwealth."

The Committee believed that "the New South Wales Labor Government should not be seeking to hand over industrial power to the Fraser Government to the detriment of working people generally".

To understand how a Labor State conference can endorse so short-sighted and self-seeking a statement, it is necessary to realise that such conferences are often very finely balanced between the competing union representatives in attendance.

Industrial strife is not the only issue the NSW Labor Government has to fear. ALP supporters must face up to the fact that their express links with the trade unions are difficult to explain to electors, particularly in rural areas. The objective of the party should not be to sever its links with the unions but to enable unions to reduce the handicaps which those links impose on the party. The unions give more money to lawyers to represent them in inter- and intra-union disputes than to the ACTU to represent them in wage cases, or to the ALP and its candidates to fight the Liberal Party in elections.

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The media never report union affairs except to disparage them. Unionists do not give up their incomes without a strong sense of grievance; and yet it is only with the greatest difficulty that readers, listeners and viewers can learn what the grievances are. Once a strike occurs, readers are never informed what its real cause was. I cannot recall one favorable comment appearing about the unions in any of the media during my political life. The ALP is lumbered with this constant campaign. The Australian Medical Association (AMA), the transnationals, the corporate criminals are overwhelmingly supporters of the Liberal Party and in numberless notorious cases have been actively associated with them. Yet the Liberals escape the odium and opprobrium.

Liberal governments believe that it is in their interest to maintain the legislative straitjackets, Federal and State, within which the unions are compelled to operate. They are aware that the situation is a recipe for demarcation disputes between the unions, and public exasperation with the Labor Party which is perceived to be associated with the unions. There are also small vested interests in the unions, such as the National Civic Council and the various communist parties, which manipulate the present system. Apart from the political advantages and disadvantages in the present union structure, there are overriding national considerations in favor of amalgamating and cross-registering unions.

"The incidence of industrial disputes will not be reduced until a Federal Government puts the issue directly to its electors."

Our shipping and shipbuilding industries are now overwhelmingly in foreign hands — only 3.6 percent of our imports and 0.3 percent of our exports were carried by Australian flag vessels in 1975/76 — because it takes the members of half a dozen unions to load a ship in an Australian port, members of another half dozen unions to operate the ship when it puts to sea, and the members of 20 unions to build a ship.

Our surface and air transport services in Australia are disproportionately expensive and inefficient but, unlike the maritime industries, can't easily be left to outsiders to operate. Federal instrumentalities are among the principal victims. In Qantas, management has to negotiate with 23 unions, in TAA with 21, in the Australian National Railways with 18 and in the Australian National Line with 12 unions.

In each case, a dispute between the management and one union can bring all operations to a standstill for all the other unions.

At a time when even Federal and State conservative governments have conceded the necessity of taking steps to co-ordinate laws covering the operations of companies, it is all the more anomalous that entrenched interests, Federal and State, Liberal and Labor, are so reluctant to take comparable steps to co-ordinate laws covering the operations of unions; there are as many troglodytes on trade union committees of management as in board rooms.

It is now more than 11 years since three judges urged the Federal and State parliaments to solve the intractable problem. It is six years since another judge proposed solutions which the State governments have rejected. While it is conceivable that these judges may not be infallible, Australians continue to be faced with a situation on which no other analysis has been proferred and no other solution suggested.

The ramifications of the problem are not disappearing or diminishing. It is becoming more and more imperative to give the electors of the whole nation the opportunity at a referendum to endow the Federal Parliament with the power to make up comprehensive and contemporary laws within which Australian trade unions can operate.

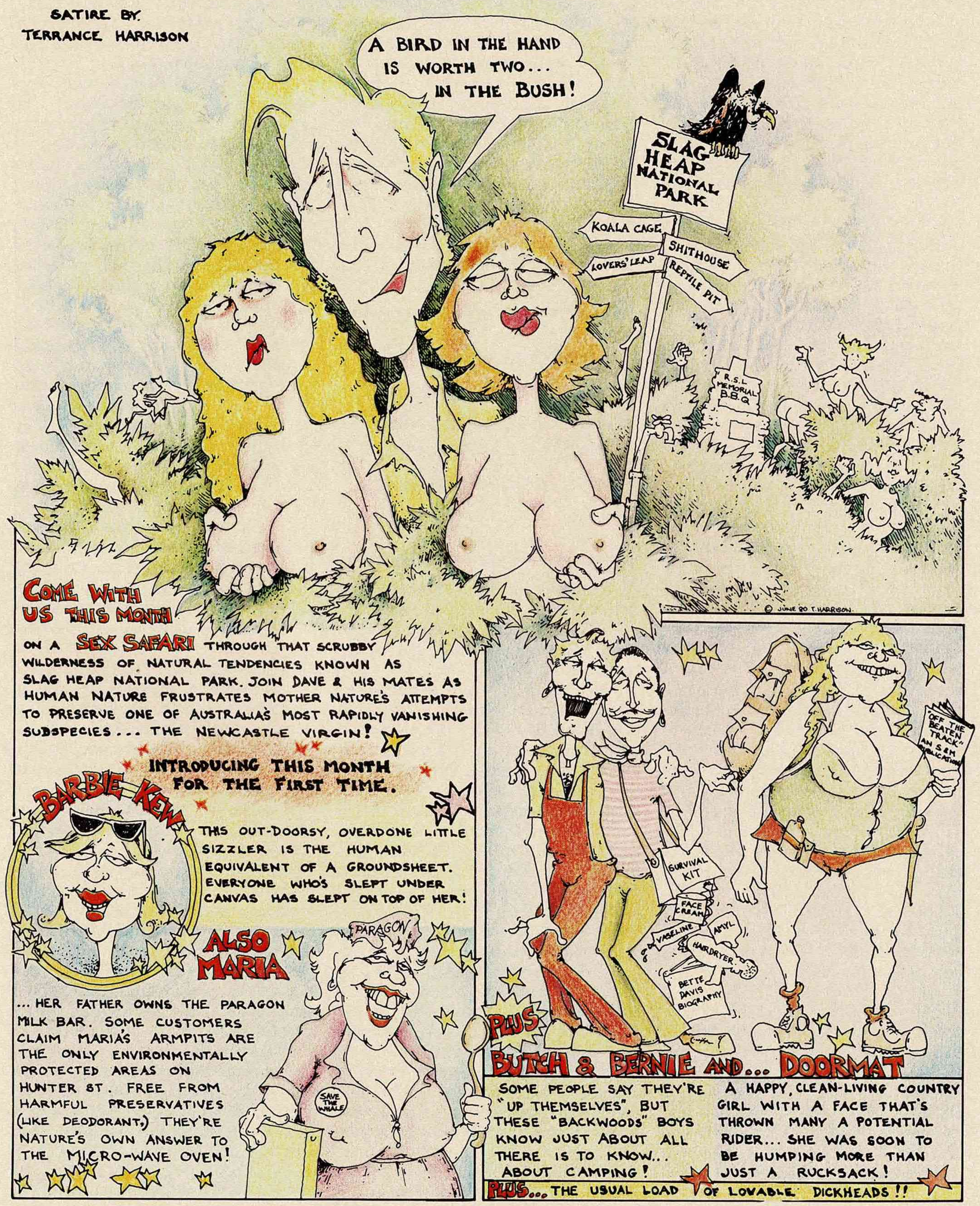
Mr Fraser has not been deterred from having a referendum on the issue by the attitude of the Labor Party but by the attitude of the Premiers of Queensland and Western Australia. It is still not too late for him to sponsor a referendum on industrial powers at this year's general election. As the governments of Queensland and of Western Australia have refused to respond to these suggestions by the judiciary, it is time for the Federal Government to go over their heads to their electors.

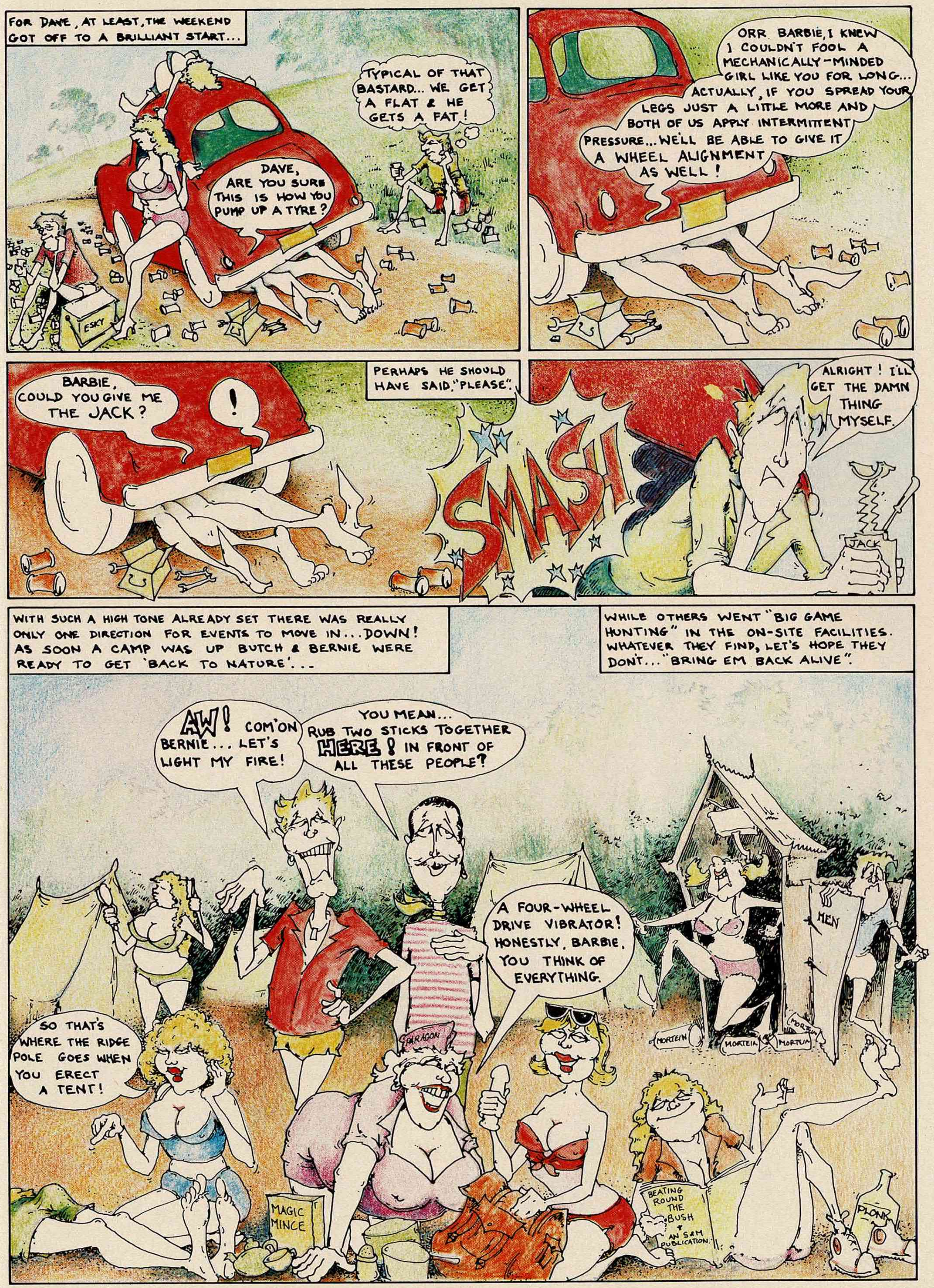
There is no reason to believe that Queenslanders support Mr Bjelke-Petersen in all he does.

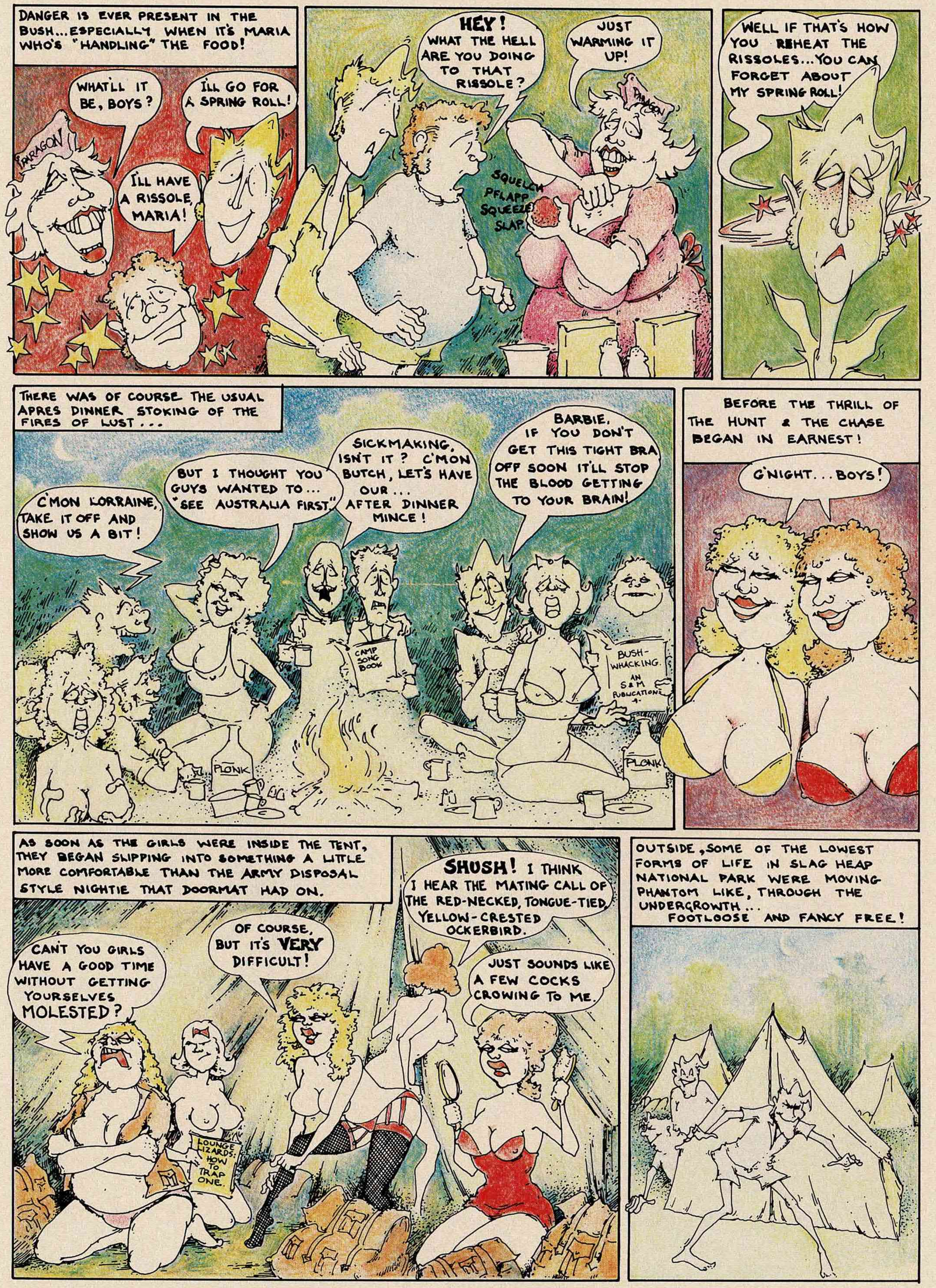
The most prolific cause of industrial disputes in Australia will not be removed, and the incidence of all industrial disputes in Australia will not be reduced, until a Federal government, Liberal or Labor, puts the issue directly to the electors. If a referendum is not held at this year's general election, one of the issues at that election should be which party in government will at last let the people have a voice on an issue which no Federal government at present has the power, and no State government has had the will, to solve.

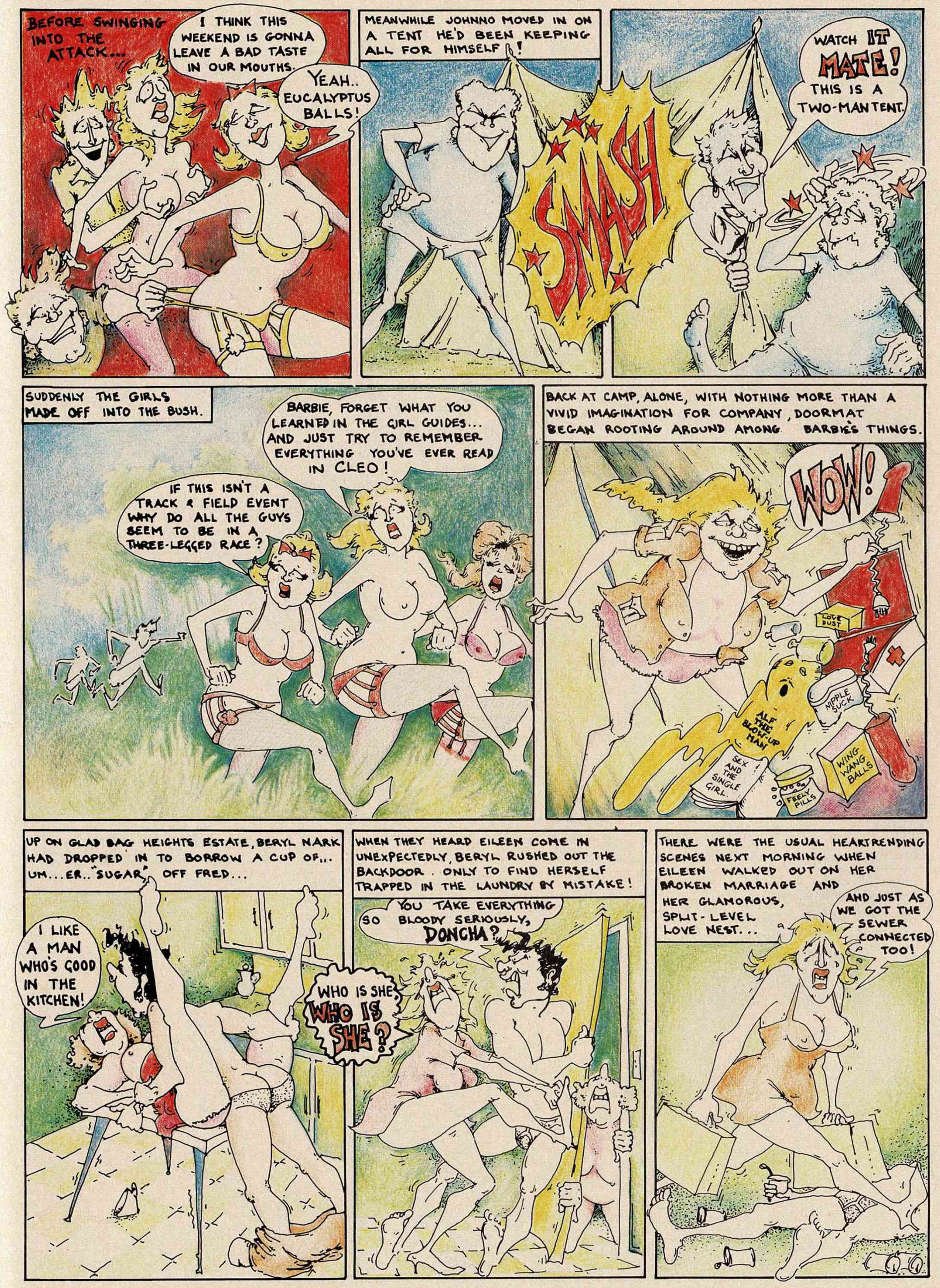
DAVE THE RAVE

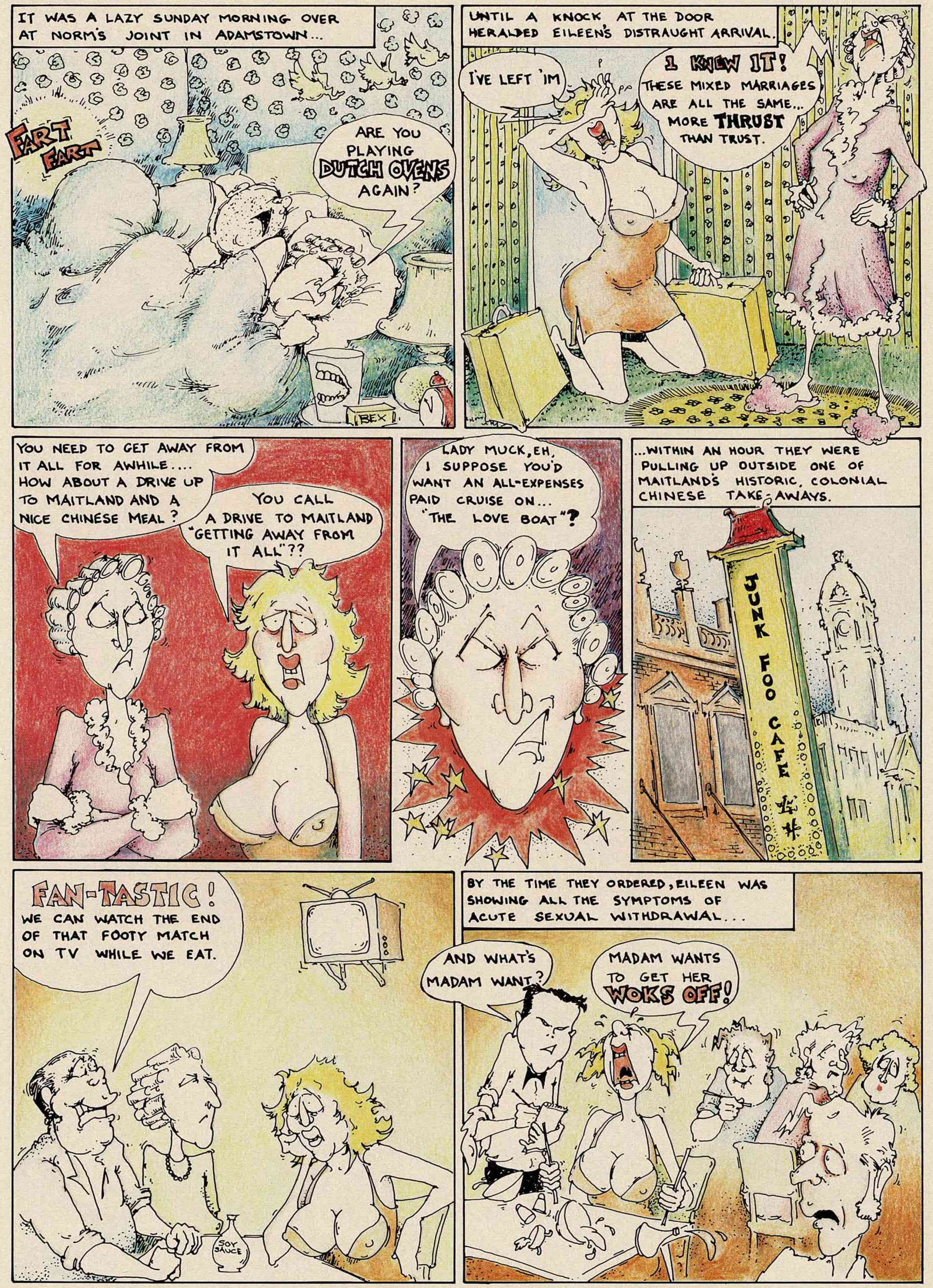
SATIRE BY:
TERRANCE HARRISON



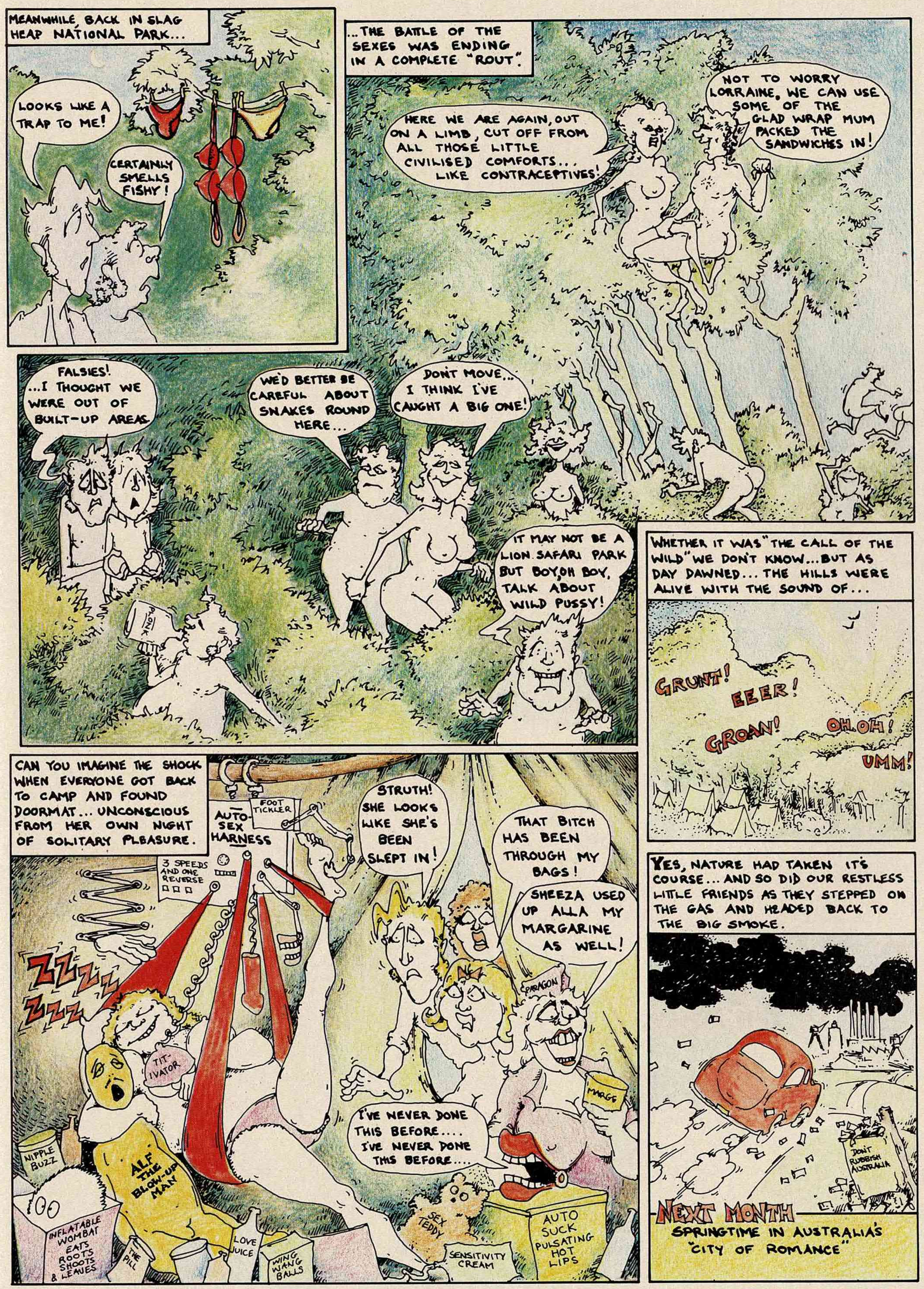



DANGER IS EVER PRESENT IN THE BUSH... ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S MARIA WHO'S "HANDLING" THE FOOD!
WHAT'LL IT BE, BOYS?
I'LL GO FOR A SPRING ROLL!
I'LL HAVE A RISSOLE, MARIA!
PARAGON
HEY! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING TO THAT RISSOLE?
JUST WARMING IT UP!
SQUELCH PFLAPP SQUEEZE SLAP
PARAGON
WELL IF THAT'S HOW YOU REHEAT THE RISSOLES... YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT MY SPRING ROLL!
THERE WAS OF COURSE THE USUAL APRES DINNER STOKING OF THE FIRES OF LUST...
C'MON LORRAINE, TAKE IT OFF AND SHOW US A BIT!
BUT I THOUGHT YOU GUYS WANTED TO... "SEE AUSTRALIA FIRST"
SICKMAKING, ISN'T IT? C'MON BUTCH, LET'S HAVE OUR... AFTER DINNER MINCE!
BARBIE, IF YOU DON'T GET THIS TIGHT BRA OFF SOON IT'LL STOP THE BLOOD GETTING TO YOUR BRAIN!
CAMP SONG BOOK
BUSH-WHACKING. AN S&M PUBLICATION
PLONK
PLONK
BEFORE THE THRILL OF THE HUNT & THE CHASE BEGAN IN EARNEST!
G'NIGHT... BOYS!
AS SOON AS THE GIRLS WERE INSIDE THE TENT, THEY BEGAN SLIPPING INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE THAN THE ARMY DISPOSAL STYLE NIGHTIE THAT DOORMAT HAD ON.
CAN'T YOU GIRLS HAVE A GOOD TIME WITHOUT GETTING YOURSELVES MOLESTED?
OF COURSE, BUT IT'S VERY DIFFICULT!
SHUSH! I THINK I HEAR THE MATING CALL OF THE RED-NECKED, TONGUE-TIED, YELLOW-CRESTED OCKERBIRD.
JUST SOUNDS LIKE A FEW COCKS CROWING TO ME.
LOUNGE LIZARDS: HOW TO TRAP ONE.
OUTSIDE, SOME OF THE LOWEST FORMS OF LIFE IN SLAG HEAP NATIONAL PARK WERE MOVING PHANTOM LIKE, THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH... FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE!


BEFORE SWINGING INTO THE ATTACK...
I THINK THIS WEEKEND IS GONNA LEAVE A BAD TASTE IN OUR MOUTHS.
YEAH.. EUCALYPTUS BALLS!
MEANWHILE JOHNNO MOVED IN ON A TENT HE'D BEEN KEEPING ALL FOR HIMSELF!
SMASH
WATCH IT MATE! THIS IS A TWO-MAN TENT.
SUDDENLY THE GIRLS MADE OFF INTO THE BUSH.
BARBIE, FORGET WHAT YOU LEARNED IN THE GIRL GUIDES... AND JUST TRY TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER READ IN CLEO!
IF THIS ISN'T A TRACK & FIELD EVENT WHY DO ALL THE GUYS SEEM TO BE IN A THREE-LEGGED RACE?
BACK AT CAMP, ALONE, WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A VIVID IMAGINATION FOR COMPANY, DOORMAT BEGAN ROOTING AROUND AMONG BARBIE'S THINGS.
WOW!
LOVE DUST
NIPPLE SUCK
ALF THE BLOW-UP MAN
SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL
FEELY PILLS
WING WANG BALLS
UP ON GLAD BAG HEIGHTS ESTATE, BERYL NARK HAD DROPPED IN TO BORROW A CUP OF... UM... ER.. "SUGAR" OFF FRED...
I LIKE A MAN WHO'S GOOD IN THE KITCHEN!
WHO IS SHE, WHO IS SHE?
WHEN THEY HEARD EILEEN COME IN UNEXPECTEDLY, BERYL RUSHED OUT THE BACKDOOR. ONLY TO FIND HERSELF TRAPPED IN THE LAUNDRY BY MISTAKE!
YOU TAKE EVERYTHING SO BLOODY SERIOUSLY, DONCHA?
THERE WERE THE USUAL HEARTRENDING SCENES NEXT MORNING WHEN EILEEN WALKED OUT ON HER BROKEN MARRIAGE AND HER GLAMOROUS, SPLIT-LEVEL LOVE NEST...
AND JUST AS WE GOT THE SEWER CONNECTED TOO!



IT WAS A LAZY SUNDAY MORNING OVER AT NORM'S JOINT IN ADAMSTOWN...
FART FART
ARE YOU PLAYING DUTCH OVENS AGAIN?
BEX
UNTIL A KNOCK AT THE DOOR HERALDED EILEEN'S DISTRAUGHT ARRIVAL.
I'VE LEFT 'IM
I KNEW IT! THESE MIXED MARRIAGES ARE ALL THE SAME... MORE THRUST THAN TRUST.
YOU NEED TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL FOR AWHILE.... HOW ABOUT A DRIVE UP TO MAITLAND AND A NICE CHINESE MEAL?
YOU CALL A DRIVE TO MAITLAND "GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL"??
LADY MUCK, EH, I SUPPOSE YOU'D WANT AN ALL-EXPENSES PAID CRUISE ON... "THE LOVE BOAT"?
...WITHIN AN HOUR THEY WERE PULLING UP OUTSIDE ONE OF MAITLAND'S HISTORIC, COLONIAL CHINESE TAKE-AWAYS.
JUNK FOO CAFE
FAN-TASTIC! WE CAN WATCH THE END OF THAT FOOTY MATCH ON TV WHILE WE EAT.
SOY SAUCE
BY THE TIME THEY ORDERED, EILEEN WAS SHOWING ALL THE SYMPTOMS OF ACUTE SEXUAL WITHDRAWAL...
AND WHAT'S MADAM WANT?
MADAM WANTS TO GET HER WOKS OFF!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN SLAG HEAP NATIONAL PARK...
LOOKS LIKE A TRAP TO ME!
CERTAINLY SMELLS FISHY!
...THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES WAS ENDING IN A COMPLETE "ROUT".
HERE WE ARE AGAIN, OUT ON A LIMB, CUT OFF FROM ALL THOSE LITTLE CIVILISED COMFORTS... LIKE CONTRACEPTIVES!
NOT TO WORRY LORRAINE, WE CAN USE SOME OF THE GLAD WRAP MUM PACKED THE SANDWICHES IN!
FALSIES! ...I THOUGHT WE WERE OUT OF BUILT-UP AREAS.
WE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL ABOUT SNAKES ROUND HERE...
DON'T MOVE... I THINK I'VE CAUGHT A BIG ONE!
IT MAY NOT BE A LION SAFARI PARK BUT BOY, OH BOY, TALK ABOUT WILD PUSSY!
WHETHER IT WAS "THE CALL OF THE WILD" WE DON'T KNOW... BUT AS DAY DAWNED... THE HILLS WERE ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF...
GRUNT! EEER! GROAN! OH.OH! UMM!
CAN YOU IMAGINE THE SHOCK WHEN EVERYONE GOT BACK TO CAMP AND FOUND DOORMAT... UNCONSCIOUS FROM HER OWN NIGHT OF SOLITARY PLEASURE.
FOOT TICKLER
AUTO-SEX HARNESS
3 SPEEDS AND ONE REVERSE
ZZZZ ZZZ
TIT-IVATOR
STRUTH! SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S BEEN SLEPT IN!
THAT BITCH HAS BEEN THROUGH MY BAGS!
SHEEZA USED UP ALLA MY MARGARINE AS WELL!
PARAGON
MARGE
I'VE NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE.... I'VE NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE....
NIPPLE BUZZ
ALF THE BLOW-UP MAN
INFLATABLE WOMBAT EATS ROOTS SHOOTS & LEAVES
THE PILL
LOVE JUICE
WING WANG BALLS
SEX TEDDY
SENSITIVITY CREAM
AUTO SUCK PULSATING HOT LIPS
YES, NATURE HAD TAKEN IT'S COURSE... AND SO DID OUR RESTLESS LITTLE FRIENDS AS THEY STEPPED ON THE GAS AND HEADED BACK TO THE BIG SMOKE.
DON'T RUBBISH AUSTRALIA
NEXT MONTH
SPRINGTIME IN AUSTRALIA'S "CITY OF ROMANCE"

THE WEDDING GUEST

the bride, though a bit of a painted lady herself, protested colorfully when artistic licentiousness — and a third party — entered the nuptial suite

fiction by Olaf Ruhen

WHEN AMELIA Littleton first met Captain William Hayes she knew, from its intensity, that her curiosity would lead her on to rapture, and she made her plans accordingly. In 1857 that kind of honesty was rare in suburban women, and was not much appreciated by her neighbors. A trim brunette with gay and dancing eyes, she had been widowed while still in her teens, inheriting sufficient money to open a small drapery at Queenstown, along the road to Port Adelaide.

Men like a woman who can laugh. After her Jamie had died, she found herself able to pick and choose. The proper seclusion that she attempted lasted less than three months, nor did it worry her overmuch when she abandoned it and stored her widow's weeds in his cabin trunk. Sometimes, after dark, the laughter from her shop-fronted house rang out across the road, and chinks of light escaped the curtains drawn at every window.

When neighbor wives grew cold and insolent, that put her on her mettle; she swore she'd have the game as well as the name, and gentlemen, mainly of a sea-faring bent, found her good value. Others called her a wicked woman, and sometimes it is true she was wanton, but with such hungers as a three-year marriage had taught her to assuage it took no great persuasion for her to make her choice.

Sometimes her breasts cried out for crushing; like the tips of imprisoned fingers, her nipples stretched toward a promised contact, and every other quarter of her willing body yearned to make strong and positive response to the tender advances of a lover. Or demands much less than tender, if that was the way of the man, for she was always eager in the exploration of the unmapped territories of love.

Her meeting with Hayes was no accident. She went seeking him. His reputation was not then widely spread but three long and breathless letters from Singapore and Denpasar and Perth from her great friend Emmeline Allen had intrigued her, and when, on a March evening, he sailed his barque *C. W. Bradley Junior* into the roads, she started pulling strings and found it easy to persuade Ted Collinson, the shipping agent, to take her aboard.

Before she stepped off the gangplank, a familiar reaction warmed her at the sight of the great blond giant smiling at her. She was taller than most of her sisters, but the feathers on her ribboned hat hardly topped the epaulettes on his captain's uniform. His hair curled over the nape of a thick bull-neck and hid his ears. His smile exuded confidence, but she read it in his eyes, as his mouth was somewhat obscured by a bush of moustache and curling beard.

When Collinson introduced them, he did something she thought strange in him. As she curtseyed he kissed the back of her hand like a courtier, his full lips implanted not on her skin but on his own thumb as it laid its firm pressure on the back of her fingers. Till that moment she had thought this an affectation of the dilettante. But his breath came warm on her wrist, his beard tickled her skin, his whole being — harnessed and restrained as it was

Body painting by Roger Roberts; Photography by Colin Stead

— delivered a message that quickly became urgent. The wanton chambers of her unprotesting heart leapt immediately to an agitation which her eyes confirmed, and as she straightened she knew that the communication had run both ways.

She wanted him then and there, and it was an agony to hold herself in check, a sweet and screaming agony. In that moment she was so conscious of the implements of her sex. "I get so *wet* there where my limbs join," she told herself; and she was glad for the convention of powder and paint that concealed the blush that ran unwanted from her groin to her forehead, from hair to hair, and started her trembling uncontrollably.

Still, she allowed herself no opportunity of her captain/lover that night. It was not convention that dictated withdrawal from the cliff-edge of desire, for she had flouted convention before. She was thinking rather of Collinson, whom she owed for past favors, and for possible future expectations. For sailors, even captains, came and went, and their return was problematical even though the voyage might be short.

Other visitors were anticipated aboard, and Hayes had three competent musicians in his crew. So they danced, later, beneath a gibbous moon that seemed to dim the swinging lanterns round the deck, and Amelia spoke, very properly indeed, of the happy privileges of a shipboard life. He laughed.

"And some few drawbacks."

"What could they be?"

"They are small," he conceded quickly, "but they irritate. A bath, for instance. In port here there's fresh water, and I can put a screen up round the seaboard scuppers and cleanse myself, even have the water warmed if I roar at Charlie loud enough. But at sea it's salt water and a sticky skin. A bath, Ma'am, is a sailor's luxury. Sometimes a kindly Boniface . . ."

"Or a friend," she interrupted, leaping at the chance like a trout in spring, uncaring that the leap was obvious. He answered with a look of laughing query, and she enlarged.

"I wouldn't find it any trouble at all. I think even you can fit into my big bath, and I always have a power of water boiling at the hob of the stove."

"Why Ma'am! That's very kind indeed! And I shall put myself into your debt, very happily. Tomorrow? Would that be . . . ? Late in the afternoon perhaps — would that inconvenience you?"

"It would suit excellently. Late in the afternoon after I close the shop."

Any time. *Any* time, her heart cried out. The shop? An excuse to meet people, an insignificant market of ribbons and fairings and buttons and threads.

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The tinkling bell on its dancing spring above the shop door seemed to carol the announcement of his arrival the next afternoon, and the Captain filled the room. They talked a little of the evening past, of the weather, of the shipping in the port, of this and that, all in the decorous manner of a social exchange.

She had, hours before, had the bath hauled into the kitchen in front of the stove, two or three inches of cold water standing in it, the stove filled to capacity with billets of long-burning mallee root and the bucket standing ready by the tap in the hob to transfer the hot water. She had that in quantity, and nearly boiling. Perhaps she betrayed herself a little when she told the Captain of this readiness. She showed him into the kitchen and turned the tap to run the hot water into the bucket.

"I can fix that myself, Ma'am," he said, and perhaps it was the last time he ever used the title.

She left him there, returned to the shop, closed and bolted the front door, and from the linen press collected an armful of her best and biggest towels. Then she waited a few moments, feeling ridiculously like a child in mischief, imagining the stage to which the Captain might have arrived before she re-entered the kitchen.

She might have hurried overmuch; he was standing in nankeen breeks, his massive chest white except for a pennant's end of tanned skin between the column of his neck and the light fuzz of blond chest-hair.

He thanked her, unembarrassed, a flash of amusement at his eyes. She went out again and this time waited until she heard a splash before she came back in with a new cake of brown Windsor soap. She found it difficult not to stare at him wreathed in his cloud of steam, but she managed restraint, murmuring excuses and putting the soap in a dish on a kitchen chair by the bath before she made as though she would retire once more. He stopped her and waved the long-handled back-brush at her.

"I'm an awkward man, Amelia. I have the greatest difficulty with such as this, though my back needs it, I know full well."

She laughed quite openly, and coming up behind him dropped to her knees and took up a flannel, while the Captain leaned obediently forward, sending the back-brush skittering over the floor-tiles. When she had soaped and rinsed the great broad back, she dropped the flannel in the water and let her fingers have the joy of that male skin, pretending first to busy them with some small eruption by his spine.

Oh, she took pleasure in that task! — laughing at her own wickedness in exploring the body of a stranger, which she soon was at, running her hands beneath his arms. When she had soaped and finger-scrubbed his hair she lifted herself up and pushed his head forward to rinse it in the brimming tub, and he went obediently enough. But then, suddenly, he threw himself back, cascading suds and water all over her dress and clasping his hands behind her neck to bring her face to his, and he kissed her, upside down,

At that, she pretended consternation, a hollow pretence.

"Oh! You've soaked me!" That was obvious. "More water on my dress than in the bath! And the bath is now near empty!"

"Then fill it, Amelia. Fill it up. And take the dress off."

"What? Never!"

But still on her knees, she came to the side of the bath and bent for him to slip the lacing at the back while she unrolled the sleeves. No more time for pretending. And soon enough he had her in the bath instead, delirious between the caresses of the water and those of his hands, but not before he'd replenished the water and she had coaxed him back to lave the soapsuds from his hair.

He spread her on her wet dress and squelchy towels on the floor. They made love all soap and warmth and wetness in a fevered slither, in and out of the water like seals, and the water sliding away through the crack beneath the kitchen door. She went for more towels and they half used them, making love again, still moist beside the linen press. And not quite dry and more than warm they made love on the bed and then lay still to feel the last of the afternoon sun stream in the open window.

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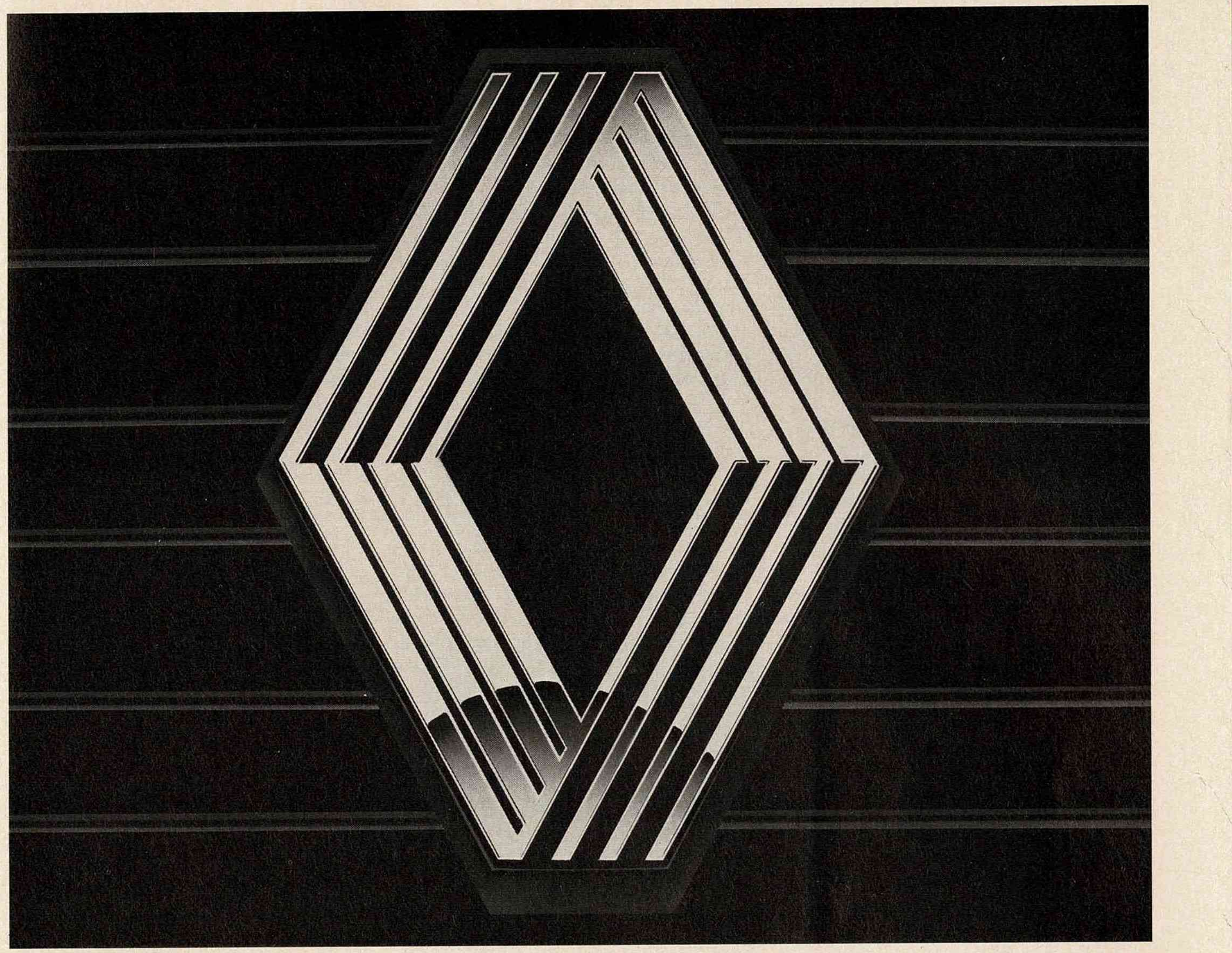
Nevermore was there any thought of pretence between them. He didn't go back to the ship all that night or the next day either, and they laughed uncaring when would-be customers tried the handle of the door. She was a woman who knew men, but with Bully Hayes she had more to learn, and perhaps for all his world-wandering he had as much to learn from her. She called him "Bully" when they were alone; it was the name the world gave him behind his back; among friends she called him "William"; when they were being formal, "Captain Hayes." She took a mischievous delight in formality when it was called for, in the



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presence of dignity; yet all the while she took his clothes off in her mind, and marked the place of every twitching muscle in his body.

A supplementary joy concerned his voice, his love of singing. In the evenings they socialised a good deal. She had a friend, Joe Quinn, at the Victoria Theatre, who always included her in the parties that followed the public entertainments. Amelia, in the right company, could sometimes be persuaded to give a version of the Spider Dance she had learned from Lola Montez in the previous year, in which indeed she excelled the Countess in skill and daring.

In May, he took his barque with a cargo to Perth, promising to return in time to show Amelia how the Fourth of July should be celebrated. After that one uproarious party they both decided they were best satisfied with each other's company, and moreover would like it permanently. They left Port Adelaide and found seclusion in a little inn that Charlie Greenslade kept at Penwortham, a hamlet in the hills behind the city. And almost their first concern was to visit the local parson to arrange a wedding for a Tuesday, three weeks hence.

Their company at Penwortham was all in the evenings when people drifted in from miles around, for Charlie Greenslade was a good host and Mrs Purchas, the housekeeper, ran a good table. She was a stern, black-garbed, silent Methodist who stayed in the kitchen or elsewhere out of sight. She had the services of an odd-job man not fully supplied with wits, and also of Megan, a country girl with blonde, well-tended hair that complemented an admirable figure, though her face could have been better favored and her hands were stumpy. Megan was biddable but shy. Amelia could have liked her well enough but for her curiosity which she suspected had taken her prying into ports and cases whenever Amelia was absent from the room. But it did not really matter.

Amelia and Bully remained at Penwortham three weeks. And, on what was to be their last full day, the Tuesday, they walked to the church, to be married, with Charlie and the parson's wife as witnesses.

So they were married and they celebrated, and the patrons of the pub with them. It was a noisy night but Bully drank only a little. This was his custom, despite a roistering reputation. He liked to have his thoughts and fancies under control and, on this night of all nights, so did Amelia.

They stayed till late, however, till the guests were sozzled enough to abandon any thought of tin-kettling them, as the country custom was. With the same thought they dallied a long time before they got ready for the nuptial couch, yet were impatient.

"There won't be any shivaree," the Captain said, and Amelia let herself into his arms, he undoing her buttons and bows. When she was in the state of Eve and endeavoring to make an Adam of him, he left her a second or two, and crossed the room to build up the dying fire.

"Don't look now," he said quietly when he came back. "There's an eye at the window, and I'd say it's one of young Megan's."

Her jaw hung open and her skin rapidly reddened.

"Why, that little strumpet . . .!"

She would have said more, but Bully stopped her mouth with a well-tried recipe, making her body blush the more. He whispered at her ear.

"Quiet, though. Quiet now. Maybe we can teach her a lesson."

The window was behind them, curtained, but not adequately — not enough to worry about for their normal privacy. Her indignation was quelled, making way for suppressed laughter as the Captain, under the light, finishing undressing. The eye at the window now had something more to see, but that wasn't his intention.

"Think of something to hold her, to keep her at the window. Give her something to see."

She stood flummoxed for a few moments, then went to the dressing table, half with the idea of using the mirror, but there her eye fell on the brushes and pots of color on their tray, the jars of powder and of cream, and suddenly she giggled with delight. She sat down and began to paint, not her face but her nipples, clasping her breast in her left hand and turning its face upwards, giving the watcher a good view.

Bully, laughing his great roaring laugh, jumped up in his state of nature and dropped a kiss on her nape, his right hand soothing her rib-cage.

"What a picture you are making! — but I must tear myself away."

He snatched up a towel from the bed-rail, wrapped it about him and made for the door which, fortunately for the plan brewing in that inventive mind of his, faced the window. Gone to empty his bladder, the watcher might have thought, while Amelia painted away, turning this way and that, and to her surprise enjoying the cool caress of the dampened brush on nipples fevered by the fire.

It was an act that Lola Montez could not have bettered, she thought, and she directed it to her audience of one much longer than she had expected necessary before she heard a scuffle, a muttered protest and the patter of undisciplined footsteps on the verandah boards, and then a laughing Bully pushed Miss Megan through the door, her arms clasped tight behind her in some sailor's grip, her hair mussed over one eye, her face red and spattering tears and, most laughable of all, her voice pleading "Mercy!" in whispers and whimpers muted but agonised. Amelia's open laughter joined Bully's as she heard that sound and understood Megan's fear that Biddy Purchas might hear her and discover what she had been about. As that fear was obviously greater than any hope of rescue, she wasn't about to make much noise.

"A visitor!" Bully announced. "An admirer! A patron of the Arts!" He reached out his free hand and his fingers fondled Amelia's painted breast. All the while the silly girl flustered and pleaded in whimpers . . . "I'm sorry, oh I'm sorry, oh sir and lady let me go, oh Mrs Littleton . . ."

"It's Mrs Hayes now," Amelia interrupted curtly.

"Oh Mrs Hayes, I won't ever . . . I didn't mean . . ."

"The lady was entranced with your performance," Bully said. "Enslaved,

"I'm quite certain, gentlemen, that Mobil, Shell and Esso would gladly swap their increased profits for a little love and understanding."

There's a certain art to choosing the right colour for any occasion. Take red for instance. A colour which must be treated with some reverence. A little too much and it will clash. A little too little, and you achieve nothing.

Red must be chosen with the utmost discretion. Then and only then will it achieve the right kind of result.

It's like choosing a fine red wine. Take McWilliam's Cabernet Sauvignon for instance. It's a classic claret style with a pronounced varietal aroma and flavour, excellent balance, firm tannin finish and good colour.

McWilliam's Cabernet Sauvignon is the right red for almost any occasion. Chosen with the utmost discretion it will achieve the right kind of result...no matter what you're trying to achieve.

McWILLIAM'S

I swear, by virtuosity. As was I."

He turned to the young girl. "I do apologise, Miss Megan, that the exhibition isn't larger. But you've brought another canvas, is that not so?"

His eyes brightened even more as Amelia took his meaning and her hands reached toward the lacing of Megan's blouse. Megan freed a hand and raised it to check her, but Bully reached at once for a more intimate spot so that perforce she lowered her guard . . . and her hand.

The breasts that Amelia uncovered were both full and pert, and she made much of them to her captain with her hands and voice, while the poor confused girl cried and choked and struggled ever more weakly. Amelia reached for her brush. The areolas of her new canvas were palely pink, each surrounded by a thin guard-fence of chestnut-brown hairs that curved in toward the erect nipples. Instead of painting them as she had her own she made daisy centres of them, brushing in large pointed petals across the whiteness of the breast-skin, so that those hairs stood for stamens.

It may seem malicious and clinical and cold, but it was far from that. They laughed their way to new extravagances, and they made every brush stroke, every new concept, an excuse to lay more of Megan bare until she stood as much exposed as Amelia except for her black-buttoned boots and the tops of white socks. And by this time, her sobs were sometimes sobs of laughter, but not once did she weaken in her resolve not to be heard by Mrs Purchas.

When they bared the broad little milk-white belly, they laid her on her back on the floor, and Amelia let her talent have full sway, painting a face, a nose at the navel, great sweeping moustaches that ill-matched the fluffy feather of the beard below, big raised eyebrows above her round breasts — rubbing out, thumbing in, and finally standing her up to show her the overall effect in the mirror.

Now Bully's grip was needed not at all, and his hands were as busy as were his wife's. When he rouged young Megan's vulva, the painting was secondary. They worked closer, less noisily, and their breaths came faster, even Amelia's, particularly Amelia's. Her mind went back to days when she had been younger still than Megan, and to the coy young lady, 18 months her senior, who had taught her what they had both thought was sex, and who had often kept her in raptures long-planned and eagerly experienced before she learnt the ways of men.

The three of them rolled in a threshing tangle of flesh painted and smudged, until their Megan gave her first sharp cry; her attention and the Captain's fell away from Amelia as they mated.

Was it strange that Amelia felt their ecstasy? SHE DID! She too cried out, but not from pain, just her fulfilment. They lay still, all three, on the hard floor until Amelia drew her arms back to herself and shivered, and Bully disengaged himself, rose and put wood on the fire, and Amelia saw the blood outsmudging the paint. Megan was sobbing again, still quietly, her buttoned boots tucked up against her blood-marked haunches while the red stain spread, soaking her white socks.

And all Amelia's mad delight in flouting the conventions vanished, and her heart went out to the silly girl. When she knelt to soothe her, Megan flung her arms about her tormentor as though she was desperate for her solaces; as though, too, she felt she could find them in a resumption of the love-play in which some of her secret dreams had taken concrete form. Amelia held her but her body yearned to break away; the games were now finished, her high exhilaration damped.

Megan had attended to her domestic duties earlier that day: the ewer in the bedroom basin was filled with cool, clear mountain water, and Amelia sponged her clean in front of the fire before she attended to the Captain and herself, who were in similar plight. Doing so, she felt an affection for Megan growing from the duties of her hands. But she had turned contrite; waves of remorse washed away the well-being of her body which, pagan as she was, had ruled her senses.

This was her wedding night, sanctified by God (as some would believe) in that little Church of St Mark's of which the symbols were the pen and the lion. Perhaps the night was the essence of a life: joy and delight and gaiety and abandon — and a callous disregard to consequences, all paid for by contrition.

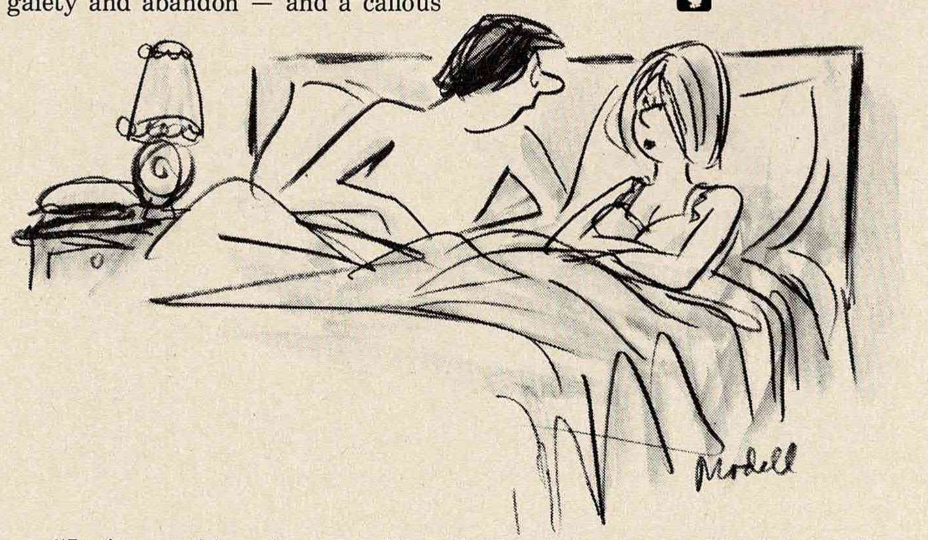
Her moods annoyed her captain. With Megan gone they had their first argument, and though they resolved it according to the recipe of Venus, yet the breach was not healed, because she suspected him more than duly fired by the conquest of this Dulcinea.

In the morning they travelled through the chill and sparkling air to Port Adelaide on Charlie's best spring buggy, and she was glad she didn't have to meet Miss Megan before they left. Business occupied them both for the next few weeks; she negotiating a sale of the shop; he loading for eastern ports. But just before sailing date, at his insistence they drove Penwortham way again in a hired buggy, against her inclination, although she could think of no good arguments. Charlie Greenslade gave them their old room, though he had other guests in the hotel at this time.

Megan acknowledged them with a blush and downcast eyes and a voice that had lost any resonance whatever, leaving their presence as quickly as might be. They caught a glimpse of her once or twice only.

But after a session at the bar had run the gamut of enthusiasm and they retired to their room, a light knock sounded at their door. Amelia wrapped her gown around her while her captain opened it, flinging it wide to reveal in the light streaming through the full figure of Megan standing demurely, her eyes looking up through the lashes from a down-turned face.

Hayes emitted a great whoop of delight and danced her into the room — "Damn his eyes!" Amelia said, but not aloud. She felt like a skeleton at the feast that followed, though she played her part. And was somewhat mollified by Megan's large and growing taste for knowledge.



"Let's sort this out once and for all. You ring your psychiatrist, and if he tells you it's dirty and perverted, I promise I'll never ask you again."

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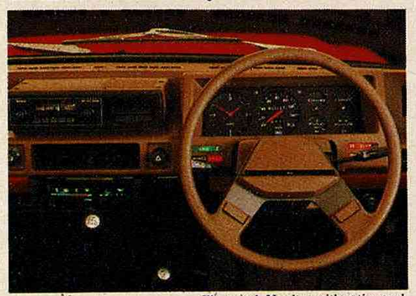
Australia's weekly news magazine.

MN&C/BLN/2616

THE NEW MQ PATROL DIESEL FROM DATSUN.

If 4WD instantly makes you think of bouncing around inside a metal box–with most of the metal showing–it's time you met the all new Datsun MQ Patrol.



Illustrated: Hardtop with option pack.

Unless you're prepared to spend almost twice the money, there's simply nothing to touch it.

Recently, we put the MQ Patrol through some incredibly tough trials.

Trials which proved a number of things about our new 4 x 4. Like its dustproofing and waterproofing. Its greatly improved ride, handling and comfort. The efficiency of its power-assisted, ventilated front disc and large rear drum brakes. The sheer guts of its 6 cylinder 3.3 litre diesel or 4.0 litre 6 cyl. petrol engines. And MQ Patrol's new gearbox –4-speed, all synchro, with a single lever transfer case operation that allows you to engage 4WD on the move. Naturally, free-wheel hubs, if fitted, must be in lock position.

On the inside, the MQ Patrol is as sleek and stylish as its exterior lines suggest.

Instrumentation is clear and comprehensive and displays all major functions at a glance.

In the Hardtop there's a fully reclining driver's seat and a two-person bench, leaving the rear entirely for payload. Or, as an option you may have two fully-reclining front bucket seats with a comfortable fold-up bench in the rear.

And, if the climate demands it, integrated airconditioning is available as an option.

On the Hardtop there's steel belted radial tyres for high performance and durability and a push button radio is standard. From the driver's seat, you will appreciate the light, responsive steering which ensures good, straight-line stability and parking ease.

Illustrated: MQ Patrol Cab/Chassis with custom body fitted, MQ Patrol Pick-up and MQ Patrol Hardtop with option pack.

To really appreciate what the new MQ Patrol is like, you have to drive it. Check your nearest Datsun Dealer on availability.

THE NEW MQ PATROL

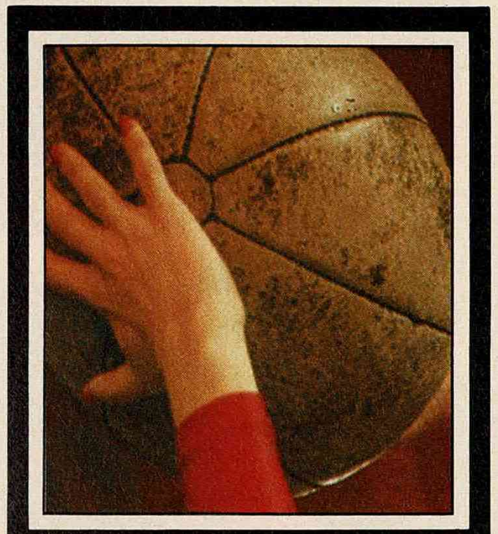
DATSUN

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

BUILT LIKE A TANK, FEELS LIKE A CAR.

DAT 706

WORKING OUT AT SHAPING UP



Playboy's Pipeline

THINK BACK to New Year's Eve. Remember telling yourself you'd have to start exercising? You might even have developed your own exercise plan — three times around the block, 30 push-ups and a couple of sit-ups, and definitely no alcohol. Maybe that resolution died with the rest. You're probably paranoid about looking at your naked reflection in the mirror, or bending over at the beach for the fear of being the brunt of other people's jokes. So you've stayed feeling guilty — and overweight.

But now summer is fast approaching, and you should be aiming for a taut tummy in place of the overhang if you want to impress the ladies. A couple of biceps might also turn a few female eyes. You don't have to look like Paul Graham; most ladies are turned off by mega-muscles, anyway.

Unless you're the free-thinking type, you probably won't want to transform your body into a physical gem in front of other people. Anyway, who wants to show their "before" when you can knock 'em out with your "after"?

But even if you're exercising in the privacy of your home, it helps to wear the right garb — after all, you don't see an Olympic athlete wearing a grotty T-shirt, cut-down jeans and sandshoes that have seen a score of tennis rallies. You should wear gear that is comfortable and gives your body freedom during workouts. A T-shirt and shorts will cost from around $10, a tracksuit from about $30, and good jogging shoes about $50.

You can fill a room with enough quality apparatus to implement a balanced fitness program without walking out your front door — for around the cost of a color TV. For that you can get a running, rowing, weight-training or bicycling machine. If space is a problem, here are a few suggestions — leave the car out and use the garage. If you don't have a garage, set up the equipment in your lounge room and pass it off to guests as a conversation piece of abstract sculpture.

When you decide to buy, remember fitness equipment falls into two categories — conditioning and bodybuilding. However, both activities' goals overlap. Conditioning involves breathing hard and moving fast, as in skipping or running. It helps strengthen the heart and lungs' function. Bodybuilding requires a slower motion and an exertion/resistance principle using heavy weights, and aims at building muscle strength.

Before you start any exercise program, have it checked by your doctor — strained muscles will deter you from future workouts. An intelligent program combines conditioning and bodybuilding. To get into condition, find yourself a simple exercise program which includes running. Experts agree that running strengthens the heart, slows your resting pulse rate and gives you a much better capacity to process oxygen. In short, a strong heart will increase endurance. You'll be able to run further, and come through a tough squash volley without slumping to the floor in a defeated, exhausted heap.

To begin work on achieving a low pulse rate, head for the nearest sports store and invest in an exercise bike, rowing machine, jogging platform or a skipping rope. The key to successful conditioning sessions is to make your heart work harder, and regular workouts using any one of these pieces of equipment will help you do this. Aim for 150 beats a minute, and make your breath come deep and hard. Keep this exercise up for five 15-minute sessions per week.

If you keep to your exercise program you can be sure that in time your resting pulse rate will fall. A marathon runner's heart may beat 50 times a minute, whereas a professional armchair spectator will clock up in excess of 80 beats a minute.

Exercise bikes flatten your stomach, shape your bum and strengthen legs, heart and lungs. Most bikes have a variable resistance adjuster, and a speedometer, and sell for $60 to $200. If you don't feel like throwing a leg over a bike saddle, try a rowing machine. It helps develop your upper body muscles, chest, arms and shoulders. Prices range from $100 to $300.

If you don't feel like flaunting your developing body around the neighborhood, a jogging machine may be the answer. It has all the benefits of running, minus barking dogs and the jarring your feet receive on hard ground. Jogging machines sell for around $300 for a self-propelled model, and $1100 for the motorised version.

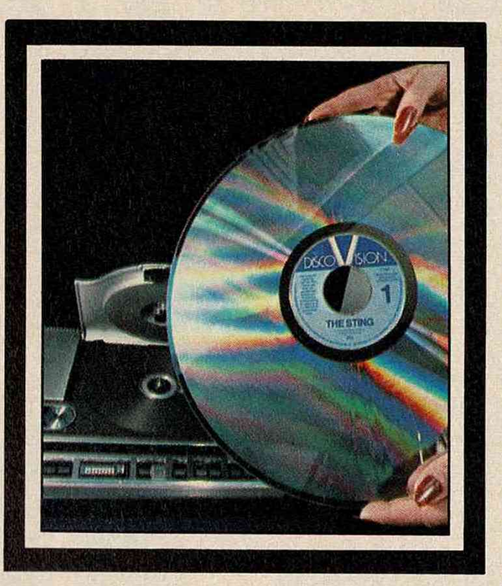
But the cheapest and most compact way of getting in trim is by using a skipping rope. Skipping benefits just about every part of your body.

After all the expense and work, there's a bonus for you. Apart from the benefit to your system generally, regular performance of these exercises will help burn off a bit of flab. The end product is a new lean you.

However, if your goal is to have a hunk of a body like Mr Australia, a set of weights and a bench is what you'll need. Top-of-the-range weights come with a program guide; prices start at $100. For a few muscles to fill out that skin-tight T-shirt, start with low to moderate weights. Fitness weight training is achieved by simply keeping up exercises with small weights. — JON VIDLER

SEE AND HEAR ME– IT'S THE LASER RECORD REVOLUTION

IN THE beginning was the piano roll, invented by man to create home entertainment at the pump of a pedal. But then it dawned on the prophet Edison that it was a hell of a hassle having to wear out shoe leather to hear a tune, so the gramophone came into being — and it ruled. And Man rested. Until a great voice boomed: "Let there be magnetic tape! Cassettes, too!" Then Man rested again. But while this audiological Genesis was well under way, a rival mass was paying homage to a new faith. This was the god TV. And there was thunder and lightning as the gods clashed — until they decided to get together and create the video LP.



Playboy's Pipeline

Mushroom Records and Video LP Pty Ltd combined sight and sound, and came up with Australia's first video cassette LP which was released in June this year. It features the New Zealand band Split Enz who swapped a recording studio for a television studio and played to a gathering of press.

The cassette runs for 58 minutes and features tracks from the band's popular *True Colors* album. The visual and sound quality is about the same quality as a TV film clip — if you live close to the station's transmitter — without the commercials and gibbering compere.

You don't have to make any changes to your video cassette machine to play a video LP. Just slide the cassette in, push the play button and, magically, picture and sound are matched. Video cassette LPs are available from selected retail outlets. They sell for around $60. You can be sure that they'll soon have their own display stand in the shops, probably alongside video discs (more about them later).

A spokesman for Mushroom Records says there are plans to release more video cassette LPs in Australia. If they are popular, other record companies are bound to follow suit soon thereafter.

Remember, when you decide to buy a video cassette LP, to quote the brand name of your machine, because different machines accept different sized tapes.

Pubs and clubs have since early this year been using video cassette LPs to entertain patrons. Thus far, hotel and club managements have the choice of pop music and sporting programs.

Video Pop, which is backed by Countdown compere, Ian Meldrum and the marketing director of the Victorian Football League, Jim McKay, offers a choice of two cassettes — one a Top 40 and the other a disco LP. The comprehensive list of sporting programs available for lease includes golf, motor racing, tennis, boxing, cricket, soccer, as well as Australian Rules football and Rugby League.

PLAYBOY watched both cassette LPs on a 125cm color TV screen with the sound channelled through stereo speakers. Verdict: fantastic viewing. If you don't own a pub and you think the $60 or so for a video cassette is a bit steep, hold on to your pennies. The second best thing to a night of lovemaking is expected to be released in Australia soon. It's called the video disc.

The video disc turntable was invented by Philips and is about the size of a video cassette machine. The disc is digitally encoded (a process which makes the signal 100 percent accurate) and is made from plastic with a metal coating.

The video disc was introduced in the United States two years ago. Since then more than 200,000 video disc machines have been sold. Already the American consumer can select from a large variety of video disc LPs from classical to heavy rock.

Now for technical buffs, the lowdown on how it works. The video disc looks like a conventional LP without grooves. The master video disc is made by a laser writing on the surface creating "pits" of information.

Unlike a record player's stylus, which comes into contact with the record, the video disc's laser light doesn't touch the video disc. Therefore wear and tear is kept to a minimum. And so the video disc has a longer life than a conventional LP record.

Warning to eager buyers: if you plan to get in early to pip the Jones' at the post and buy a video disc machine and video disc LPs from the United States, don't do it. America's National Television Standards Committee (NTSC) system, using 525 scan lines, is incompatible with the Phase Alternating Line (PAL) — the system adopted in Australia when color TV was introduced. It uses 625 scan lines. The extra 100 scan lines give a sharper and truer picture.

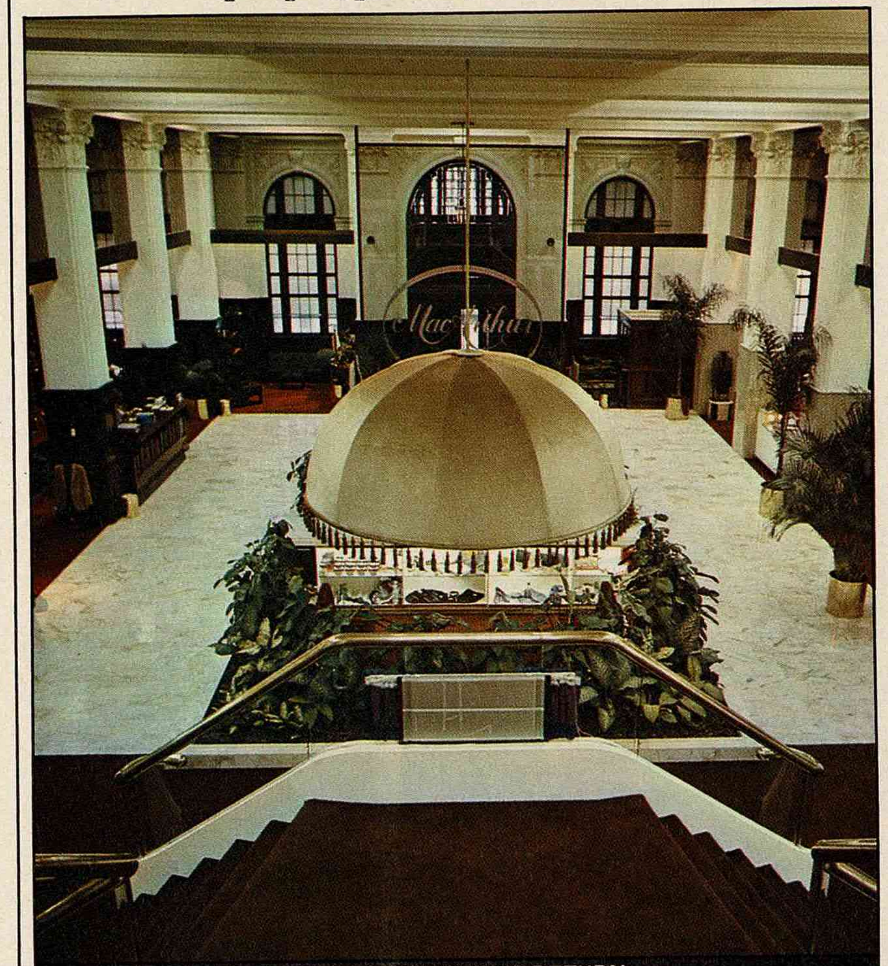
Most experts agree that in terms of the quality of sound and picture, video disc LPs are far superior to video cassettes. And they are also much cheaper. You can expect to pay around $60 for a video cassette, while a video disc LP will cost a mere $20. However, there's a minus for video disc LPs — you can't erase them.

The most noticeable difference between the two is in sound quality. A video disc LP delivers the sound in glorious stereo, while the video cassette is in mono.

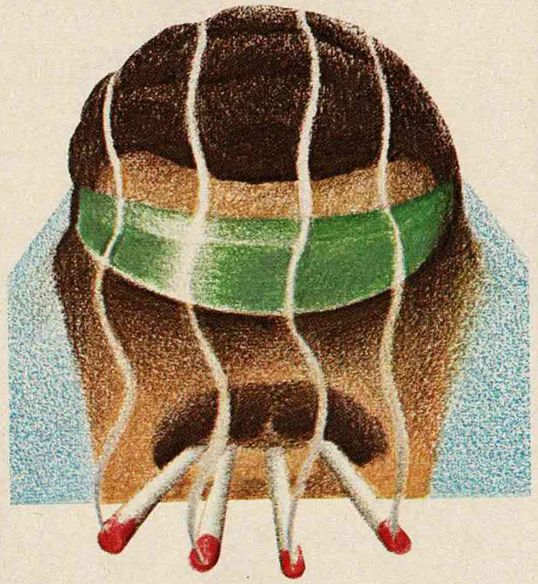
Video disc machines don't come with screens or speakers so you'll have to patch into your stereo and TV, an operation best done by a technician. — JON VIDLER

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

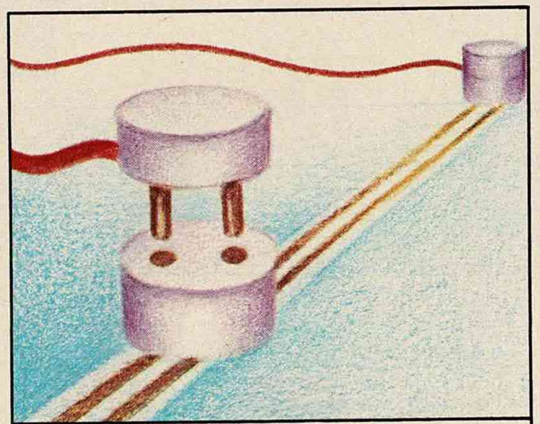
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



MACARTHUR'S CHIC RETURN
I shall return. And indeed he did. MacArthur's old HQ at the corner of Queen and Edward Streets, Brisbane, is open again — to sell chic male attire from Paris, Rome, New York and leading Australian designers.

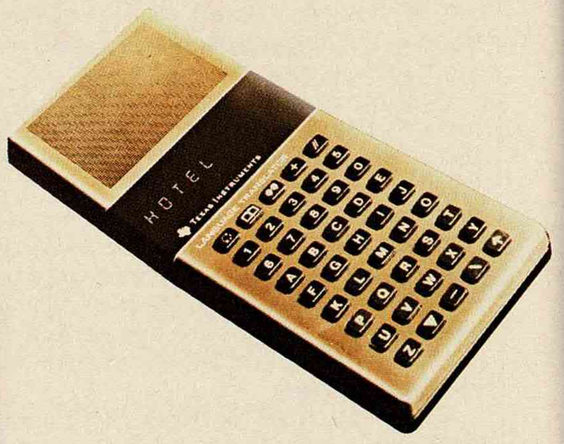


THE LOSERS GET LUNG CANCER...
Smoker's Wild is the game that plays on your favorite health hazard. Cost: $17.95 at Lets Play Games, Sydney and Melbourne.



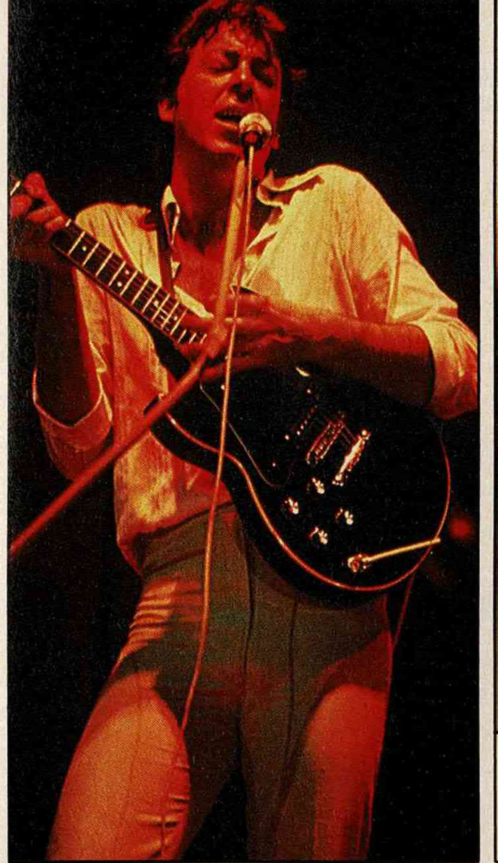
SOUND MOVE
Spread the sound around with a Satellite Soundwave System of extension plugs, at retailers or Box 429 Gosford, NSW: $13.99.

GRAND-DADDY BACKGAMMON
Grandgammon is a new variation on backgammon — six instead of two can play. From Youngcraft of 95 Hughes Street, Deniliquin, NSW 2710.

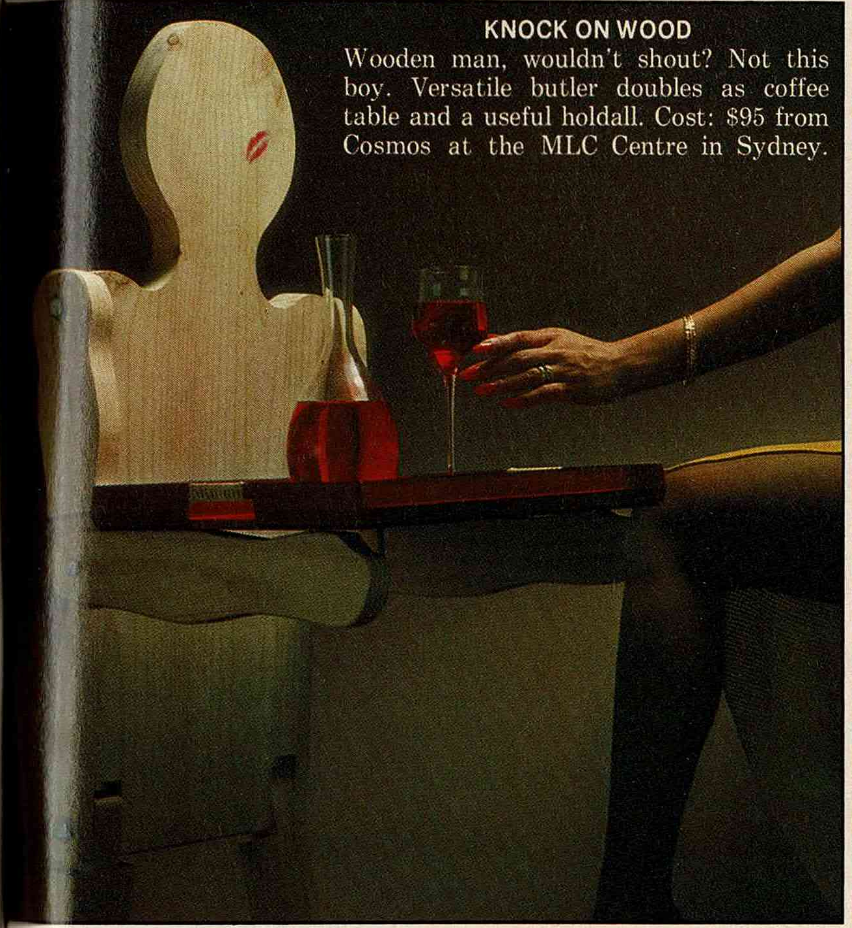


CHEAP TALK
It's a language translator. Just pour in gobbledegook and out comes the pure form. Costs $299.95 plus module, from Email.

BOZ IS BACK
Boz Scaggs has ventured into southern degrees again for his second Oz tour. His capital cities run starts in Perth on September 16 and finishes in Sydney on the 30th. Tickets at Mitchells Bass and most venues.

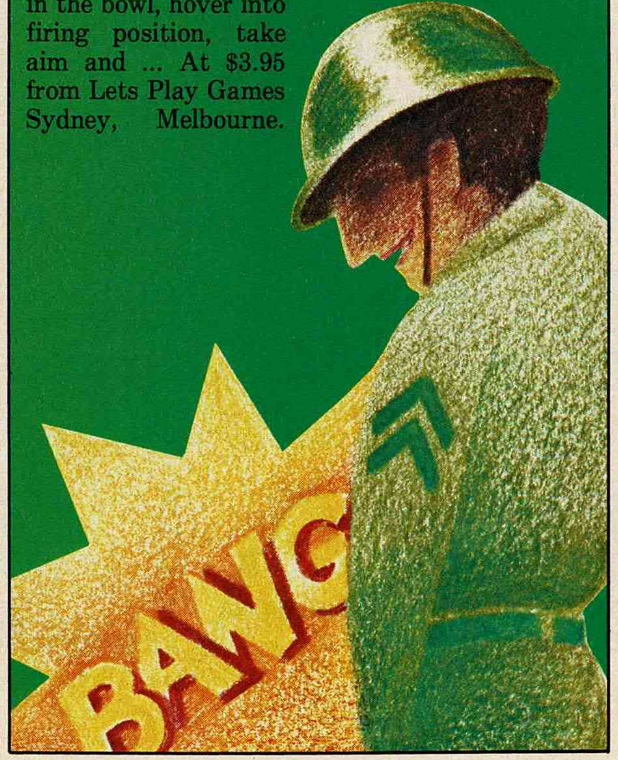


DIRTY DOODLES DONE DIRT CHEAP
Kiss life, lover or liabilities goodbye on an erotic note-pad. Now available in magic messages from David Jones and most outlets at $2.25.



KNOCK ON WOOD
Wooden man, wouldn't shout? Not this boy. Versatile butler doubles as coffee table and a useful holdall. Cost: $95 from Cosmos at the MLC Centre in Sydney.

CRAP GAMES
Recreate the Battle of Midway in your toilet with Potty Pot Shots. Float target warships in the bowl, hover into firing position, take aim and ... At $3.95 from Lets Play Games Sydney, Melbourne.



HALSTON

From leading department stores, selected pharmacies and perfumeries.

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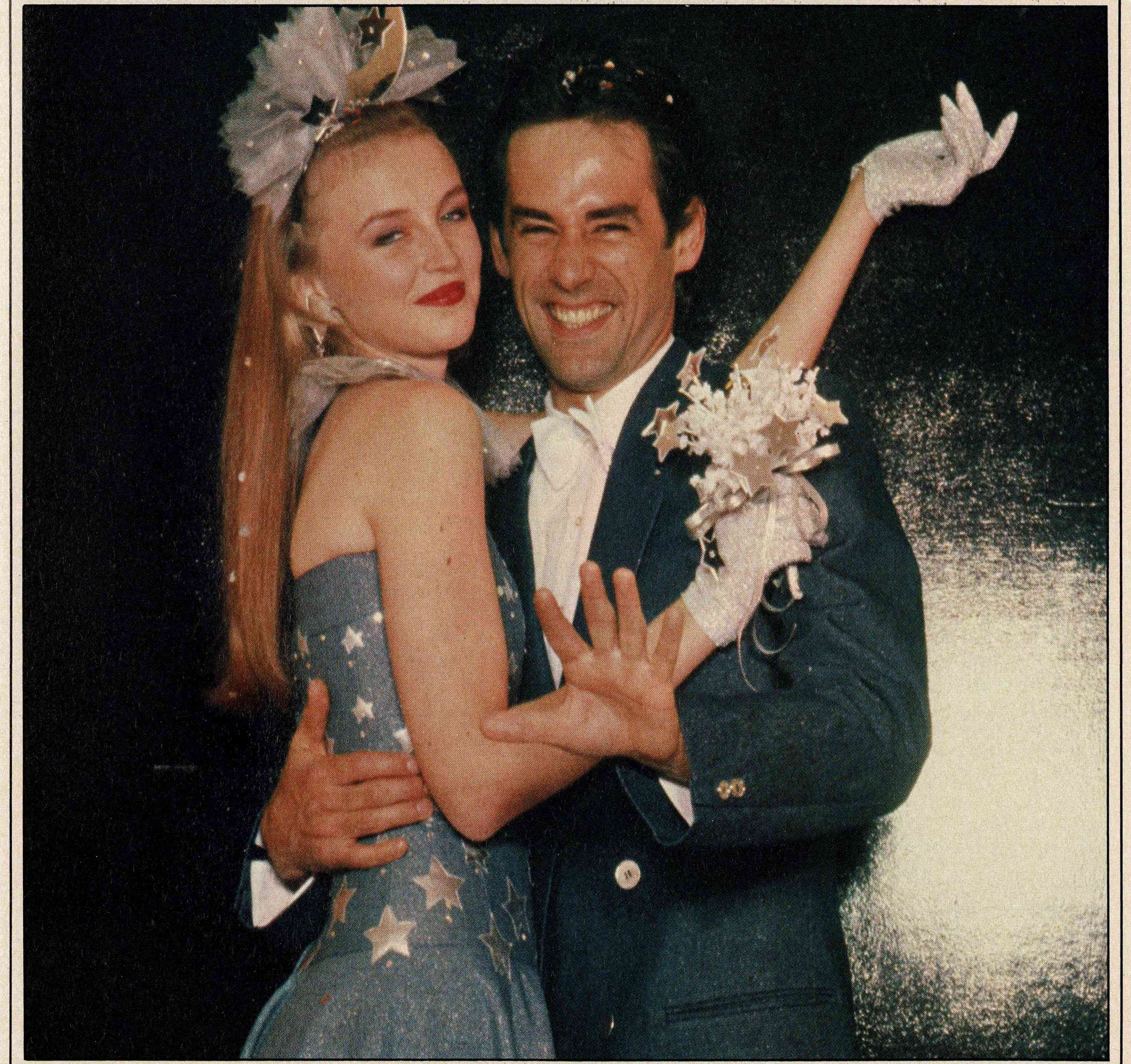
Clean, crisp, fresh.

Z-14 FOR MEN

Sparkling, warm, sexy.

THE MARRIAGE BLUES



Photography by Peter McLean

The demand for denim is bursting at the seams — Australia sustains a $35-million-a-year market for the indigo-dyed product. Its possibilities are seemingly endless, becoming more novel every season. Witness above: Tony Angelos' fantastic concept of '80s wedding gear, mood indigo for the bride and groom, was designed to commemorate the opening of Bradmill's new Yarraville plant which will produce a complete denim range for both the local and international market.

MUSCLE BOUND

she's a lady with a fantasy, looking for somebody to help her fulfil it

(1) The invitation is unmistakable. The lady has plans for a little sport.

She wears a white silk dress with flounced hemline under a black silk jacket, by Nila O. Around $322. From boutiques Australia-wide. He wears a Carlo Palazzi white silk jacket ($560); velvet trousers ($150) and Gucci shoes, all from John Lane, Double Bay, NSW. Tie from Trent Nathan.

(2) But can he stand a closer inspection? He feels that she is out to stretch him.

She wears a hand-beaded original dress from Beril Jents Boutique, Centrepoint, Sydney; he wears wool trousers ($65); wool jacket ($295); pleated shirt ($65); cummerbund ($45); and bow tie, all from Five Way Fusion in Paddington, NSW.

(3) She has him in her grip of steel; can he live up to her fantasies?

She wears a silk dress by Yves Saint Laurent from Mark Foy's, Double Bay, NSW (around $535); He wears a wrestling suit by Game Birds, Paddington.

(4) She tempts him: become the man of my dreams and my body will be yours . . .

She wears gloves by J. Mayer, Centrepoint, Sydney; earrings from Flamingo Park, Strand Arcade, Sydney. Shoes, belt and gym equipment from Mick Simmons sports stores.

(5) Well, if the outer man doesn't impress her, how about inner strength?

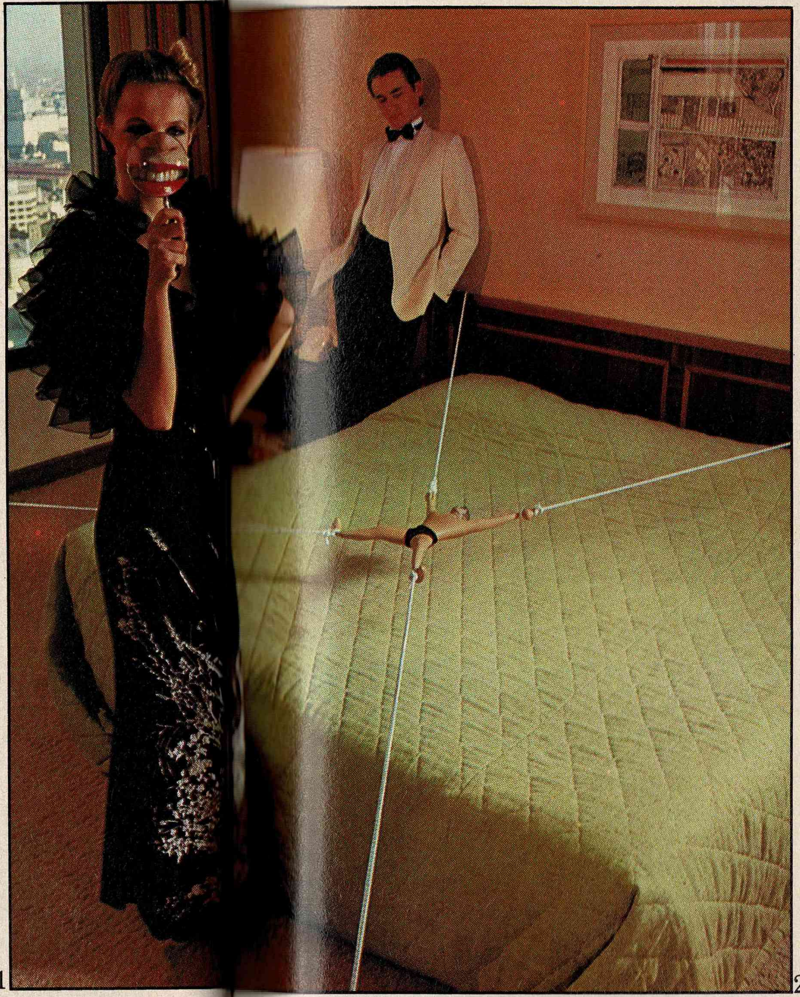
She wears chiffon pants with overskirt, and silk jacket — made to order by Mark Patrick and Geoffrey Williams, Double Bay, NSW; He wears wool pants ($74); cotton shirt ($50); wool jacket ($178) — all from Valdis Alexander, Double Bay.

(6) He gambled and lost. She holds the winning card.

She wears a taffeta skirt, made to order by Linda Jackson for Flamingo Park (around $195). He wears a formal suit by Rodex of London from John Lane ($595). All shoes by Raymond Castles. Earrings by Simeon.

Photography by John Lethbridge

1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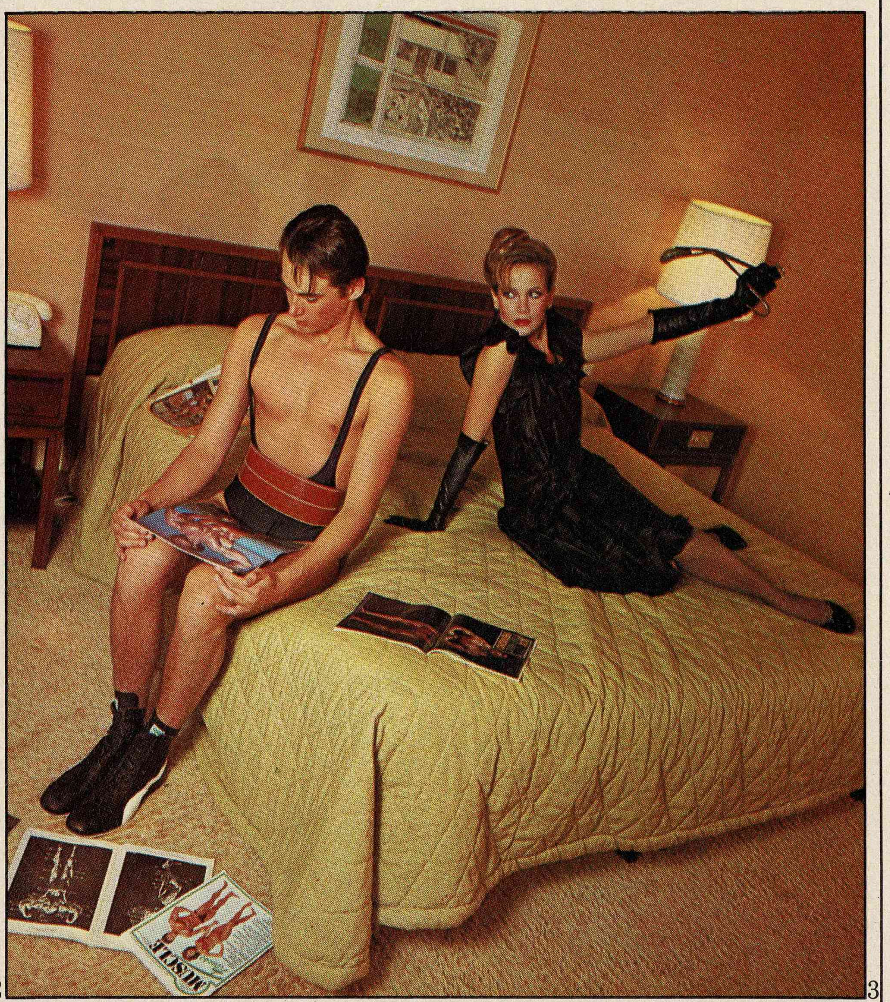
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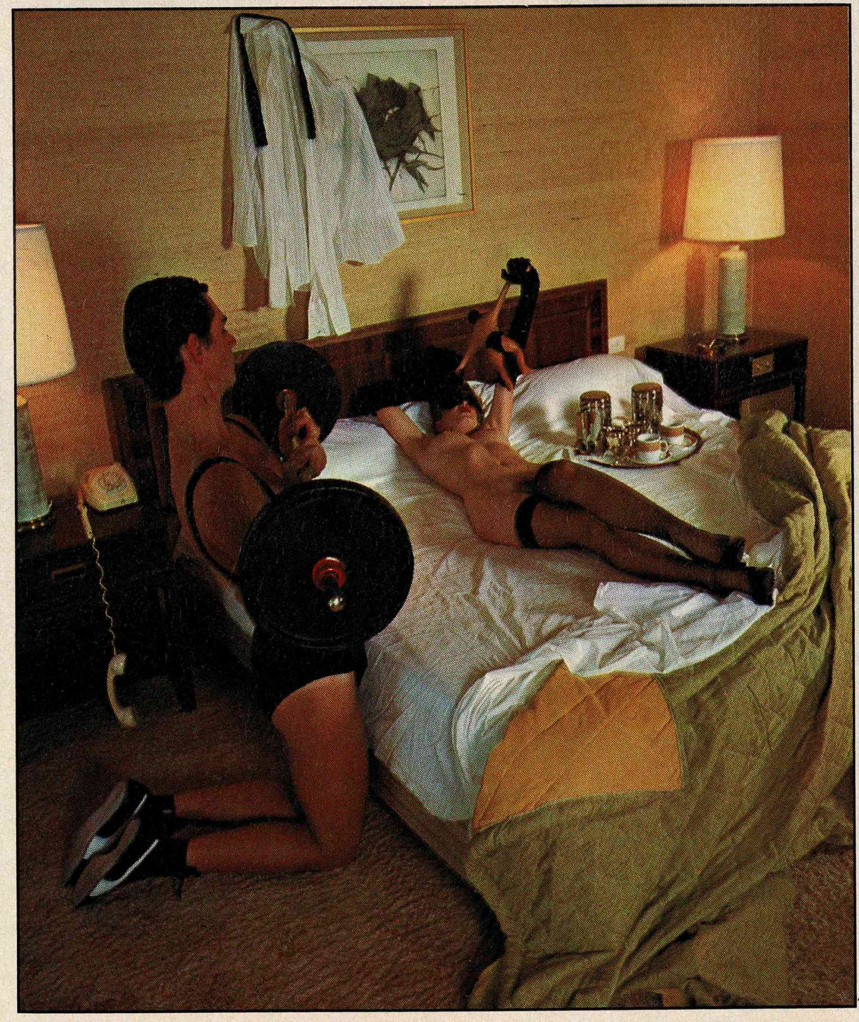
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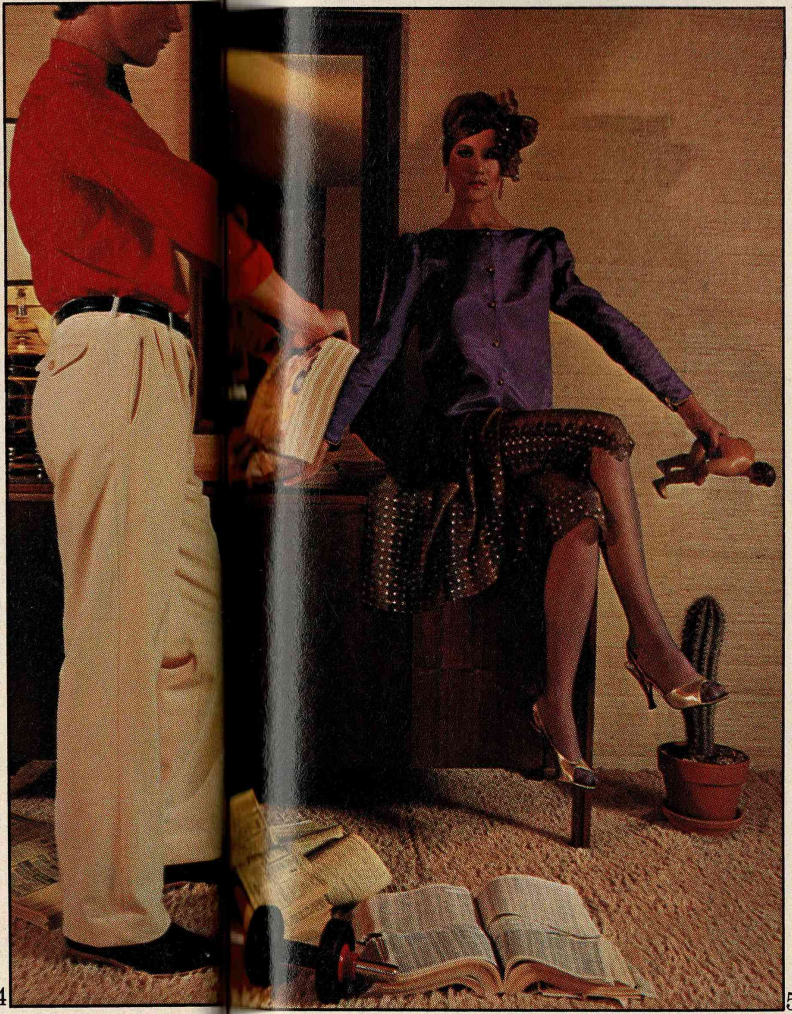
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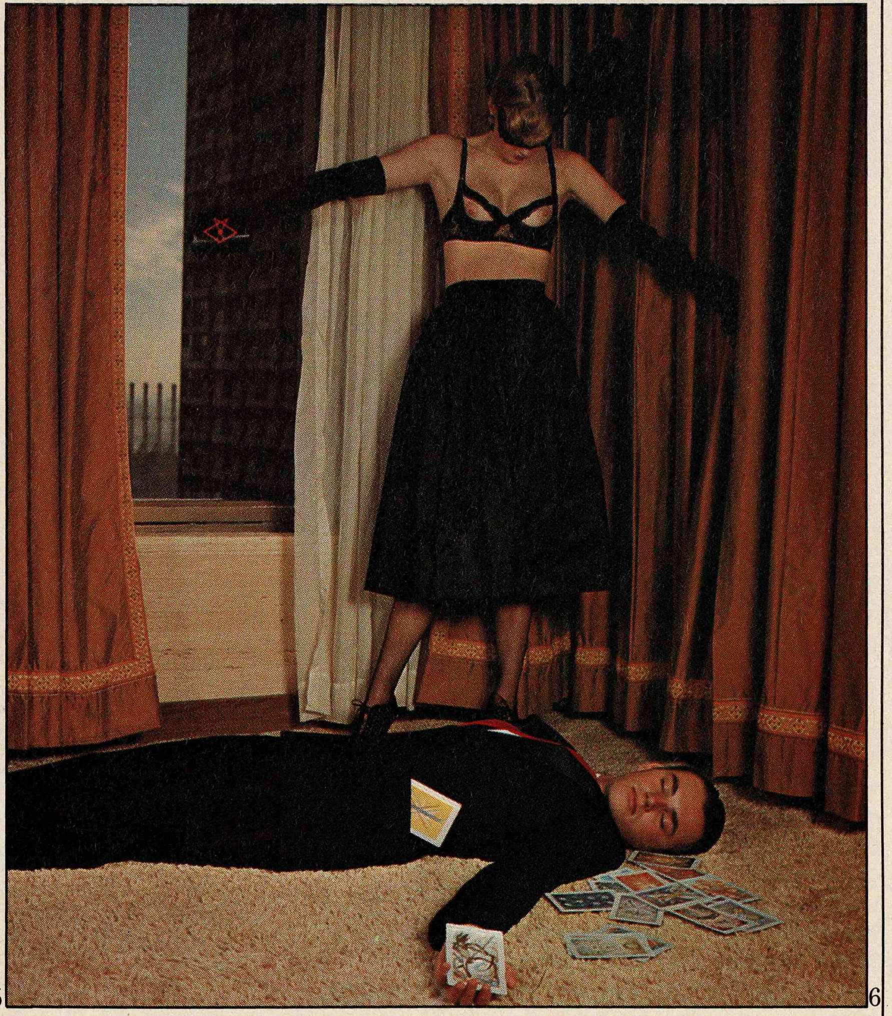
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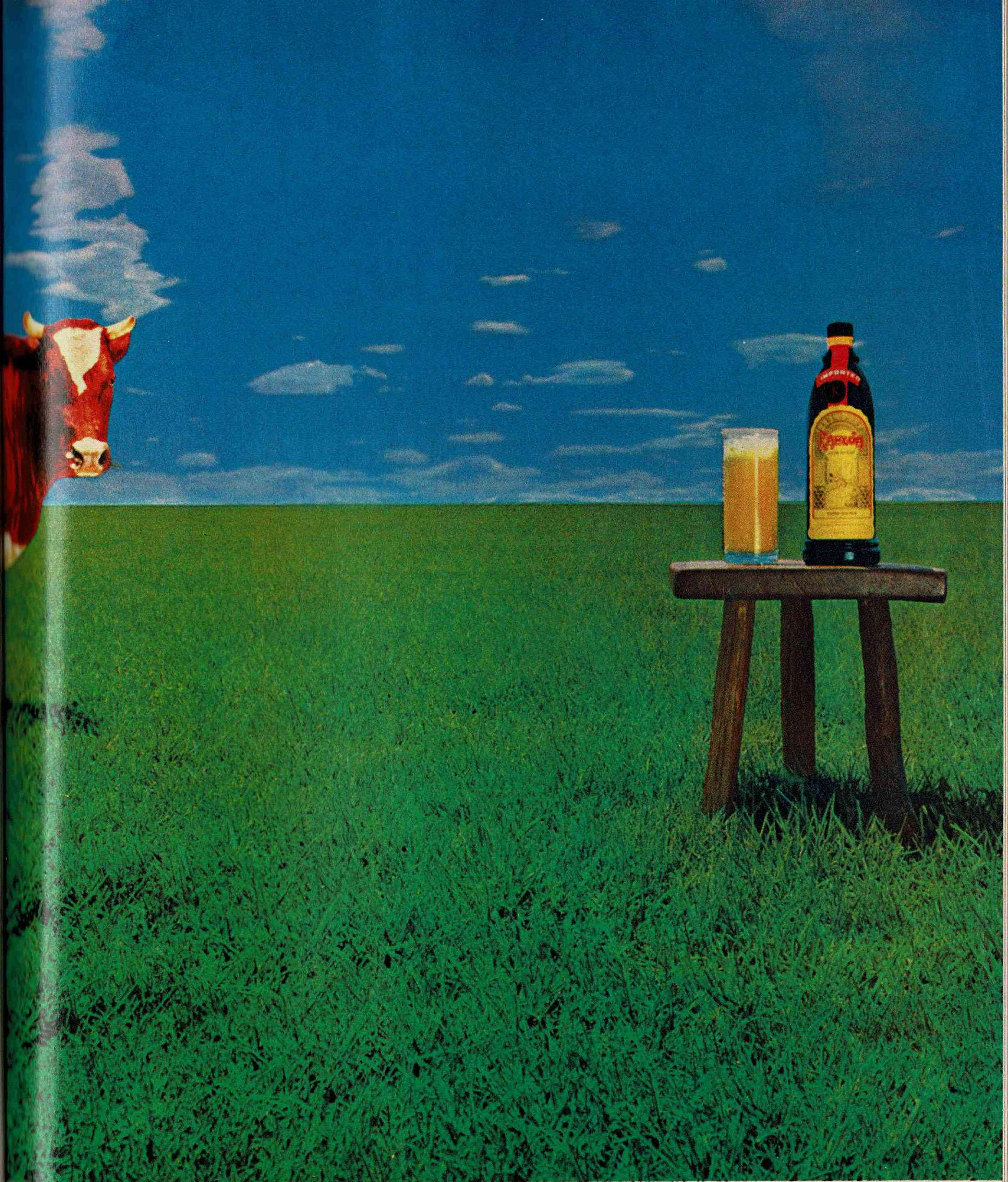
CUT-THROAT BUSINESS

after all these years, the razor gang is still battling to give you the kindest cut

Prehistoric cave paintings have depicted men shaving; ancient Egyptians used quite sophisticated, cut-throat razors of bronze, silver or gold; and the Romans shaved with pumice or burning tapers. By the 18th century, shaving had become a science with the publication of Jean-Jacques Perret's work *Pogonotomy, or the Art of Learning to Shave Oneself* (including a special appendix on bleeding). In 1771, Perret unveiled what was probably the world's first safety razor. Then, in 1895, one American salesman called King Camp Gillette was standing in front of the mirror honing his cut-throat when he remembered the words of his boss, William Painter, inventor of the disposable cap: "You'll strike it rich if you can invent something which will be used once, then thrown away." By 1903, the first Gillette safety razors and blades were out. Then, in 1931, Jacob Schick invented the electric razor. Still the search goes on for a "perfect" shave . . .

Photography by Colin Stead

TOP: In the box is an early model Gillette, with blades for every day of the week, surrounded by a wide collection of models, old and new. LEFT: Everbody's in for their cut.



TWO BROWN COWS PLEASE.

THE BROWN COW ON THE LEFT IS NOT A REAL BROWN COW. A REAL BROWN COW IS MADE WITH ONE PART OF KAHLUA MIXED WITH TWO PARTS OF COLD MILK AND SERVED ON THE ROCKS. THE KAHLUA BROWN COW. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. Kahlúa

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MOVIES

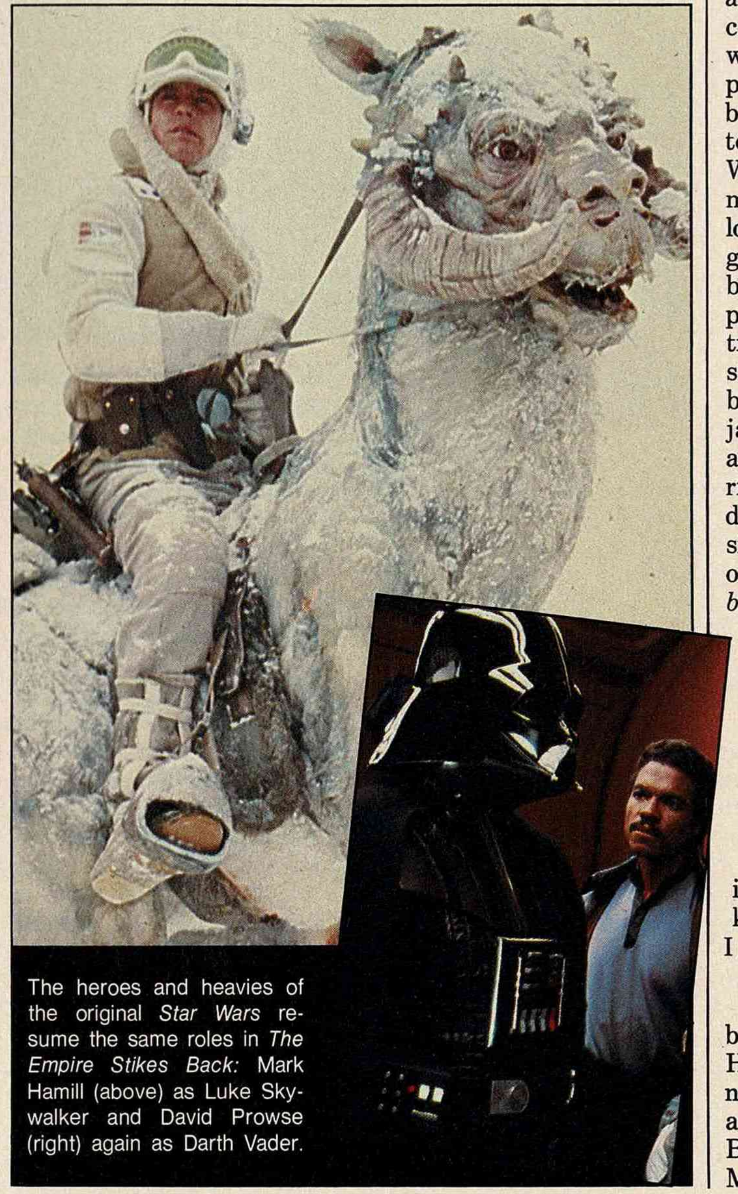
in an adventure galaxy not very far, far away, the star wars saga continues

ALL YE who believed there was a jinx on sequels, allow **The Empire Strikes Back** to banish all fears. In the same way *The Godfather, Part Two* proved more than a match for the original gangland saga, *The Empire* not only measures up to *Star Wars* but in some ways whizzes into even higher orbit. The sequel has equally smashing special effects, a dozen hairbreadth escapes, well-developed relationships and a fillip of philosophical depth to satisfy even those snobs who might otherwise feel guilty for enjoying this brand of comic-strip cinema. "I don't believe it!" exclaims Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill again, of course) when he's tentatively mastering The Force. And the inevitable answer: "That is why you fail." The gang's all here — Harrison Ford as Han Solo, Carrie Fisher as Princess Leia, Alec Guinness as Ben (Obi-Wan) Kenobi, plus R2-D2, C-3PO, Darth Vader, Chewbacca, and a gnomish guardian of The Force called Yoda. Billy Dee Williams plays a reluctant bad guy named Lando, who holds Han Solo and Princess Leia hostage to set a trap for Luke.

Simple-minded though it sounds, simplicity is the key to the film's success, our very own '80s equivalent of an old-fashioned Saturday-afternoon serial. In the dazzling climax filled with plot revelations and dastardly deeds ordered by The Empire (someone is fast-frozen and shipped out), the screen virtually bristles with narrative hooks on which to hang yet another *Star Wars* spin-off. Director George Lucas only executive-produced *The Empire Strikes Back*, turning over the directorial reins to Irvin Kershner but obviously exercising quality control. He also wrote the original story (two other people take credit for the final screenplay) and omitted nothing that might transform everyone's boyhood dreams of out-of-this-world adventure into a big super-charged movie. By George, they did it.

•

The furious energy that made *Saturday Night Fever* a social phenomenon as well as a smash hit is measurably reduced in **Urban Cowboy**, yet the movie clears up one burning issue of our time — there's no cause to worry about the staying power of John Travolta. Forget the temporary blahs of *Moment by Moment*, the Travolta May-December misalliance with Lily Tomlin. *Urban Cowboy* puts him back on top as an uncommonly sensitive actor, certified super star and unchallenged male sex symbol in the under-30 age group. He's both disarming and persuasive here, playing a Texas country boy who moves to the city, gets a job in the petrochemical industry, gets himself a girl, gets married, gets a down payment on a trailer home and gets his after-hours kicks at Gilley's, a honky-tonk near Houston, Texas, where young studs in tight-assed jeans and 10-gallon hats test their *macho*-man prowess by climbing on to a mechanical bucking bull. It's a two-dollar ride but as close as these contemporary buckos ever come to greatness, now that the West has been won — only to be lost because the lean frontiersmen of yesteryear have evolved into hard-hats armed with oil-company badges.



The heroes and heavies of the original *Star Wars* resume the same roles in *The Empire Stikes Back:* Mark Hamill (above) as Luke Skywalker and David Prowse (right) again as Darth Vader.

The sociological cultural notes of *Urban Cowboy*, directed by James Bridges, and from a screenplay inspired by Aaron Latham's *Esquire* magazine feature on the nightly action at Gilley's, are woven into a love story as trite and tacky as they come. That's not all bad, however. The pure banality of their existence is the point made about restless young marrieds like Bud and Sissy, whose relationship develops with all the subtlety of a road-house brawl. Seems natural in a social milieu where "good times" mean a Dolly Parton look-alike contest or an indoor rodeo with prizes for dancing, bag punching and mechanical bull riding. In playing Sissy to Travolta's Bud, Debra Winger proves at least a match for him, and that's a lot, as a feisty down-home gal who'd rather ride the bull herself than primp on a pedestal. The bumpy road to true love offers a couple of side trips made interesting by Scott Glenn, as a cowboy jailbird with plenty of style, and Madolyn Smith, as a rich Houston groupie who declares: "I like men with simple values." There are no other kind in *Urban Cowboy*, dead-sure to wind up in the money as a movie with warmth and style, not to mention flashes of that elemental sex appeal they twang about in country-and-western music. When Travolta and Winger hit the dance floor, bodies soaked with sweat and fusing into a sloppy, soulful kiss, you'll know just what I mean. — BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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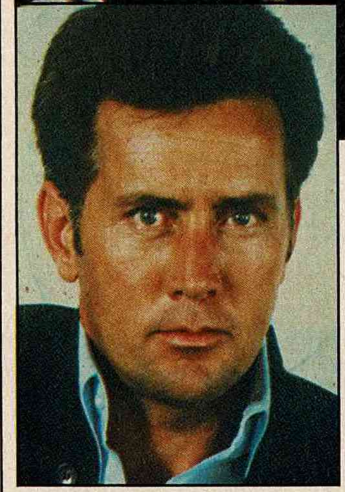
So many people have been assuming the mantle of Hitchcock lately that business must be pretty brisk around the clothing stores of Bel Air. The latest is Peter Medak, a Hungarian who

fled to Hollywood after the 1956 uprising but now lives in London. He has directed a supremely accomplished and extremely unsettling ghost story called **The Changeling**, most of it made in Canada. It's about a composer who moves into a haunted house in Seattle after his wife and daughter have died in a motor accident. Hitch, as we know, didn't deal in the supernatural; his yarns were firmly rooted in human guilt and earthly frailty, which made them vastly more disturbing than tales of spooks or monsters (though in later life he cherished a wish to direct J. M. Barrie's play *Mary Rose*, a project never to be realised). But on the strength of *The Changeling*, I would be happy to proclaim Mr Medak the most promising new talent in the thriller business and, at the risk of appearing presumptuous, would bet that Hitch would agree with me.

The film is immeasurably helped by the granite-like presence of George C. Scott, an actor who showed in *Hardcore* that he can give dignity and credibility to even the most hackneyed and meretricious script. Mr Scott has the happy knack of looking tough and vulnerable at the same time — a combination of Paul Newman and the Cowardly Lion. As a bereaved husband (the fatal car crash is shown before the credits), he engages our sympathies from the start and, as a classical musician, he establishes a quick claim to sensitivity and intelligence. What better formula for audience identification? On top of that, of course, Mr Scott is an excellent actor, and one good actor can do wonders for a film — especially a film whose plot is more or less incredible from the word go.

Haunted house movies usually rely on one central and massive improbability: the total unwillingness of the occupants, despite their unnerving experiences, to vacate the premises. Had I been Mr Scott, I would not have remained in this house for more than 10 minutes, but Mr Scott moves in his furniture and settles down with an evident determination to stay on and make the best of a bad thing. He persistently wanders through the room without switching on the lights; he walks up stairs alone whenever he hears a noise; and he always sits at the piano with his back to the door. Even after little things start happening, it never occurs to him to



Martin Sheen (left) poses a few interesting questions, while (at top) Katherine Ross interestingly poses in *The Final Countdown*.

get the hell out of the place and book into a motel.

I'll say little about the story, except that it has elements of a detective thriller and boasts a small, but masterly performance by the splendid Melvyn Douglas as a senator and financier of enormous wealth and sinister influence, whose family history conceals — you've guessed it — an ugly secret. The scenes with Mr Douglas are in many ways the most effective in the film. American movies, from *Citizen Kane* onwards, have been fascinated with the corrupting influences of wealth and power; and links between the palpably "real" world of finance and politics and the encroaching territory of the supernatural all give *The Changeling* a novel and unexpected dimension of fear. Wizened, bat-eared, impeccably tailored, and moving with that feline economy of effort which marks the most accomplished performers on stage, Mr Douglas conveys menace and mystery almost without speaking a word. I recommend the film for its technical aplomb and mood of calm intelligence. Apart from the last 10 minutes or so (when I dreamed I went to Mandalay again), there is nothing strident or overstated. The ingredients are not unfamiliar — the concealed door, the secret room, the neglected grave — but they work superbly, and the locations in British Columbia have been filmed with a fresh and loving approach by John Coquillon.

•

I have long had a theory that no film starring Kirk Douglas can be wholly bad: the man has a permanent air of moral earnestness and manly fortitude. Even when he plays a bad guy (and I've only seen him do it once, in a 1951 movie called *The Big Carnival*, in which Kirk was an unscrupulous newspaperman), he always approaches his roles with palpable dedication and moral certitude. In **The Final Countdown**, a spectacular and enjoyable piece of big-budget hokum, Douglas plays the captain of an American aircraft-carrier, the *Nimitz*, which sets off on a routine training mission, passes through a time-warp in the Pacific Ocean and finds itself back in 1941 on the eve of the Japanese raid on Pearl Harbor. When the officers finally work out what has happened (sample clue: Jack Benny programs on the radio), they plan to intercept the Japanese armada and reverse the tides of history. The plot has a satisfying twist at the end, the action sequences are well done, and the philosophical paradox of time travel is neatly explained by Martin Sheen: "If I went back in time and I murdered my grandfather, how could I have been born, and if I wasn't born, how could I go back in time?" Audiences needn't trouble themselves unduly with the answer. The time-warp sequences are reminiscent of *The Wizard of Oz* and considerably more impressive than the similar effects in *The Black Hole*. Charles Durning plays a bad-tempered senator (in office in 1941) who finds himself aboard the *Nimitz* and can't understand why his defence sub-committee wasn't told about nuclear propulsion and jet fighters.

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It is worth catching a new, feature-length Australian documentary concerning the uranium industry, called **Dirt Cheap**, which the Australian Film Institute is currently promoting. It deserves a large audience. Without benefit of commentary or narration, the film gives us a worrying insight into the economic and moral implications of mining in the Northern Territory. It's a calm and understated film, which gets its message across by letting people talk — not in interviews, not in speeches, but most often in rambling conversations and monologues delivered directly to the camera. The dignity of the Aboriginal tribal leaders, whose sacred sites are threatened, comes shiningly through the wretchedness of their physical surroundings. It is the only film I've seen in which the English language on the soundtrack is matched with English subtitles: it takes time to get accustomed to the intonation and voice patterns of Aboriginal speech. We hear from factory workers, slick PR people, Land Council officials, complacent mineworkers, and there's a sad, futile confrontation at the end between the tribal leaders and a Federal minister. *Dirt Cheap* was directed by David Hay and financed by contributions made by 38 unions. Its message is by no means detached or unmotivated, but it's one that must be heard.

•

It is good news that **The Tin Drum**, Volker Schlondorff's masterly fable about pre-war German guilt and fanaticism, is getting a commercial showing. It was the undisputed success of the 1980 Sydney Film Festival, and deserved to be, Gunter Grass' 1959 novel has become the *Catch-22* of post-war German literature: a monumental work of irony and anger, its prodigious satirical energies precisely focused and sharply magnified through the eyes of a mentally and physically deformed narrator, Oskar. The stunted child, like Yossarian the mad airman, is our link with an orderly, disciplined, but essentially insane world in which the rituals of lust, greed and incipient Nazism are as obsessive (and in their way as hilarious) as those of Colonel Cathcart and his bombing patterns. The precocious Oskar, played with baleful intensity by 12-year-old David Bennent, grows mentally but not physically: the German middle-class society he inhabits and observes is likewise outwardly vigorous but morally stunted. There are brilliant performances from Mario Adorf and Angela Winkler as Oskar's parents, and the film abounds in weird, startling images of disorder and decay: a Nazi rally disintegrates into a parody of a Strauss waltz; a peasant woman is fertilised by a fleeing soldier who takes refuge beneath her skirts; windows are shattered by Oskar's piercing screams. The film is a strange, complex work

Oskar (played by David Bennent, above) drowns out the folly and decadence of the adult world by beating upon *The Tin Drum*.

of riveting visual power, to which Maurice Jarre's extraordinary musical score adds a suitable air of malevolence and foreboding.

— EVAN WILLIAMS

•

Neil Simon's **Chapter Two** was a typical Broadway hit based on the playwright's own relationship with actress Marsha Mason, whom he met and married while still mourning the death of his first wife. In the movie, directed by Robert Moore and freely adapted by Simon, Mason herself plays the role she did not feel emotionally ready to tackle onstage. She looks more than ready now, and *Chapter Two* is saved from rather bland predictability by her warm, glowing and glorious performance in a part that she somehow makes bigger than the story containing it. Of course, all the other characters are the uniform Simon-says types who mostly talk in the way Simon writes, though James Caan, as the novelist-widower, and Joseph Bologna, as his brother the press agent, underplay very well indeed, while TV's Valerie Harper does the wisecracking-girlfriend number — looking so bone-thin that I kept wishing the poor girl would stop the chatter and try to eat a little something. Mason has the show handed to her wrapped in bright-red ribbons, and it's hard to imagine any actress' husband dreaming up a nicer paean.

•

Actual brothers portray brothers in **The Long Riders**, and the casting turns out to be nigh perfect, with the Keach boys (James and Stacy) as Jesse and Frank James, the Carradines (David, Keith and Robert) as the Younger brothers, and the Quaids (Randy and Dennis) as the Millers. Add Nicholas and Christopher Guest as Bob and Charlie Ford, the hired guns who ultimately shoot Jesse in the back, and you have a gimmick that never seems to be just a gimmick. In fact, the acting is superior throughout, and *Long Riders* as both a classy and a classic Western about the legendary James-Younger gang, is by far the best movie yet from director Walter Hill (who made *The Warriors* and Charles Bronson's *Hard Times).* Hill has a special knack for creating mythic heroes and, on this occasion, he's got it all together — the family life of these wild Missouri boys, their womenfolk, their camaraderie and their hell-bent exploits cinematically choreographed so that bank jobs, stage-coach holdups and train robberies become breath-taking *macho* ballets, like sporting events. That approach is not inconsistent with the adulation of such outlaws in their time, when greedy bankers and railroad landgrabbers were the real bad guys.

The women behind the men — from Pamela Reed as Belle Star, the whore who complicates life for David Carradine's crusty Cole Younger, to Savannah Smith, Shelby Leverington and Amy Stryker — are as convincing a bunch of country gals as I have seen in any Western in years.

The film's well-paced action comes to an exciting climax with the bloody Northfield, Minnesota, debacle, which was Waterloo for this particular outlaw band.

Stacy and Jim Keach, *Long Riders'* executive producers and co-authors of the original screenplay, created meaty roles for themselves (perhaps Jim as Jesse has somewhat the best of it), though no one is scanted in an exciting, intelligent oat-opera that treats heavy violence as an art form, following the trail blazed flamboyantly by *The Wild Bunch* and *Bonnie and Clyde*, and other films by masters Ford, Penn and Peckinpah.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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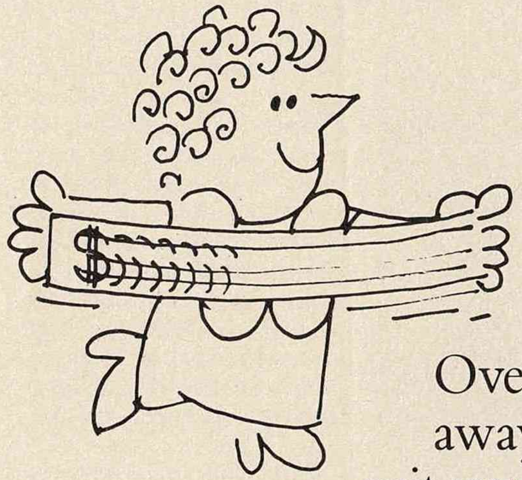

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SHOWBIZ

rising oz movie stars set their sights on the hollywood dream factory

MOVIE STAR NOTES: After an amazing appearance in *The Island* with Michael Caine, Sydney actress Angela Punch would seem to be pretty much assured of your basic rise to Hollywood stardom. She was, after all, the female lead, and those who have viewed *Newsfront* and *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith* will be aware that she's a damned fine actress (and a good sort as well). But, the offers ain't been pouring in. When PLAYBOY went to press, Miss Punch was still waiting for a reaction, any reaction, from glitter land. "I haven't seen the film, so I haven't a clue what it's like, but I loved the American approach to the movie business, and I'm now determined that I will work in Hollywood eventually."

An interesting comment from a girl with a reputation for loathing the showbiz hype. She won't do television soap operas, and she picks and chooses when it comes to theatre.

"Hell, why wouldn't I want to work in Hollywood? I loved all that glamor stuff. The way Michael (Caine) was treated was amazing to watch, and they do make good films. People seem to have the idea that all I want to do is legitimate theatre but, really, films are what I love most. I start work soon on a new thriller with Bryan Brown, and after that I guess I'll just keep waiting for the next offer."

Those who need further convincing of Miss Punch's ability should make sure they catch the September segments of *The Timeless Land*, Aunty ABC's million-dollar TV series which sold for that figure at the last Cannes film festival.

Your correspondent had a sneak preview of the thing a month or so ago, and quite frankly Angela's performance as a servant/mistress to a colonial heavy steals the whole thing. And she's not without competition. Nicola Pagett, a brilliant Brit actress, and a beaut bird, is superb in the female lead and so are the various character actors who include Ray (who's pouring the beers) Barrett, Michael Craig, Chris Hayward and Anna Volska. The show is worth watching because it's Aunty's most ambitious venture so far and a decent audience could encourage the old girl to get off her dramatic backside and do more for the local industry.

•

While we're speaking of movie business, *Mad Max* continues to rake in millions of bucks on the US and Asian markets. It's far and away the biggest success ever for Oz cinema (at last count, the Los Angeles takings were about $3 million), but in a way it's all a bit of a pity. Let's face it, *Mad Max* is hardly a classic piece of cinema. Personally, I thought it was bloody awful. How much nicer it would have been if *My Brilliant Career, Newsfront* or *Cathy's Child* had done all the good business.

•

Mind you, despite its basically cretinous feel, *Mad Max* did a lot to establish a parcel of very good cinema actors, notably Mel Gibson who followed his Max role with excellent parts in *Tim* and the yet-to-be-released picture about the famous Z Force commandos. And he's done well in the credential department with a series of plays *(Romeo and Juliet, Waiting For Godot* and *No Names/No Pack Drill)*.

We'd liked to have told you more about Mr Gibson's progress but, according to his agent: "Mel is much too busy these days to talk to journalists. He hasn't even got time to come to the phone." Perhaps Mel is being lined up for a touch of the John Travolta hype to keep his name hot. A pity, really, because essentially he's a nice bloke.

While the Rolling Stones prepare for a tour later this year, the sex-and-drugs-and-toy-soldiers rumors continue.

•

Australian rock fanciers can expect to be inundated with the stuff through November/December with projected tours by both the Rolling Stones and Kiss. Both groups have been hustling to have a go at the lucrative Oz market for many months now, but the resulting competition could well mean reduced profits. Kiss is definite for a national tour in November, and when we went to press, the Stones were contemplating a contract that would have them Down Under later this year.

And the latest gossip concerning the two acts remains pretty much par for the course. Mick Jagger continues to appear at functions with model Jerry Hall and Keith Richards continues not to take drugs, and Charlie Watts is still playing with his huge collection of toy soldiers.

Regarding Kiss, we can report little other than to say that Gene Simmons has ceased to go the best of three falls with Cher and is now courting Diana Ross, and that the band's appearance on Channel 9's *60 Minutes* resulted in an astounding four million requests for a repeat appearance.

•

Another tour expected to make a respectable quid is the mid-September reappearance of Boz Scaggs, that spindly exponent of slicker-than-slick west-coast sound. In spite of his somewhat benign image, Mr Scaggs managed to produce some impressive rabble rousing during his last visit. His best effort followed a boozy party which took place in what is usually referred to as a major international hotel in Melbourne. One of our more flamboyant pop show hosts began to give Mr Scaggs a free character reading and the star reacted by grabbing the said host by the throat and ejecting him firmly from the suite. But needless to say, they're now friends and will almost certainly appear together on the tube.

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A final note on tours for the coming summer — the latest (and fairly plausible) tour rumors include appearances by the Brit band 10CC (they were due a year ago but were scared off by the Computicket crash), The Eagles, Paul Simon and Elton John, who is anxious to appear with his new band to consolidate his excellent one-man show earlier this year. Dates haven't been decided, but you can expect most of them before February '81. — ANDREW SAW

MUSIC

the old outlaws all want to be resurrected . . . or saved

RESURRECTION can be a risky business. The urge to come back after the hoo-ha's died down and take a second shot, or to ignore failure, can sometimes outweigh good judgement.

Consider the lot of the second-time-around country boys Kenny Rogers, Willie Nelson, Hank Williams Jnr, Charlie Daniels and tumbleweed connection, Australian Johnny Chester.

Rogers, as front man for The First Edition, tasted success back around '69, rode it for a few years before slipping quietly into the crowd; Nelson, after a lifetime of unfulfilled promise, now sits headily at the peak of his profession, leaving in his wake a trail of master tapes that were certain to tempt any record company opportunist; Hank Jnr (offspring of country's Holy Ghost, Williams Snr) suffered at the hands of his daddy's old label, MGM, for over a decade as they did their level best to keep him stapled to his father's shadow; Daniels, considered a hot session picker (for the likes of Dylan), hankered for notoriety outside recording studio in-shop cliqués. As for Chester, localised teen stardom, confined mainly to Victoria in the early '60s, should have been enough to persuade him into a more secure trade.

Today, Rogers sits on easy street. He can do no wrong. For now. He is at risk though: the same suffered by John Denver and Neil Diamond, both of whom experienced a similar rush of public adulation, a peak of near-frenzy proportions, and then an inevitable cooling off. Aware of this, Rogers' management is working at taking him into other areas to solidify the build-up of recent years. Legend would not be too far-fetched a word to bandy around.

On *Gideon* (United Artists), legend and resurrection taunt each other across the acetate. Taking the legend of the American West, the writers Kim Carnes and Dave Ellingson weave the mythical tale of Gideon Tanner (Rogers) narrated from beyond the grave. No happy endings here. Literally. The master plan is to *Evita*-ise *Gideon*, breaking the (predictably) best-selling album out into a Broadway show (starring Rogers) then into a film (also starring, etc, etc). Because of all this media snakes-and-ladders motivation, Rogers forsakes the easy country style, the simplistic storytelling way with which he rejuvenated his career for Hollywood lush of his own (as co-producer) and of Larry Butler's making. Butler, the man responsible for the "new" Rogers sound (Lucille, The Gambler, She Believes In Me, Coward Of The County) and for Rogers himself, are but components of a much larger entity still (if all goes to plan) under construction. *Gideon*, as the title suggests, isn't blessed.

•

Danny Davis & Willie Nelson (RCA) further endorses the company's preoccupation with aural necrophilia (ie, Jim Reeves, Mario Lanza, Presley) by taking 10 tracks recorded for the label at least nine years ago, and wiping all but Nelson's vocal tracks and laying them on to new music beds, arranged and recorded by Davis and his Nashville Brass. Ignoring Nelson's personal thank-you to Davis for a job well done, it has to be said that it hasn't been. The exercise proves a strange amalgamation of styles, separated by those nine years between the vocals and the music, but devoid of the special magic making Nelson's *Stardust* the delight it is. Put this one toward the bottom on the list of Top 10 Willie Nelson albums — a curiosity item.

•

Mike Curb, former chief of MGM records, was the architect of The Osmond Brothers and Debbie Boone. Hank Williams was the original bad boy of country music, and MGM's first big seller in that market in the late '40s. Curb's influence reaches into the heart of middle-America; Williams' to the core of today's outlaw movement in country, manifested by Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson. Together Curb and Jennings mix it with Hank's son, Williams Jnr, on *Whisky Bent and Hell Bound* (Elektra — Curb Records), producing some serious image re-making instead of what is expected — good country.

With The Conversation, Hank and Jennings offer a prologue to the sentiments of artistic and socialistic rebellion conveyed in the other tracks — Outlaw Women (a raw observation of liberationists, not cowgirls gone bad); Tired Of Being Johnny B. Good (and being ripped off by oil companies, the butcher, the government); O.D.'D. In Denver (self explanatory); Old Nashville Cowboys (the times, they are a-passing). The Conversation takes the form of a question-and-answer period with the subject of the musical discussion being Williams Snr. Jennings wants to know about Hank's daddy and Hank Jnr is only too willing to pass on what he knows. On *Whisky Bent And Hell Bound*, the son hits the mark 60 percent of the time. It's that missing 40 percent that keeps him shackled to a memory. Still, the main percentage beats the hell out of Messrs Rogers, Davis and Nelson.

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For a good dose of Southern power, Charlie Daniels Band's *Fire On The Mountain* (Epic) fills the bill. Forget the album is a re-release of a 1974 production. Blame it on Daniels' recent breakthrough hit (in Australia), The Devil Went Down To Georgia. Daniels, a 43-year-old, ex-session man who sat in on Dylan's *Nashville Skyline, Self Portrait* and *New Morning* albums, combines honky-tonk hardwood floor rhythms with a whiff of Texas swing. The Daniels Band hawks uncompromising Southern country-rock, now finding wide public acceptance through AM radio airplay and the new John Travolta movie *Urban Cowboy* — which in itself is a further celebration of the disturbance arising out of grass roots America. One track on the Daniels album declares, The South's Gonna Do It; hearing the war cry from the Daniels Band, one can believe it if Hank Jnr can get it together and Willie Nelson stops his fooling around with past mistakes . . . and Kenny Rogers gets back to being the Hemingway of country.

•

Johnny Chester joins the ranks of former "teen idols" (Conway Twitty, Rick Nelson, Crash Craddock, and on home turf, Lonnie Lee, Laurie Allen, Lucky Starr) discovering career resurrection in the warmth of country audiences when the followers of their teen years grew up and left them in the cold. As the host of ABC TV's country music series, *Countryroads*, Chester earned himself something of a niche in the growing country movement, mostly outside of the capital centres of Australia. By comparison (which is possibly unfair) to the Texas originators of progressive country, Chester and his local cousins, Lee Conway, Laurie Allen, Cash Backman come across as Barbie Doll sound-alikes. Not that the effort and sincerity isn't there in their work. *Johnny Chester & Hotspur* (WEA) — with cover credits reading like the cast of DeMille's *Ten Commandments* — can best be described as comfortable Australian country, tailored for a particular local market. Eight of the 12 tracks are Chester originals with roots in Nashville but, in imagery, gathered closer to home. The quartet of outsiders include a satisfying cover of Brian Cadd's Let Go, and an ill-advised return to Johnny O'Keefe's Why Do They Doubt Our Love. The sound is easy and clean. Too clean. Chester, Conway and company, while fellow musicians working the mainstream of Australian music are finding their way on the international circuit, have yet to realise a necessary Australian country sound to enable them to follow suit. Playing at being Waylon, Willie and the boys is not good enough.

— DENIS WHITBURN

•

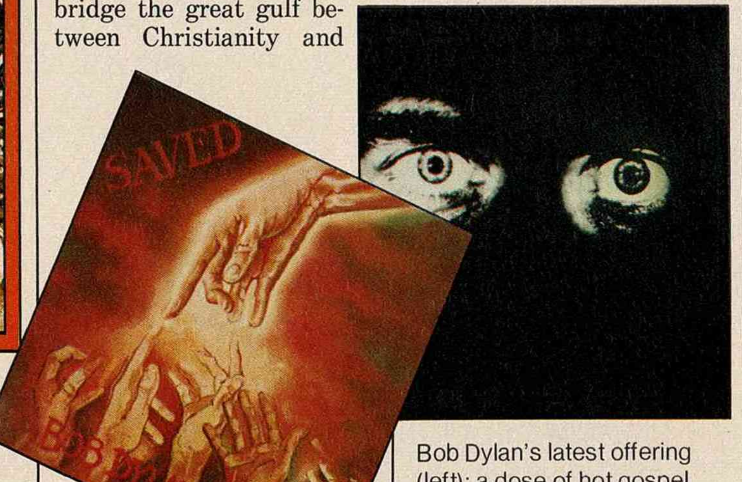
Hallelujah to the new Christian conservatism! For all those who thought *Slow Train Coming* was just a passing phase, Bob Dylan has burrowed his gospel roots even deeper in *Saved* (CBS). The intensity of Dylan's Christian bent has surprised even those who long ago stopped wondering what stunt he would pull next. Does Dylan see himself as an Old Testament-style prophet attempting to bridge the great gulf between Christianity and Judaism? May be. Witness the liner note reference to Jeremiah 31:31 — "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah." Well, the formerly-Jewish Bob's made his own covenant, and in doing so has become to Christianity what Ali is to Islam. Unfortunately, like many of the tuneless hymns which drove two generations from church, he offers nothing new. The obvious theme is all-too labored, both in the title track and on cuts like In The Garden and Saving Grace. Solid Rock puts a bit more granite into the flow when Dylan, band and female vocalists combine for a solid Bible bash.

Dylan's gospel hook is still well and truly hitched to the guidance of musician-producer Barry Beckett who sat at Bob's right hand side on *Slow Train*. Beckett, along with Jerry Wexler, produced *Saved* and rates a mention as guest artist.

Dylan has been so kind to us in the past that we can forgive him any eccentricities as he nears his dotage. But *Saved* will cost you as much as any album and, unless it means spoiling your Dylan collection, you will find better value elsewhere.

•

It takes only the first few chords of *Dark Room* (Epic) for you to remember just what you missed so much about The Angels. Excitement. Yes, that's it. These Adelaide boys generate pure excitement, and they've not lost it on this outing. Forget about Doc Neeson's gyrations or the inanimate Brewster brothers. The Angels' secret is that they're as tidy and tight a rock and roll unit as you are likely to find anywhere. And it was no overnight gift. They caught it through paying their dues in a number of dead-end bands before hitting the successful formula. Since then they've



Bob Dylan's latest offering (left): a dose of hot gospel and Old Testament prophecy. The Angels (above): They still have their old thrill-to-kill.

My scotch? Take it as Red.

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attracted the right sort of management, done more than their share of touring, including a recent US stint, supported enough big acts and headlined plenty of their own. *Dark Room* is their fourth Australian album and it maintains the impetus achieved by the re-packaging of past hits under the collective tag of the *Face to Face* album for US release.

On *Dark Room* we get a snatch at the old Angels thrill-to-kill drive with No Secrets but a new maturity is evident in the careful attention paid to variety and balance. Face The Day is one of the most powerful tracks and finally puts to rest the suspicion that The Angels are nothing more than a good singles band. They're gathering power in their path, and the presence of John Boylan with his vast US-executive recording experience has coaxed a tremendous input from the production teams.

Dark Room was digitally mixed and cut by Boylan and John Brewster at Westlakes Audio, Los Angeles. That sort of fine polishing appears in the starkness of Devil's Gate, the heavyweight punch of Night Comes Early, and the strong vocal accent of Alexander. The album is different from the previous three because of its depth of content, more professional presentation as well as the burgeoning maturity of The Angels. But the excitement level alone might sway you.

•

The sweet ecstasy of listening to a new Lou Reed album is the knowledge that at any time he might produce something as good as *Transformer*. *Growing Up In Public* (Arista) will make no claims on that title but it is sure one interesting album. The face on the cover is Reed all right, but perhaps not any one of the Lou Reeds we've met in the past. This is the real McCoy. A tired, somewhat haggard and definitely resigned-looking face fits the title and mood of an album that is largely autobiographical in content. If you want to find out how Lou got mixed up with all those weirdos, all that dope, all those transvestites and self-destructionists, you just scan the lyrics of this album. On My Old Man, he says: "And can you believe what he said to me/ he said, 'Lou act like a man/Why don't you act just like a man?' " We'll never know where dad or the system went wrong but there is no doubt that Lou didn't fulfil his ambition to act "like my old man".

The title tune is a heavily-worded ponderous piece with a turtle-paced baseline which permits Lou to intone his way through the storyline till a classic Reed change rescues the listener. Suddenly, we're dropped amid that raw sensuality of lyric and melody which is his trademark, and we know that he hasn't really lost it.

Time had almost made one forget about Reed's lyrical brilliance or that sly sense of humor that could stand a line on its head as inference tripped over innuendo. The Power of Positive Drinking restores the knowledge as the singer enjoys some fun by taking licence with the odd cliché.

Lou Reed rarely wrote about the more exhilarating things in life so, unless you know the man and his moods well, this album would not be a good point on which to build a Lou Reed collection. But for those who've been wondering just how the man's rock and roll scar tissue has healed, *Growing Up In Public* might be worth a listen, if not the bucks.

•

Running outside the confines of an established band often poses problems for solo performers and it is doubtful that Phil Lynott's *Solo In Soho* (Vertigo) will sell as well as it might have done had it been produced by his band, Thin Lizzy. While taking two years to finally get to the racks, Lynott's effort is a big departure from previous Lizzy works because it establishes keyboards, rather than the guitar, as the dominant instrument. Perhaps it was an experiment by Lynott to prove that the band could make do without the departed guitarist Gary Moore. Whatever the reasons, it is unlikely to be repeated because Lynott's appeal is hardly wide enough to make such projects financially rewarding. Besides, his allegiance is to the band, and with the recruitment of ace axe-man Snowy White, it is certain that Lizzy and Lynott will return to the proven formula. Obvious drawbacks aside, there is no disguising just what a clever dickie is this colored Irishman. From the street prowl of the title tune to the smart run-down of music trend on Talk In 79, Lynott's lyrics and his thought-provoking vocal delivery are sparkling savers. The time-lapse factor of two years meant the album was done in bits and pieces because Lynott has used a wide range of musicians — including Moore, White and Mark Knopfler on guitars plus three individual keyboard players.

Solo In Soho will come as a surprise to most Lizzy fans but anyone who knows the value of Lynott's previous work will not doubt that he could pursue a rewarding solo career should he seriously choose to do so.

— NEIL JAMESON

•

Californian label Concord Records maintains an admirable standard of releases of swinging mainstream jazz with the pairing of veteran vibes man Red Norvo and pianist extraordinaire Ross Tompkins. Recorded last year at Dante's Club in Los Angeles, this music shows that Norvo at 71 is still a pacesetter on this oft-times unforgiving instrument he himself popularised nearly 50 years ago.

The new *Red & Ross* is a happy blend of ballads and swingers — and the two

BREAKFAST OF POETS

There's little that can be said about John Cooper Clarke's *Snap, Crackle (&) Bop* (Epic) save for the fact that you've probably heard nothing like it this side of bedlam. It's definitely got the work of a clever little poet in its spine, and it has enough element of surprise and pure lunacy to make it worth more than one listen. It's got an offensive language sticker on the cover which might prepare you for something out of the norm, but there is no way anybody could be prepared for an opening cut like Evidently Chickentown. Whatever course of events permitted Clarke to wheel his cracked poetry into a studio seems certain to make the album a minor cult favorite, but it is doubtful that this Englishman will harvest enough profit from the sales of *Snap, Crackle (&) Bop* to finance anything quite as, uh, adventurous again.

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featured soloists are tops at both. Of course they have great support from John Williams on bass and Jake Hanna's propulsive drums, which keep the pot boiling.

The album starts with a stirring trio performance of the Golson tune Whisper Not before Norvo comes on stage for an impressive treatment of The One I Love. This boasts a stunning duet from the featured stars, with Red on his distinctive damped vibes that is both subtle and driving, as one has come to expect from this superb musician over so many years.

Hanna struts his stuff in a series of eights on How About You that also spots some of the best Tompkins on the date. The pretty Matt Dennis composition Everything Happens to Me reveals the sentimental side of these superlative jazzmen and ends a thoroughly enjoyable disc.

•

Perhaps the greatest thing to happen to mainstream jazz in recent years has been the emergence of two great talents in the tenor man Scott Hamilton and the trumpeter Warren Vache. Their new album on Concord is *Skyscrapers*, an excellent release that finds them as part of a nine-piece recording group.

Two ex-Ellingtonites, saxophonists Harold Ashby and Joe Temperley, trombonist George Masso (here recently with the World's Greatest Jazz Band), plus a rhythm section of Norman Simmons (piano), Chris Flory (guitar), Phil Flanigan (bass), and drummer Chuck Riggs complete the line-up. The resultant music is heaven.

The eight tunes include a couple of typical Buck Clayton compositions, Nancy's Fancy and Cadillac Taxi, reminiscent of his celebrated recorded jam sessions of the 1950s that give every soloist a chance, an opportunity joyously accepted. Masso in particular shines on the latter opus, with his Bill Harris-influenced sounds.

Hamilton is at his Ben Webster-like best on Why Shouldn't I? and the heartfelt You Leave Me Breathless. The Nat Pierce tune Lightly and Politely is just that, with Temperley showing exactly why he was chosen to replace the late Harry Carney in the Ellington Band.

Through it all the lovely pure brass tones of Vache are constant reminders that the musician bids fair to take on the mantle of the also departed Bobby Hackett in these days when pyrotechnics are often taken as a substitute for taste and sincerity.

Jazz in the 1980s is alive and well, and in good hands, with releases such as these being regularly issued by Concord and now increasingly available in Australia. — KYM BONYTHON

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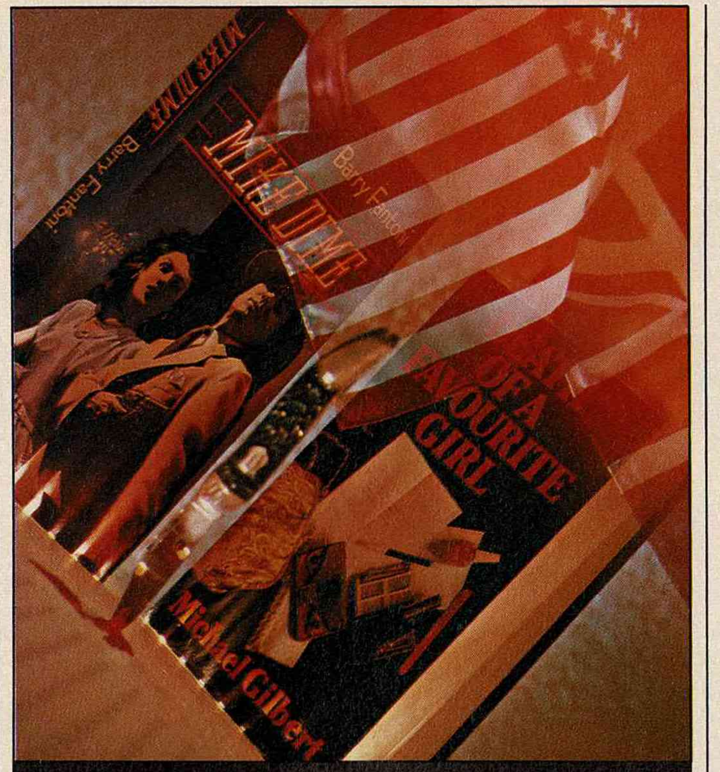
THIS FIRST novel, *Appalachee Red* (Melbourne House) by Raymond Andrews was the recipient of the first James Baldwin Prize for fiction, and it's easy to understand why. In addition to being one of America's best-known and prolific black writers, Baldwin — especially in the '60s — was a very vocal supporter of that long, hard road that led to the passing of the Civil Rights Amendment. And *Appalachee Red* examines every curve and stone in that road, explaining by way of allegory that frustrating half century of Black American history that took root at the end of World War One and came to a climax in the '60s.

Andrews has created a larger-than-life hero, the *Appalachee Red* of the title who, in addition to being the focal point of the book, serves the important function of performing as a metaphor for the black man's struggle against white oppression. Born in Appalachee, Georgia, to the black servant Little Bit, and sired by the ol' white massah hisself, Red is given his name because of the hue of his skin and hair, a by-product of the mixing of the two races. He is swiftly shunted off to Chicago so that his "father" Big Man (serving time during Little Bit's fall from grace and resultant pregnancy) cannot discover his wife's infidelity — all the more serious because it was a matter of succumbing to The Man, "whitey", rather than just to another male.

For the next 30 years, we don't see much of Red but instead are bedazzled with a complex mythology involving dozens of eccentrics. One is Boots, the white sheriff of Appalachee, so-named because of the metal-toed, gestapo-like leather boots he wears for "kickin' niggers".

When Red returns to Appalachee in 1946 after a sojourn in the white man's army in Germany, it takes him all of 72 hours to gain superiority over Boots, assume control of the local black café, and to conquer Baby Sweet, Appalachee's Black Peach whose "ants-in-pants walk . . . had her army of male admirers saying of her, 'It must be jelly, 'cause jam don't shake like that'."



The great detective story is alive and well, keeping up the famous tradition of Raymond Chandler and Agatha Christie, as the latest crop of whodunnits so skilfully demonstrates.

During the next 15 years, Appalachee Red commands ever greater influence and wealth as he turns the café into a casino and dance hall, keeping Boots in his pocket, Sweet in his bed, and his own red arse firmly implanted in the town's first Cadillac limousine. Although it is never explicitly spelt out, Red's ever-increasing power over the town carries with it an ever-building ominous sense of some ultimate retribution — for the personal injustices and revenge against whitey for the century of black maltreatment.

His black half-brother, Blue (Little Bit and Big Man's only progeny) emerges in the latter part of the novel to personify the new, self-aware and educated black man — university trained, street-wise and mad-as-hell: the emerging black radical element of the early '60s. Red and Blue have the same end in view: real freedom for the black man, out from under the white man's thumb at last — but they approach this goal from diametrically opposed stances, and brother turns against brother.

Yet, on the closing pages — too perfect a conclusion to give away here — both the brothers achieve what they've set out to, and the result is a glimmer of hope for Appalachee's blacks.

Although the novel is full of humor and pathos, the overriding tenor is that of controlled anger and hatred. But Andrews masks his emotions by using a low-key story-telling style — which works beautifully. Ironic as it may be, *Appalachee Red* reminds one of the works of another southerner — William Faulkner, the compleat racist who got away with it because he was a brilliant writer. — KAREN HAMMIAL

•

The history of English literature is studded with an endless column of authors whose fortunes and estates stand as incontestable proof that crime pays. None more so than the master and mistress of the whodunnit, Raymond Chandler and Agatha Christie, who not only earned fame and fortune, but who established the detective story as an art form.

That they achieved this by travelling diverse paths is one of the fascinations of the written word of the 20th century. Through the hard-bitten private eye with the marshmallow centre, Philip Marlowe, Chandler created a unique version of the morality play which a critic once described as "the poetry of violence". Christie chose to lead her readers through shoal upon shoal of red herrings cluttering implausible plots which only a detective of the flair and ingenuity of a Hercule Poirot could unravel.

So perfectly did each define his and her art that their successors have had no alternative but to ape their mastery. Every new release of detective books contains its reflections of Chandler and Christie, and the spring collection of Hodder and Stoughton is no exception.

English author Michael Gilbert has written enough high-sellers (23 at the last count) to be considered a success in his own right, but there are still shades of Christie in his latest, *Death of a Favorite Girl.*

Not that this detracts from the book's enjoyment. Gilbert is a skilled mystery spinner and he sets the scene of sinister intrigue from the moment he assembles most of the townsfolk from a small English village at the Memorial Hall dance while the town's fairest daughter is done in only a few hundred

metres away. Gilbert piles on the twists and tension right up until the predictably surprise ending.

Barry Fantoni, too, is English, but his style is pure Chandler, seasoned with a sprinkling of Spillane and Chase. *Mike Dime* is both the name of the book and the name of Fantoni's private eye whom I suspect will be featuring in a lot more heavy sexploits to come.

Dime's primary assignment is to find the missing husband of a one-time looker gone to seed and drink. The missing husband, Frank Summers, turns up dead within the first few pages, but his murder is merely the pad from which Dime is launched into an escapist brew of booze, broads and blood. And, of course, Dime comes up violets.

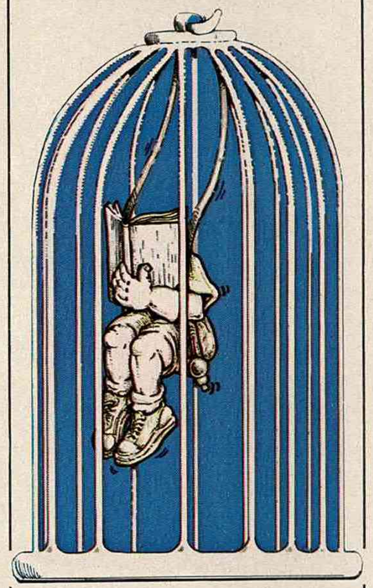
As an unashamed admirer of the whodunnit, it is good to know that Chandler and Christie live on in the work of Gilbert, Fantoni and others. — RUSSELL DEILEY

•

The magic of escapism has contributed the essence of some great fiction; but few stories can surpass the calibre of William Wharton's brilliant *Birdy* (Penguin Books). From a young boy's passion for birds and flight, Wharton has amplified the scope of his lens to cast macroscopic images of social comment, emotional deprivation and human conflict.

It is with rich cells of wisdom, passion, humor, insight and possibly first-hand experience that the author builds a honeycomb of dazzling complexity. Through the experiences of two boyhood pals — Birdy and Al — he explores an all-consuming passion for canaries and the desire to fly. Birdy, the birdboy, shares his world with nobody save Al, and their separate accounts portray first the need, and then the means, for escape. Against a depressing backdrop of ignorant parents, repressive school systems and socially accepted brutality, Al chooses his escape route through the traditional means of sport. But not Birdy. The kid the high school yearbook bills as "the most likely to suck seed" develops his knowledge and passion to such a degree that he finally "dreams" himself into the bird world. The precision with which Wharton develops Birdy's transition to a "bird-boy" state is brilliant.

As Birdy's obsession grows, so does his share of the story-telling, reducing Al's contribution chapter by chapter. It is in the bird kingdom that Birdy seeks



freedom from the restraints of acquired human knowledge and the obvious brutality of society. Sadly, while Al is learning that a strong body is no defence against war's mechanised slaughter, Birdy discovers that the bird kingdom cradles its own forms of terror and tragedy. The obvious parallels between the two experiences finally meet when Al's war-shattered frame confronts Birdy's insanity in a very gripping finale. — NEIL JAMESON

•

Without a doubt Shirley Hazzard is a talented writer. Where she resides, in New York with her writer-husband, Francis Steegmuller, the Aussie expatriate's latest book, *The Transit of Venus* (Macmillan), is being bandied around as another *Thornbirds.* It is not. In writing styles Hazzard and Colleen McCullough are miles apart.

Hazzard's book tells the story of two orphaned Australian girls from well-to-do circumstances who arrive in England. Hazzard's is the story of the sisters, Caroline and Grace Bell, and of the men who love them, almost love them, marry them and have affairs with them.

It is a novel of place, switching from Sydney to London, New York, South America and Stockholm. It is a novel of time; from the '50s to the '80s. But Hazzard is a far more cerebral writer. Her characters engage only in limited conversations and agonise at length mentally on a lofty level trying to cope with life.

Sex and love affairs there certainly are. But Hazzard does not bother the reader with explicit detail.

Hazzard's fourth novel is not for the masses, because to much emphasis is on "getting under the skin" of the characters and there is too slender a story-line.

It is not an easy, nor for many an entertaining read, but an exercise in deep and disciplined creative writing. To those unappreciative of this fine (and very New York) writing style, the book will probably shape up as a limp yarn.

But it took Ms Hazzard seven years to write. Some may take seven years to read it. — JILL BOWEN

•

Perhaps the real star of Antony Trew's spy thriller, *The Antonov Project* (Collins) is the Russian communications expert who tumbles to the opposition's plot to unravel the military secret of a newly-launched cargo ship. It is this remarkable piece of detection which creates the sort of tension on which the best spy stories are based.

Following close on the success of his masterful *Death of A Supertanker,* Trew has again looked to his nautical knowledge.

The fact that almost half of the story unfolds on the seabound Russian bulk carrier *Antonov* has not been a hurdle to Trew's facility to construct the fabric of intrigue. Initially, his selection of an attractive British female agent and her considerably less youthful American male counterpart appears less than plausible. But their partnership is vital to the West's plan to expose the Russians' secret.

Needless to say, Trew does not let his readers in on the secret till the very end, preferring to use that revelation as the carrot which leads us through the various stages of ever-mounting suspense and intrigue.

The author's professional background includes active war service as commander of a British destroyer, and the structure of his plot as he brings the story to its climax bears the precision of a naval exercise. It's altogether a ripper yarn of 1980s cold war. — NEIL JAMESON

•

The business of spying involves considerable deception. Writing about spying sometimes seems to involve even more.

In their efforts to survive in the market place, spy writers constantly seek to outdo each other in finding new and better ways to prove the reader wrong each time he thinks he knows something about what is going on. Taken to extremes, this kind of trickery may disillusion the reader.

The art of the successful spy writer is to keep the reader believing that he was almost right, and is bound to get the correct answer next time. Versatile Israeli writer Michael Bar-Zohar achieves this delicate balance quite effectively throughout most of *The Deadly Document* (Weidenfeld and Nicholson). His ingenious central idea involves a missing document that has remained under top secret classification since 1910, the release of which threatens to send shock waves to the highest levels of both the KGB and CIA.

Bar-Zohar appears to have a deep knowledge of the subtleties of international affairs, and relates several real events to his story.

Still, *The Deadly Document* is first of all a work of spectacular fiction, not to be taken too seriously, but neither to be put away unread. — GORDON GRAHAM

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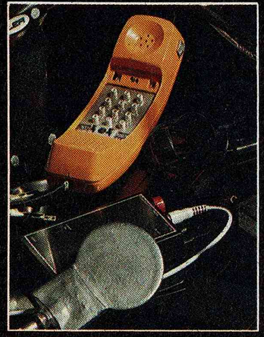
The VFL Premier Girl (Pages 61-67): Shoes, exercise bike and all gym equipment supplied by Kevin Junee, Sydney; carry bag and tracksuit by Sportsgirl; glasses by Jonathan Sceats. Siv Richards keeps the body beautiful at The Underground Body Shop, Melbourne.
Cut-Throat Business (Page 162): Razors and blades courtesy of Phil Taylor.

NEXT MONTH

DAMN THE PROPHETS OF DISASTER



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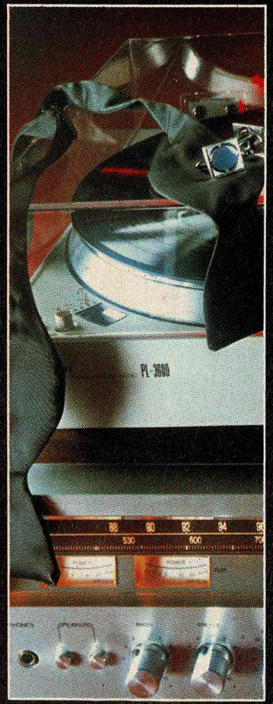
DOUBLE VISION



$WINGING $INGLES

DAMNING THE PROPHETS OF DISASTER — ASTRO-PHYSICIST **DR JOHN GRIBBIN** PUTS PAID TO THE PREDICTIONS OF NOSTRADAMUS BUT WARNS THAT, IF WINTER IN EUROPE IS COLDER THAN USUAL THIS YEAR, WE'RE ALL IN BIG TROUBLE

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THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALAN JONES — AFTER A STRING OF BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES IN THE WORLD GRAND PRIX DRIVERS' CHAMPIONSHIP, **ALAN JONES** IS POISED TO BECOME THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN SINCE JACK BRABHAM TO WIN THE COVETED TITLE

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE SINGLE MAN — IT'S TRUE THAT THE HUSBAND IS ALWAYS THE LAST TO KNOW. **PAUL MANN** REVEALS THAT WHILE THE HARDWORKING MARRIED MAN HAS BEEN BUSY ESTABLISHING A CREDIT RATING, THE SWINGING SINGLE HAS BEEN DECLARED A BETTER FINANCIAL RISK

MAD DOGS AND 'STRALIAN SONS — TAKE THE EQUIVALENT OF FULL MOON LUNACY, BEDLAM AND EVERY OTHER KNOWN HEATED EXCESS, AND YOU'VE GOT A NICE SLICE OF AUSTRALIANA KNOWN AS SUMMER MADNESS. HUMID HUMOR BY **NEIL JAMESON**

SPY TECH — 1984, AS SEEN BY GEORGE ORWELL, IS ALREADY UPON US AS FAR AS THE DETECTION BUSINESS GOES. **TONY MAGUIRE** INVESTIGATES INTRUSIVE TECHNOLOGY AND THE NEED FOR LAWS TO PROTECT YOUR PRIVACY

CARS, CLOTHES AND CRICKET — OUR NOVEMBER ISSUE HAS IT ALL: **ROB LUCK** DRIVES AND DESCRIBES THE **BMW ALPINA;** COOL DRESSING FOR THE SALAD DAYS; AND EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK ABOUT **CRICKET**, OUR NATIONAL SUMMER PASTIME

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Now your chances of returning a difficult shot are this much bigger.

The 'sweet-spot' is the section of the strings which gives you that satisfying 'thunk' when you connect just right with the ball. Giving you maximum power and control, without twisting or jarring.

But on a conventional racket it's a small area. Hard to connect with every time.

To get a larger 'sweet-spot' you would need a larger racket.

So here it is – the Challenge X2. As you can see from the dotted line, it gives you a monster 'sweet-spot'.

So now your chances of returning a difficult shot are much bigger.

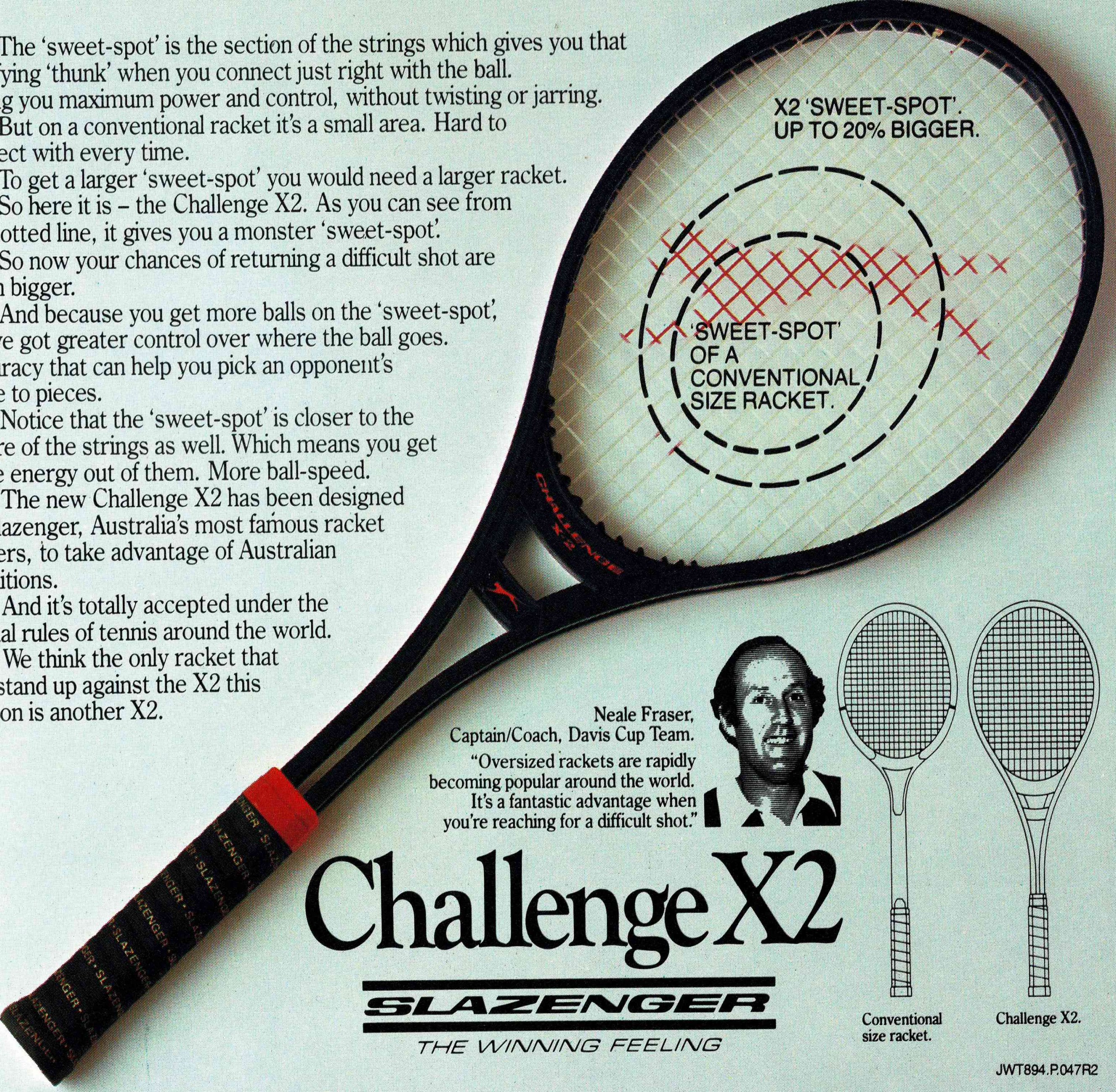
And because you get more balls on the 'sweet-spot', you've got greater control over where the ball goes. Accuracy that can help you pick an opponent's game to pieces.

Notice that the 'sweet-spot' is closer to the centre of the strings as well. Which means you get more energy out of them. More ball-speed.

The new Challenge X2 has been designed by Slazenger, Australia's most famous racket makers, to take advantage of Australian conditions.

And it's totally accepted under the official rules of tennis around the world.

We think the only racket that will stand up against the X2 this season is another X2.



Neale Fraser,
Captain/Coach, Davis Cup Team.
"Oversized rackets are rapidly becoming popular around the world. It's a fantastic advantage when you're reaching for a difficult shot."

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